FAVOURITES OF A NURSERY OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO

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FAVOURITES OF A NURSERY
OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

THE BILLY GOATS GRUFF AND THE TROLL

FAVOURITES OF A NURSERY OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO;

AND

SOME OTHERS OF LATER DATE.

COMPILED BY

EDITH EMERSON FORBES.

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Published November 1916

DEDICATED

TO THE DESCENDANTS OF

LIDIAN EMERSON

PREFACE.

This collection of nursery rhymes and ballads has been selected to preserve for the children of this century the quaint little stories and verses which were popular about a hundred years ago, and in later years of the nineteenth century. Most of these are now out of print, and were taken from the following sources: Old copies of *Rhymes for the Nursery*, *Original Poems and Hymns for Infant Minds*, written by Jane Taylor and her sisters, Ann and Adelaide; also from *The Daisy, or Cautionary Stories in Verse*, and *The Cowslip*, published in London in 1811. From these books a selection, including many of the Taylors' nursery rhymes, called *Rhymes for the Nursery*, published in Boston about 1840, was compiled, possibly by Mrs. Nancy Sproat, who added a few of her own shorter stories. She wrote many little books of dialogues in verse, in which "The Blackberry Girl" first appeared. Besides these are many from Mrs. Follen's *Little Songs*, and the pretty country ballads of the Swedenborgian lady, Mrs. Ann Augusta (Gray) Carter, whose *Juvenile Ballads* have been out of print since 1850.

The School of Good Manners, published before 1824, is included, for the old rules as well as the pictures may

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prove diverting to the children of the twentieth century; they certainly will not hurt, and possibly might even help, their standard, of behaviour. The *Old Mother Goose's Melodies*, with the woodcuts of the American edition, and a preface by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, can still be bought here; therefore only a few of them are chosen, though the babies enjoy them as much as ever.

Some others of old English nursery rhymes and stories, probably of the same date as those found in our *Mother Goose*, have been printed so often from memory, that they have, in some cases, lost their rhyme and rhythm, and the old versions are given here.

Most of the old classic stories which were collected in the *Treasury of Pleasure Books*, such as "Mother Hubbard" and "Cock Robin," are still accessible, as they are reprinted constantly in many styles, so only a few, that are seldom seen now, are saved here, especially "Chicken Little," because to old-fashioned ears "Hen Pen," "Duck Luck," and "Goose Loose" are more interesting and dignified than "Henny Penny," "Duckie Daddles," and "Goosie Poosie" — as they are called now.

Mrs. Wister's translations of the stories from *Slovenly Peter* seem better than other versions, and a few specimens are here, and many fugitive little poems that are anonymous and nowhere to be found. The mother who selected these favourites for her nursery had a remarkable memory, which held the larger number of these verses, and she used

them for the pleasure, the instruction, or the reproof of her children, without ever referring to the book to prompt her. She also used to delight her grandchildren, and many others, by telling the story of the "Little Bird's Morning Ramble," or the "Little Fly and the Raindrop," and others from her inexhaustible treasury — even to near the end of her fourscore and ten years.

Thanks are given to Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon for the use of her "Sleepy Song," to Messrs. D. Appleton and Company for leave to print Bryant's "Robert of Lincoln," and to Mrs. William Allingham, of London, for allowing the use of a few of her drawings which illustrate the poems of her husband; also to Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company for the privilege of copying pictures from various publications of their earlier books.

E. E. F.

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FAVOURITES OF A NURSERY OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

PART I

Country Ballads and Animal Stories

FAVOURITES OF A NURSERY OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO

THE FLY AND THE RAINDROP

One warm summer morning,
A very small fly
Was dancing and buzzing
Around in the sky.

"See!" said the little fly,
"What I can do!
While I dance on my wings
I can sing with them too."

From a cloud that was passing
Fell a raindrop,
And swallowed the poor little
Buzzing fly up.

"Oh!" said the little fly,
"What shall I do?
This is the strangest thing
Ever I knew."

The thunder-cloud burst
And came down in a shower,
And the drop with the fly in it
Fell on a flower.

"Oh!" said the little fly,
"What shall I do?
I should be as well off
With no wings as with two!"

The flower grew low
By the side of a brook,
And into its waters
The raindrop she shook.

"Oh!" said the little fly,
"What shall I do?
My wings and my body
Are wet through and through."

Away ran the little brook
Faster than ever,
And tumbled the fly and drop
Into the river.

"Oh!" said the little fly,
"What shall I do?
Where am I going?
I wish that I knew."

The river rolled on,
With a mighty commotion,
And emptied the little drop
Into the ocean.

"Oh!" said the little fly,
"What shall I do?
The world is all turned
Into water — 't is true."

There came a great fish,
With a fierce-looking eye,
And he snapped at the drop
For the sake of the fly.

"Oh!" said the little fly,
"What shall we do?
If the fish swallows you,
He will swallow me too."

The wave then broke
With a mighty shock,
And left little fly
On the top of a rock.[1]

And a sunbeam, that saw
What was passing down there,
Drank the drop,
And the fly was as free as the air.

[1] Verse added by L. E.

"Now," said the little fly,
"See what I 'll do!"
So he shook his little wings,
And away he flew.

The Floweret, Mrs. A. M. Wells

STOP! STOP! PRETTY WATER

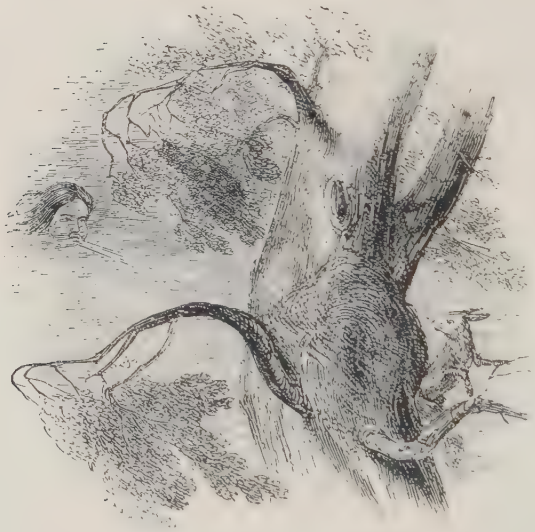
"Stop! stop! pretty water,"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after;
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs



THE SQUIRREL AND THE WIND

SQUIR. Huhu! Sir Wind, why blow so rough?
I shall shut in haste my little door,
And open my other door above!
WIND. If I like, I'll blow there all the more!
SQUIR. Then I shall shut that door no doubt,
And say well-pleased, now stop without!

The Wind an angry face made he;
The Squirrel saw not his angry look;

The Wind he stormed about the tree;
  The Squirrel of him no notice took,
But let him do what liked him best,
And cracked a nut in his little nest.

Translated from the German by Mary Howitt

WALTER AND HIS DOG

THERE was a little boy,
  And he had a piece of bread,
And he put his little cap
  On his head, head, head.

Upon his hobby-horse
  Then he went to take a ride,

With his pretty Spaniel Flash
By his side, side, side.

Little Walter was his name,
And he said to little Flash,
"Let us gallop round the house,
With a dash, dash, dash."

So he laid down his bread
In a snug little place,
And away Walter went
For a race, race, race.

But Flash had a plan,
In his little roguish head,
Of taking to himself
Walter's bread, bread, bread.

So he watched for a moment
When Walter did not look,
And the nice piece of bread
Slyly took, took, took.

When Walter saw the rogue,
He cried, "Oh, naughty Flash";
And he showed his little whip
With a lash, lash, lash.

But Flash looked so good-natured,
With his tail curled up behind,
That his aunty said to Walter,
"Never mind, mind, mind.

"Flash is nothing but a puppy;
So, Walter do not worry;
If he knew that he 'd done wrong,
He 'd be sorry, sorry, sorry.

"So don't be angry, Walter,
That Flash has had a treat;
Here 's another piece of bread
You may eat, eat, eat."

So Walter took his bread
And then to Flash he cried,
"Come, you saucy little dog,
Let us ride, ride, ride."

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

THE TWO LITTLE BUGS

Said a little red bug to a little green bug,
"How d' ye do, 't is a very fine day,"
Then the little green bug, from the rose-leaves so snug,
Peeped out, and said, "Come, let us play."

"Well, come you with me and a flower you 'll see,"
Said the little red bug to the green,
"Which you will agree that for you and for me,
Is the finest that ever was seen.

"We can frolic well in the Canterbury bell,
On its stamens we 'll run and we 'll hop,
'T is a monstrous great bell, the breeze rocks it well,
As we cling to the stigma's top.

"The white one I call an alabaster hall,
And I know you would call it so too,
With its pillars so tall and its fine lofty wall,
Where the sunbeams all softened shine through."

And nothing more said then the little bug red,
But the two little bugs went away,
These bugs green and red, and they both of them said,
That the bell was a fine place to play.

And through the large hall did these two bugs so small,
In play chase each other about,
And climbed the pillars tall, and crept upon the wall,
Till at last they were quite tired out.

So closely they clung to the wall where they hung,
Till into soft slumber they fell,
While sleeping they hung, they were pleasantly swung
As the wind swept the great hanging bell.

But see! they awaken, the great bell is shaken,
It thrills to the buzz of a bee.
"Oh, the wrong bell I 've taken, I see I 'm mistaken,
I 'll go to another," said he.

Then pleasantly said the kind bugs green and red,
"Nay, nay, my friend, stay in our hall;
For bees was it made, well as bugs green and red,
And there 's room enough here for us all."

Ann Augusta Gray

THE LAZY SHEEP

Lazy Sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, and very cold you 'd get,
If I did not give you it.

True, it seems a pleasant thing
To nip the daisies in the spring,
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner where
All the common 's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day;
Little master this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

J. or A. Taylor

HOP'S SONG

I AM an honest toad,
Living by the road,
Beneath a stone I dwell,
In a snug little cell.
Hip, hip, hop.

Just listen to my song:
I sleep all winter long;
But in spring I peep out,
And then I jump about,
Hip, hip, hop.

When the rain patters down,
I let it wet my crown;
And now and then I sip
A drop with my lip.
Hip, hip, hop.

And now I catch a fly,
And now I wink my eye,
And now I take a hop,
And now and then I stop.
Hip, hip, hop.

And this is all I do,
And yet they say it 's true,
That the toad's face is sad,
And his bite is very bad.
Hip, hip, hop.

Oh! Naughty folks they be
Who tell such tales of me;
For I 'm an honest toad,
Just living by the road.
Hip, hip, hop.

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE SPIDER

THERE was a little spider once
All striped with black and yellow,
Was tempted to explore a rose;
He was a daring fellow.

His mother said he must not go,
For he was yet too young,
Too tiny and too tender yet
To wander in among

The many petals of a rose,
Or through its stamen field

Alone to thread its mazy way,
With none to guide or shield.

'T was better play at home to stay
And dance the rope so tight,
And climb the thread himself had made
Nor wander out of sight.

His mother dear he would not hear, —
The wild and wilful one,
He said that to the rose he 'd go,
And he would go alone.

So lengthening out his slender rope
Down to the ground he dropped,
And ran with all his yellow legs
And never once he stopped.

He scrambled up the thorny stem
In pleasure and in pride,
Though smarting well with many a prick
In legs and breast and side.

He mounted next the calyx green,
Then trod the petals red,
And reached at last that yellow field,
Where fine bee flour is made.

He wandered 'mongst the yellow stalks,
Down shook their yellow flour,
He was more yellow than before,
Beneath the smothering shower.

And soon he stands and cleans himself
Upon the pretty mound,
The mound of velvet soft and green,
Which in the midst he found.

A sudden shock like lightning's stroke
Thrills through the spider's frame
A thundering sound is all around;
He 's sorry that he came.

'T is nothing but the labourer bee,
That 's come to gather here
His golden harvest of fine flour;
The spider need not fear.

"Oh, horrible!" the spider cries,
How everything does quake!
I 'm stunned, I 'm crazy! How the rose
Does to its centre shake;

"Don't kill me, don't! I 'm half dead now;
I did n't come to steal,

I only came to take a walk;
Oh, dear, how bad I feel!"

The busy bee he does not see
The spider trembling there
He sees his harvest, for naught else,
Hath he an eye to spare.

He does not hear a single word,
He hath no eye nor ear
To waste while gathering in his hoard;
The spider need not fear.

"I have n't tasted of your flour,"
The frightened spider said,
"I did n't know this field was yours;
Ah me! I 'm almost dead!"

The husbandman has got his load,
And from the field he goes;
Uncurling then his yellow legs
The spider soon up rose.

"Now I can breathe again," said he;
The frightful thing is gone;
I really wished I had not come,
Or had not come alone.

"'T was well I did that cunning thing
That did so well deceive;
It saved my life, and I 'll go home
Again to spin and weave."

He hastened from the yellow field,
And would have gone straight home;
But no; through many a mazy way,
Poor fellow, he must roam.

He finds himself down deep amongst
The petals of the rose;
Through many a labyrinthine path,
Around and round he goes.

There are so many, many paths
Within each other wound,
He 's sure the way that leads him out,
Is never to be found.

At length he spied a calyx-leaf,
Just peeping up between
The outside petals of the rose;
How glad he must have been!

And when he saw and leaped upon
The calyx-leaf so green,

He said that ne'er again would he
Set foot the rose within.

Now all his legs they fly so fast
As down the stem he speeds;
He only cares to reach his home,
The thorns he never heeds.

And now along the ground he goes,
His home is nearly won;
But stay — what monstrous thing is here?
'T is true his race is run.

Something he saw that scared him so
It stopped him in his race; —
A speckled toad with fishy eye,
Did stare him in the face.

And darted out his slender tongue,
And caught the little fellow,
And said, "'T is sweet, but very small,
This spider black and yellow."

Ann Augusta Gray

THE SOW

Said the Mother, "Children dear,
I give you counsel, come and hear!
You must be always so polite!
You must be neat and cleanly, quite!
You must not roll about the street,
Nor lie in all the puddles you meet!"

But as herself had always done,
And as the Children saw her do;

Taking great pains to learn, they soon
Just like her looked and acted too!
They were nothing worse, nor nothing better,
But all were swine to the very letter.

Translated from the German by Mary Howitt

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

The wild huntsman put on his little green sack
And took his powder and gun;
He buckled his knapsack upon his back
And off to the fields he did run.

He put his spectacles upon his nose and said,
"Now, I will shoot the little hares and kill them dead."

A cunning hare that peeped from out
Her house of leaves and grass,
Could not help laughing
As she saw the huntsman pass.

But the sun shone too hot on the huntsman's head —
"My gun is becoming too heavy," he said.

So he laid himself down in the shade of a tree,
And shut up his eyes and slept peacefully.

The little hare saw him, and out she crept,
Stole slyly toward him, and while he slept,
She took off his spectacles, picked up his gun,
And softly on tip-toe away she did run.

She placed the spectacles on her own nose,
And back with the gun to the hunter she goes;
She pointed her gun at the brave hunter's heart
Who awaked and sprang up at once with a start.

He screamed out for help, and like lightning he flew,
"He'll shoot me! Oh, help me! Oh, good people, do!"

The brave hunter's breath was now almost spent.
He saw a deep well, quickly toward it he went,
He stopped for a moment, then into it sprang,
The hare pulled the trigger, off went the gun — Bang!

The hunter's wife near the window stood,
Drinking her coffee, which tasted good.
The same shot broke her cup in two.
"Oh, dear!" she cried, "what shall I do?"

Near by the well, and hidden there,
Was the old hare's child, the tiny hare;

When he heard the shot, he quickly arose,
And the coffee ran down on his dear little nose.
He hopped, and he cried, "What burns me so?"
And he held up the spoon with his little toe.

Translated from the German by A. L. Furness (Mrs. A. L. Wister)

THE DORMOUSE

A Dormouse with a family
Of little ones was blest;
One day they all together lay
All curled up in the nest.

Happy as they could be, I know,
In their pretty little bed;
With grass and stubble roundabout
And the blue sky overhead.

They nothing fear, for all they hear
Is the robin's roundelay,
Or whir of wings as they flit by —
For the birds are merry to-day;

'T is a warm day in early spring
The sky is blue and bright,
And they were busy building nests,
And loud was their delight.

I hope the ground-sparrow has not built there,
Harm would befall her I fear;
For she could not do what the Dormouse did —
What was it? List, — you shall hear.

We know not when we are most safe,
Or when the nearest harm,
The mouse thinks she is very safe,
In her nest so snug and warm;

And on her little helpless ones
She looks with proud delight;
Looks on them with her twinkling eye,
So round, so black, so bright.

But she starts up and leaves the nest,
What does she see or hear?
The ploughman's voice, the horse 's tread —
Yes; there is danger near.

She sees the team approach her nest —
The little ones will be
Crushed by the ploughman or the horse, —
She waits in agony.

But, no; — the ploughman sees the nest, —
And o'er it lifts his share,
Having just turned his horse aside,
And now he 's waiting there, —

Just out of curiosity,
For he full fain would see,
What the poor mother will dare do
To save her family.

This doth she dare; she hastens back,
Unmindful of her fear,
Seizes and quickly bears away
One of her children dear.

In a snug corner places it,
And then returns again,
Seizes another, and runs off
With all her might and main.

And she repeated this bold act,
Till she saved every one,
The ploughman laughed to see such love,
And with his team passed on.

Ann Augusta Gray

CHORUS OF FROGS

"YAUP, yaup, yaup,"
Said the croaking voice of a frog;
"A rainy day
In the month of May,
And plenty of room in the bog."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup,"
Said the frog, as it hopped away;
"The insects feed
On the floating weed,
And I 'm hungry for dinner to-day."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup,"
Said the frog, as it splashed about;

"Good neighbours all,
When you hear me call,
It is odd that you do not come out."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup,"
Said the frogs; "it is charming weather;
We 'll come and sup,
When the moon is up,
And we 'll all of us croak together."

Aunt Effie's Rhymes

THE PIGEON

Boy. Dear Pigeon on the house-top, say,
Why thus you coo the livelong day, —
Thus turn your head from side to side?

DOVE. Because my soul is satisfied;
Because the dear Creator mine,
Doth warm me with his bright sunshine!

Above, the Pigeon cooed for joy;
Below, all merrily played the boy,—
For sunshine bright doth ever call
A gladness to the heart of all;
And the Creator from above,
Beheld the joy of both with love.

Translated from the German by Mary Howitt

THE CLUCKING HEN

"WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There 's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."

"Thank you," said the clucking hen;
"I 've something else to do;
I 'm busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you."

"Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck,"
Said the clucking hen;
"My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I 'll think about it then."

The clucking hen sat on her nest,
  She made it in the hay;
And warm and snug beneath her breast
  A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs,
  Out dropped the chickens small!
"Cluck," said the clucking hen,
  "Now I have you all.

"Come along, my little chicks,
  I'll take a walk with YOU."
"Hallo!" said the barn-door cock,
  "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

Aunt Effie's Rhymes

SONG OF THE BUTTERFLY

WHY! I've got wings!
  Such beautiful things,
Such beautiful things are they!
  They are so bright,
  And so very light,
And so easily do they play—
How they came here I'm sure I don't know,
  It was not so
  Some time ago.

These wings so light;
All painted so bright,
Were made I know not how:
But this I can tell,
I know it full well,
These wings so light,
All painted so bright,

Were made in the prison so tight, so tight,
Where 't was always night;
Always, always, dim, dim night.
I knew it not then, but I know it now.
How they were made and painted so well,
All in the dark and dismal cell
I 'm sure I never, oh, never can tell;
But I had no wings,
Those beautiful things,

When first I was there,
Yet now I 've two pair,
All painted so fair.
Why! why! why!
I can fly! I can fly
High up in the sky!
Never, oh, never, oh never so high!
I had a hard time in that prison so tight.
And I thought it would never be light.
But why! why! why!
What an ugly thing was I
Before I went into that cell.
There 's no day of sorrow
But brings a bright morrow,
And so it was all very well.
I cared not to sip
From the honey-cup,
I cared not to fly
Never so high,
High in the sky, the sunlit sky,
The bright, the blue, the beautiful sky,
To float and to flutter, oh, never so wide,
Upward and downward on every side,
To pass my hours,
'Mong the garden flowers,
So merrily, merrily, all the day,
The gayest one among the gay.

O what was I
Before I could fly
Up in the sky
So high, so high,
Never, oh, never, oh never so high?

Ann Augusta Gray

THE POND

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond, too,
About it white daisies and buttercups grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stooped to the ground,
Dipp'd in their long branches and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there:

Indeed, the assembly would frequently meet
To talk over affairs in this pleasant retreat.

Now, the subjects on which they were wont to converse,
I'm sorry I cannot include in my verse;
For though I 've oft listened in hopes of discerning,
I own 't is a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken, who lived thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out;
Now standing tail upwards, now diving below;
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
"I 've really a great mind to venture in there;
My mother 's oft told me I must not go nigh,
But really, for my part, I cannot tell why.

"Ducks have wings and feathers, and so have I, too,
And my feet — what 's the reason that they will not do?
Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned?

"So why should I not swim as well as a duck?
Suppose that I venture and e'en try my luck?
For," said she, spite of all that her mother had taught her,
"I 'm really remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
And found that her dear mother's cautions were true;
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled the deeper she went;
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sunk down to the bottom and died!

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its back;
And by their grave looks, it was very apparent,
They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent.

Jane Taylor

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "moo, oo, moo, oo!
Such a thing I 'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did n't take your nest away:

Not I," said the cow, "moo, oo, moo, oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bobolink! Bobolink!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "bow wow!
I could n't be so mean, I trow —
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "bow wow!
I could n't be so mean I trow."

"To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice warm nest I made?"

"Bobolink! Bobolink!
Now, what do you think?

Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo, coo!
Let me speak a word, too—
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I would not treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine:
Baa, baa," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I would n't treat a poor bird so."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bobolink! Bobolink!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo, coo!
Let me speak a word, too.

Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw, caw," cried the crow,
"I should like to know,
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck, cluck," said the hen,
"Don't ask me again,
Why! I have n't a chick
That would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,

And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood;
Cluck, cluck," said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry: 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;

"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"'T is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew,
How sad the bird would feel!"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind his bed;
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He did n't like to tell his name.

Lydia Maria Child

THE POOR WOODPECKER

Young Gimlet-Bill 's a busy bird,
A woodpecker is he,
He bores away day after day,
As busy as a bee.

And Mrs. Gimlet-Bill, she helps ;
A loving mate is she;
And now they 've bored a great deep hole
Within a cherry tree.

There came a wren one day, just when
The hole was nearly done,
And said, "I 'll build within that hole;
'T is a convenient one."

"That 's a mistake, Sir Wren, indeed,"
Young Gimlet-Bill replied;
"Away, away! This hole was made
For me and for my bride."

"I can't help that," the Wren replied,
"Have it I must and will."
The birds grew wroth, they fought with ire —
The Wren and Gimlet-Bill.

The Wren was strongest of the two,
Alas for Gimlet-Bill!
He 's driven from the tree away, —
He 's treated very ill.

"Cheer up, my dear," his lady said,
"We 'll set to work again";
And in a pear-tree's trunk they bored
With all their might and main.

The hole is large, the hole is deep,
The wooden house is made;
The walls and floor are polished o'er,
And one white egg is laid.

And Gimlet-Bill and his dear spouse,
They both did feel so glad,
And said, "This house is far the best
We ever yet have had.

"But if another Wren should come,
That is our only fear,"—
They hear a sound, they look around,—
Another Wren is here!

He said, "You 've got a fine large house,
I think I 'll nestle here,"
How Gimlet-Bill's poor little heart
Did beat with dreadful fear!

But though his downy breast beat high,
Yet bravely struggled he,
Poor pretty little bird, to save
His home and family.

But vainly strove poor Gimlet-Bill,
At length he fled away;
His home he never saw again,
Oh, 't was a mournful day!

"Let 's go away," said Gimlet-Bill,
"No peace can we find here;
And yet the Wren 's a pleasant bird,
We will not blame him, dear."

"Oh, no," the lady said, "oh, no;
But let 's fly far away;
And in the woods seek out a home,
I 've five more eggs to lay."

Ann Augusta Gray

THE DOE AND THE HUNTER

A BALLAD

A GENTLE Hind with her young Fawn,
Once, on a soft spring day,
Upon a bed of dried oak leaves
Within a thicket lay.

The little Fawn was very young,
He was but two days old;
His eye was bright, his color light,
Fair was he to behold.

The mother oft looked round on him,
With her eye so bright yet meek;
He lay close by her side, — she felt
His breath upon her cheek.

But soft! Why is that sudden start?
What means that upright ear?
Mother, what means that anxious eye?
What startling sound dost hear?

Quick up she springs upon her feet,
Her head erect and high,
And anxiously she stares around,
With wild, wide-open eye.

The tramp of horses' hoofs is heard,
A man dismounts near by;
O'er bush and bramble, stump and stone,
The frightened Hind doth fly.

The man is in the thicket now;
What will the poor Fawn do?
His limbs are weak, and close the briers
He tries to struggle through.

He gets entangled in the thorns, —
He 's in the man's firm grasp,
And his heart flutters so with fright
That he for breath must gasp.

And with his pretty little prize,
The man did mount again;
The frightened creature struggled hard
But struggled hard in vain.

But where 's the Hind? Poor little one!
Where is thy mother gone?

What? Fled away to save herself,
And left her little Fawn?

No, no; see, yonder, where she comes;
Oh, look! Her eye how wild!
She comes with a fearless mother's heart
To claim her stolen child.

The man restrained his steed and stopped
Until the Hind came near;
He wished, perhaps, to see how far
Her love would conquer fear.

Boldly she sprang, and on the horse
Her two fore feet did place;
And silently, — imploringly,
Looked up in the man's face.

And as she stood, the man beheld
With pity and surprise,
Big tears well up, and trickle down
Out of her large dark eyes.

The man he had a gentle heart;
"Well, take thy child," he cried,
"Bold mother!" and away she bounds,
Her baby by her side.

Ann Augusta Gray

POOR DONKEY

Poor Donkey, I 'll give him a handful of grass,
I 'm sure he 's a good-natured honest old ass;
He trots to the market to carry the sack,
And lets me ride all the way home on his back;
And only just stops by the ditch for a minute,
To see if there 's any fresh grass for him in it.

'T is true, now and then, he has got a bad trick,
Of standing stock-still, or just trying to kick;
But, then, poor old fellow, you know, he can't tell
That standing stock-still is not using me well;

For it never comes into his head, I dare say,
To do his work first, and then afterwards play.

No, no, my good Donkey, I 'll give you some grass,
For you know no better, because you 're an ass.
But what little donkeys some children must look,
Who stand, very like you, stock-still at their book,
And waste every moment of time as it passes,
A great deal more stupid and silly than asses!

Jane Taylor

JOHN'S SQUIRREL

John had a squirrel but half his own age, —
But he cracked his own nuts and turned his own cage, —
His tail when he scampered stood up with delight
And served as a blanket to warm him at night.

He climbed on the bellrope, and jumped on the chairs,
And Johnny told Cook to keep Pussy downstairs.
But up she stole slyly, the naughty old cat,
And killed him, pretending she thought him a rat;

Which could n't be true, for 't was well known to Pussy
That rats have thin tails, and the squirrel's was bushy.
John whipped the cat, and scolded the Cook,
And laid out his little brown pet on a book,

And buried him deep with much sorrow and state,
And set up for tombstone a piece of a slate.
And on it he carefully scratched with a nail —
"Here lies the Squirrel, and Here lies his Tail."

Mrs. Motherly

ENVY: A FABLE

A Parrot that lived at a gentleman's house,
Could chatter and sometimes lie still as a mouse.
He was hung at the door in a cage that was gay,
And treated with plenty. One fine sunny day,
When the Cat, thro' mere envy, was thus heard to say,

"Pray, sir, do you live on these excellent things,
Because you 're a bird and have feathers and wings?
If a Cat is in want of a dinner that 's nice,
She must hunt in the garret or cellar for mice."
The Parrot, observing the Cat in a rage,
Said, "Pray, Mrs. Puss, are you fond of a cage?
Should you like to be kept in a prison like me,
And never permitted your neighbors to see?
Deprived of all means of assisting yourself,
Though numberless dainties in sight on the shelf?
Should you like to be fed at the will of a master,
And die of neglect or some cruel disaster?
You cannot believe it more happy to be,
A Parrot encaged, than a Cat and quite free."
The Cat was convinced that this reasoning was true,
And, ashamed of her envy, in silence withdrew.

The Cowslip

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WISHING

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay — stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

Oh — no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;

Through forest, field or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well — tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss, — sweeter this
Than any other thing!

William Allingham

ROBIN REDBREAST

Good-bye, good-bye to Summer!
For Summer 's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away, —
But Robin 's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breastknot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they 'll turn to Ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It 's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'T will soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
  The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling nightwinds whistle
  And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
  The branches plumed with snow, —
Alas! in Winter dead and dark
  Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
    O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin
  His little heart to cheer.

William Allingham

THE COW AND THE ASS

Hard by a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear, one might see the white pebbles below;
To this cooling stream the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A Cow, quite oppressed with the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had done;
And standing stock-still, leaning over the stream,
Was musing, perhaps, or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown Ass, of respectable look,
Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass;
"How d' ye do?" said the Cow; "How d' ye do?" said the Ass.

"Take a seat," cried the Cow, gently waving her hand;
"By no means, dear madam," said he, "while you stand";
Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
"Ma'am, your health," said the Ass; "Thank you, sir," said the Cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been past,
They laid themselves down on the herbage at last;
And, waiting politely, as gentlemen must,
The Ass held his tongue, that the Cow might speak first.

Then with a deep sigh, she directly began,—
"Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we 're much injured by man?
'T is a subject that lies with a weight on my mind;
We certainly are much oppressed by mankind.

"Now, what is the reason (I see none at all)
That I always must go when Suke chooses to call;
Whatever I 'm doing ('t is certainly hard)
At once I must go to be milked in the yard.

"I 've no will of my own, but must do as they please,
And give them my milk, to make butter and cheese;
I 've often a vast mind to knock down the pail,
Or give Suke a box on the ear with my tail."

"But, ma'am," said the Ass, "not presuming to teach,—
O dear, I beg pardon, — pray finish your speech;
I thought you had done, ma'am, indeed," said the swain,
"Go on, and I 'll not interrupt you again."

"Why, sir, I was only a-going to observe,
I 'm resolved that these tyrants no longer I 'll serve:
But leave them forever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment, to see if she 'd done,
And then, "not presuming to teach," he begun;

"With submission, dear madam, to your better wit,
I own I am not quite convinced of it yet.

"That you 're of great service to them is quite true,
But surely they are of some service to you;
'T is their nice green pasture in which you regale,
They feed you in winter, when grass and weeds fail.

"'T is under their shelter you snugly repose,
When without it, dear ma'am, you perhaps might be froze.
For my part, I know, I receive much from man,
And for him, in return, I do all that I can."

The Cow, upon this, cast her eye on the grass,
Not pleased at thus being reproved by an Ass;
"Yet," she thought, "I 'm determin'd I 'll benefit by 't,
For I really believe the fellow is right."

Jane Taylor

THE SWALLOW AND THE ROBIN

"Come, follow; come, follow,"
Thus twittered the swallow,
Ere he took his flight to a southern clime,
"Nay, friend," said the robin,
"I 'd far rather stop in
The home of my childhood, and bide my time."

"But winter is bitter;
The snow's cold white glitter
Will not serve you either for food or bed."
"Nay, the coldest of weathers
Cannot pierce warm red feathers,
And kind hands will strew for me good crumbs of bread."

"But east winds are spiteful,
And south winds delightful,

And blue skies would cheer you, and tempt you to sing."
"Brave hearts need no shelter,
Winds blow and rains pelter,
But I sleep with my head tucked tight under my wing."

"But flowers bloom sweetly,
And bright days go fleetly
In lands that afar to the southward lie,"
"Nay, here lies my pleasure,
My heart's life, my treasure,
And in my own country I 'll live or I 'll die."

Lady Lindsay

THE LITTLE ORIOLES[1]

A NURSERY SONG

UNDERNEATH a great elm-tree,
Stepped I, stealthily,
On the grass, and down I laid
In the shade;
An oriole's nest hung o'er my head,
The baby-birds were talking in their nest,
Only list!

[1] The Baltimore Oriole, sometimes called "Golden Robin," or "Fiery Hang-Bird." Its plumage is black-and-orange.

Be quiet, dear,
And you shall hear
All what the little baby orioles said.

THE ORIOLES, ALL TOGETHER

What a nest-full! one, two, three,
Four, five, — Winkie, Blinkie, Blee,
Binniwink, and Willawee.

WINKIE

Five little babies in one cradle!
Here we lie!

BLINKIE

Oh, how high! Oh, how high!
Papa and mamma have hung our cradle!

BLEE

Close to the sky! close to the sky!

BINNIWINK

Oh, how we swing now!
On such a little bough,
Here we go!
Up and down, and to and fro!
On the tree-top swinging so!
We 'll not fear,
Though up here;

In all the world there are but four
Frightful things — there are no more:
Only two will dare come near;
Owls and snakes are all we fear;
Boys and pussies can't come here.

WILLAWEE

How the breeze, the good little breeze,
On his way through the great elm-trees,
Softly sings to us, "Lullaby, dearies!"

WINKIE

And shakes our little green curtains, too,
Oh, there 's a hole! I can see right through!
I 'm glad there 's a hole, and I 'll tell you why;
Why, only look up there, with your little eye,
And you 'll see the sun shining up in the sky.
Ah! there is another!
Look, sister! look, brother!

BLINKIE

How the breezes keep ripping,
As by they are tripping,
A hole first in one place and then in another;
Here and there and all about,
So the sun can peep in here, and we can peep out.

BLEE

But where is papa gone, and dear little mother?
I'll tell you what, sister, I'll tell you what, brother,
If there's one thing that tickles me more than another
(And you will agree)
It is to see,
All suddenly,
Papa with his beautiful golden breast,
Leaning over the edge of the nest.

BINNIWINK

Why, would you not rather,
Now, see pretty mother?
Our dear little mother has *such* a kind eye!

BLEE

And so has papa, — that you cannot deny.
Ah! how I do love to see,
Shining right up over me,
Father's orange-colored vest,
In the nest!

BINNIWINK

But mother's pretty little eye,
So cunningly, so kindly,
Peeps sideways down on me.

BLEE

But then how father sits and sings,
While balanced on the bough he swings!
That is the thing of all things,
I do love to hear
With my little ear;
Don't you, Binniwinkie, dear?
How his shining throat he swells,
When his pretty song he trills!
That queer song,
That sweet song,
Sweeter, louder, than 't is long,
I see it bubbling up his throat,
Just before he sings it out.
Oh, it makes me laugh so,
And makes me want to sing too.

WILLAWEE

Father goes cherry-gathering on every tree;
I hope he 'll bring home a nice black-heart to me,
Or some kind of cherry,
Or any kind of berry,
For I am hungry, very.
There! He is coming with a bug in his bill,
He 'll give it to his Willawee, I know he will.
He has been spider-hunting all round the tree,
And has brought his game home to his Willawee.

ALL TOGETHER

And here is our mother, our darling mother, too.
Come, spread your wings over us, dear mother, do;
So like a pretty coverlet
For your little babies' bed.
Make it dark, so we can't see,
And close, so we can't hear,
Then soon all sound asleep we 'll be,
Mother dear.

Ann Augusta Gray

THE LITTLE DOVES

High on the top of an old pine-tree,
Broods a mother dove with her young ones three;
Warm over them is her soft, downy breast,
And they sing so sweetly in their nest: —
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

Soundly they sleep through the moonshiny night,
Each young one covered and tucked in tight;
Morn wakes them up with the first blush of light,
And they sing to each other with all their might, —
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

When in the nest they are all left alone,
While their mother far for their dinner has flown,
Quiet and gentle they all remain,
Till their mother they see come home again:
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr.

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS

Two robin redbreasts built their nests
  Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
  The cock sang merrily;
And all the little young ones said:
"Wee wee, wee wee, wee wee."

One day the sun was warm and bright,
  And shining in the sky,
Cock-robin said: "My little dears,
  'T is time you learned to fly."
And all the little young ones said:
"I 'll try, I 'll try, I 'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
  I 'll tell you by and by,

When mama says, "Do this," or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She 'd be a better child by far
If she would say: "I 'll try."

Aunt Effie's Rhymes

THE GRAY SQUIRRELS

There were hundreds that in the hollow holes
Of the old, old trees did dwell,
And laid up their store hard by their door
Of the beech-nuts as they fell.

But soon the hungry, wild swine came,
And with thievish snouts dug up
Their buried treasure, and left them not
So much as an acorn-cup.

Then did they chatter in angry mood,
And one and all decree,
Into the forests of rich stone-pine
Over hill and dale to flee.

Over hill and dale, over hill and dale,
For many a league they went,
Like a troop of undaunted travellers
Governed by one consent.

But the hawk and eagle and peering owl,
Did dreadfully pursue:

And the farther the gray squirrels went,
The more their perils grew.
When lo! to cut off their pilgrimage,
A broad stream lay in view.

But then did each wondrous creature show
His cunning and bravery;
With a piece of pine-bark in his mouth
Unto the stream came he,

And boldly his little bark he launched,
Without the least delay;
His bushy tail was his upright sail,
And he merrily steered away.

Never was there a lovelier sight
Than that Gray Squirrels' fleet;
And with anxious eyes I watched to see
What fortune it would meet.

Soon had they reached the rough mid-stream,
And ever and anon,
I grieved to behold some small bark wrecked,
And its little steersman gone.

But the main fleet stoutly held across;
I saw them leap to shore;
They entered the woods with a cry of joy,
For their perilous march was o'er.

Mrs. Mary Howitt

THE GOLDEN EAGLETS

A NURSERY SONG

WHERE the rock so high,
Hung over the sea,
I heard the eaglets cry
Uproariously.
The downy things
With half-fledged wings —
Hearken and hear what they,
The baby-heroes, say.

BROTHER EAGLET

Ho! Ho! sister; hear the water!
See the weak and washy foam;
Trying hard to reach our home, —
Our high home!
We are the eagle's son and daughter;
Come on, washy waters! come!
Come and peep into the nest
Where the eagle's children rest —
We 've no fear;
Father and mother placed us here.
Great winds, blow!
You are a brave and blustering rover,
But I know
You can't push our cradle over.

SISTER EAGLET

List! they roar a lullaby
For the eagle's children to slumber by;
The tempest sings our nursery song;
Is n't it loud? Is n't it long?

BROTHER EAGLET

Look up at the sky! look up at the sky!
Where our brave father is hovering high!
And our great mother is shouting close by.

SISTER EAGLET

Where, brother? where?
High up there,
In that great hall so bright and blue, —
The sun's round chamber, that he walks through
Every day, right overhead,
Marching on with silent tread —
Are they going up to the sun, think you?

BROTHER EAGLET

Those two specks of burning gold,
Those are father and mother bold;
They look like pieces split off from the sun.
I can see high
With my eagle eye,

And count their gold neck feathers, every one;
They have gone fishing in that great sea,
They will bring down a breakfast for you and me.

SISTER EAGLET

That is the sky! the sky!
The fish never swim so high.
Father and mother roam
Up in the great sun's home;
There 's room! there 's plenty of room!
Ho! ho!
Ho! ho!
I should like to go!
And so I will when my feathers grow.

BROTHER EAGLET

Hark! that wild outcry!
Does n't it shake the sky?
If the stars had only been up there then,
They 'd have come showering down like rain.
Did you ever peep up at the stars by night?
They are bits of the sun, scattered over the sky.
I peeped, one night, —
O! they are so bright!
Burning as brightly as father's eye.

SISTER EAGLET

Perhaps every one
Is a little baby sun,

And, if they stay up in the sky,
And keep growing every day,
Half as fast as you and I,
Then, how bright
Will be the night!
Brighter than the broad noonday!

BROTHER EAGLET

Do you remember, sister, dear?
Do you remember that cold morn,
Sister, when we two were born?

SISTER EAGLET

The egg-shells cracked amid the storm,
But I was warm.
All at once I heard the sea,
Roaring out so merrily;
I heard the great pine forest, too,
As if the waves were washing through,
Up in the branches high,
Tramping on steadily;
While to their tread
The proud pine forest stooped, and bent its head.
I can look up in the sun's face,
When he looks down from his highest place.
But once, if you 'll believe it, I
Had to open timidly

At the sky,
My young eye.
The sky's eye, the sun, was high;
Like an arrow it shot me through,
And a cold wind came and cut me, too,
Before I had got my feathers on,
One day, when father and mother were gone;
But mother came, and then she spread
Her great wings around our bed,
And curtained it from sun and air,
Making it all soft twilight there;
And long and golden rays
Of light, came shooting in sideways;
And golden gleams
Poured in streams,
Softened, too, as they passed through
Her quills, in even rows all set,
Quivering, palpitating yet;
For she did then alight
From a long, bold flight.
I heard her great heart beat, and felt it, too,
Throbbing as though it would beat her bosom through.
Then with her starry eye
She peeped in so tenderly, —
And then she settled down all closely on the nest,
And her dear heart beat gently in her breast.

Ann Augusta Gray

THE SPRING MORNING

It is spring! It is morning! How happy I feel!
The sun is not up very high,
The warm rain has fallen on meadow and hill,
Around me the soft breezes sigh.

Many blossoms have opened since yesterday morn,
The cherry-trees now are all white,
Three violets last night in my garden were born,
Ah, how my heart leaped at the sight.

How the spring birds are singing high up in the trees,
The bees seek the blossoms so white,
The hyacinth odour is on the soft breeze,
Ah, me! I could shout with delight.

See! The soft clouds are sailing across the wide sky,
How silently onward they go!
I see the sheep feeding, the lambs leaping high
O'er the bank where the brook winds so slow.

And I must go down there where softly creeps by,
The brook at the foot of the hill,
I must run, I must leap, and I wish I could fly,
I'm so happy I cannot keep still.

By this pretty green hillside, it softly winds round,
So softly no sound can be heard,
But there, o'er the stones like a deer doth it bound,
And merrily trills like a bird.

And how gracefully waving the willow boughs bend,
And far downward drooping they seem
The water to kiss while in showers they send
Their blossoms to float on the stream.

Each and all seem so happy I scarcely can say
Which thing I should like best to do,
To float with the flowers on the stream far away,
Or swing, yellow beetles, like you,

On the boughs of the willow, or leap like a frog
Down under the water so clear,
Or bask like the turtle that 's crept from the bog,
By the brookside to sun himself here.

Or go with the woolly-white clouds that float through
The heaven, or sit on the trees
Mid budding boughs singing as birds love to do,
Or buzz in the flowers like the bees.

But I cannot do e'en like the beetle or bee,
Nor move in the heaven so blue,
Nor swim in the streamlets, nor sit in the trees
And sing as the merry birds do.

But the bright yellow beetle knows nought of the bee,
The bee he knows nothing of him;
The frog does not care for the bird on the tree,
The bird does not see the frog swim.

The turtle that basks, and the lambkins that leap,
They never look up at the sky;
The clouds softly sailing, the willows that weep,
Have never a charm for their eye.

But I can find pleasure in all that I view,
How humble my heart ought to be;
For I have been told, and I feel it is true,
That the world was created for me.

Ann Augusta Gray

SPRING

Dear Mother, guess what I have heard —
O! It will soon be spring!
I 'm sure it was a little bird —
Mother, I heard it sing.

Look at this little patch of green,
Which peeps out from the snow,
As if it wanted to be seen.
'T will soon be spring, I know.

And O! come here — come here and look —
How fast it runs along!
Here is a cunning little brook,
Oh, hear its pretty song!

It feels just as I do, I know —
It says, it seems to me,
"Good-bye cold weather, ice and snow —
Now, boys and brooks are free!"

I know 't is glad the winter 's gone
That left it all so still —
For now see how it runs along
And goes just where it will.

I love to think of what you said,
Mother, to me, last night
Of this great world, which God has made
So beautiful and bright.

And now it is the happy spring
No naughty thing I'll do.
I would not be the only thing
That is not happy too.

Anonymous

THE FIELD DAISY

I'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the spring;
In the meadows green I 'm found,
Peeping just above the ground,
And my stalk is covered flat,
With a white and yellow hat.
Little lady, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Skip about, but do not tread
On my meek and healthy head;
For I always seem to say,
Chilly winter 's gone away.

Jane Taylor

LITTLE DANDELION

Gay little Dandelion
  Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
  Telleth her beads.

Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above;
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,
Clad but in green,
Where in the days agone,
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering
Violets delay;
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion!
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low —
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dries the amber dew
Out from her hair.

High rides the thirsty sun,
  Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
  Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
  In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel breeze
  Call from the cloud.
Tiny plumes fluttering,
  Make no delay!
Little winged Dandelion
  Soareth away!

Anonymous

MAY BASKET RHYMES

I

This little basket I picked it myself
From where it had grown on the nursery shelf.
These little flowers the seamstress has made,
Please do not water them, lest they should fade.

II

A pearly tear fell from Azalea's eye —
"Oh, tell me, Azalea, please, why do you cry?"

"Alas for the morrow, oh, woeful the day!
This morning a bee stole my honey away, —
And said with a laugh, as he bumbled off home,
That he wanted it all for his ladylove's comb."

III

All the Bluebirds gather in the blue carnation-tree;
I heard them ringing bluebells to call their wives to tea.
Cat-birds too have come to the pussy-willow hill,
I heard them singing "Miow, miow, miow," to keep the
cat-briars still.

IV

'T is the first night of May,
Through the house take a look.
Not a creature is stirring,
Not even the cook.

Hark! there goes the door-bell!
With nothing to fear
We 're scattering off
For the chase far and near.

W. C. F.

TO A FIREFLY

Firefly, firefly, bright little thing,
Come, light me to bed and my song I will sing.

Give me your light as you fly o'er my head,
That I may joyfully go to my bed.
Give me your light, o'er the grass as you creep,
That I may merrily go to my sleep.

Come, little firefly, come, little beast,
Come, and to-morrow I 'll make you a feast.
Come, little candle that flies as I sing,
Bright little fairybug, night's little king.

Come, and I 'll dance as you guide me along,
Come, and I 'll pay you, my fly, with a song.

Anonymous

THE LITTLE BIRD'S MORNING RAMBLE

Once there was a little bird, —

And the little bird hopped up on both of his legs,
And looked up with one of his eyes,
And he said, "I 'll go ramble about in the fields,
While the sun travels up in the skies."

So he bid his little mate good morning, —

And rolled up his feet 'neath his feathers so neat,
And spread out his wings very wide;
So merrily now he soars up from the bough,
And alights by a rivulet's side.

Stepping so lightly with his little feet as not to crush the violets, he went and dipped his bill into the water and drank.

And he said, "How good it does taste, I declare,
I'll come and drink here every day;
And my lady shall come, yes, my lady so fair,
For I gladly will show her the way."

And as he looked into the clear water he saw —

A little black turtle creep softly along;
All so prettily spotted with yellow;
He had four funny legs and a little short tail,
A comical-looking old fellow.

And the bird hopped along a little farther, and he saw, while the sun shone through the clear water, —

A frog like an arrow dart swiftly along;
Another went by, then another,

And their children, the tadpoles, came wagging their tails,
And each one looked just like his brother.

"What queer things!" said he, "paddling themselves along with their tails;" and while he was watching them, along came —

A party of minnows, some large and some small,
And they looked very playful and shy,
The bird said, "Good morning." They darted away,
And never looked up in his eye.

"Shy little fellows these," said he; "just as if I should want to harm them! I mean to go to a shallow part of the brook and bathe." So he hopped along till he found a place where the water was only about two inches deep, and in it he plunged —

And made such a splashing and spattering there,
That he watered the violets well;
And frightened the tadpoles, and as to the frogs,
What ailed him they never could tell.

The sober little turtle was sure he was crazy, and prudently crept away and hid himself under the bank.

Said the bird, "What good fun to bathe here in the sun,
And to spatter the water so high;

My love shall come down here and wash herself too,
E'er the sun travels down in the sky."

Then he came out and shook the water from his wings and went along a little farther and soon came to a field where there was a man ploughing.

And he said, "Oh, he is ploughing up worms all for me:
I think he 's a very kind man;
So I 'll pick up my dinner, then sing in his ear
The prettiest song that I can."

And the little bird swallowed one or two earthworms, and then, perching himself upon a tree, near the man, sang in his very best manner.

"He could not help liking that song I am sure,"
To himself then the little bird said;
And he picked up a worm to bear home to his love,
And swift o'er the tree-tops he sped.

And soon he alighted by her side, and dropping the worm into her mouth, he told her he would keep the eggs warm while she went to the rivulet to drink and bathe.

Ann Augusta Gray

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name, —
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight:
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping the house while I frolic about:
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food:
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me:
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care.
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air —
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows, but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie:
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum crone;
Off he flies and we sing as he goes,—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

William C. Bryant

THE THREE BROWN BROTHERS

The sunbeams are warm, and you're tired, I know,
Come, sit you down here now by me,
On the soft mossy carpet so cool and so green,
And we'll rest in the shade of the tree.

Now, listen to me and a story I'll tell;
Twice seventy summers ago,
A little green thing tumbled down from a tree,
And what the thing was you shall know.

'T was large as an apple, 't was green, and 't was round,
And it had a hard prickly rind,
But the inside was white and as soft as could be,
As though with white satin 't was lined.

One day Sir Jack Frost went along through the wood
And he found the green ball where it lay.
He touched the ball gently, and it cracked in two,
But Jack did not bear it away.

'T was a soft satin bed where three brothers were laid
All warmly wrapped up from the weather;
Three little brown brothers and all of a size,
And lying all close up together.

But somebody came to these brothers one day
And pulled them all out of their bed,

And a grave he did dig and he laid them all in,
As if he believed they were dead.

And the three little brothers they saw not each other
For many and many a day;
But as they grew bigger, they grew also wiser,
And down in the ground would not stay.

And so from the mould, all so dismal and cold,
Out peeped now each little brown brother;
But they were so changed, and they all looked so strange,
That they scarcely remembered each other.

No longer are seen their brown coats; but in green
The three little fellows appear,
And they grew very tall, and each one spread his arm,
To meet those of his brothers so dear.

Only look up and see how the old chestnut tree
Spreads its large leafy boughs overhead,
And this now is one of the brothers so brown
That was rolled from his white satin bed.

And here they stand now, all the three in a row,
With their outstretching arms intertwined,
As loving and close to each other as when
In their bed of soft satin confined.

Ann Augusta Gray

OVER THE BROOK

Over the brook to grandmamma's.
Over the brook, little boy;
The flowers are sweet
Beneath our feet,
We 'll sing as we go, for joy.

Over the brook to grandmamma's,
The afternoon is fair;
For butter-cups gay
Don't stop by the way,—
'T is high time we were there.

Over the brook to grandmamma's,
And down by the greenwood tree;
In a pleasant spot
Is our grandmamma's cot,
And a dear old lady is she.

Over the brook to grandmamma's,
She is looking for us, I know;
Her table is spread
With honey and bread,
And milk from the brindle cow.

Over the brook to grandmamma's,
It is but a few steps more;

Already I see
The cot and the tree,
And grandmamma sits at the door.

Over the brook to grandmamma's,
A mile or more we 've been;
She opens the gate,
That we need not wait;
She longs to let us in.

Over the brook to grandmamma's,
And a kiss for you and for me;
The journey is past,
We 're here at last,
And who so happy as we!

Mrs. A. M. Wells, The Floweret

SONG

I SAT within the shade,
And I saw — what did I see?
A bee,
And a busy bee,
And a big and busy bee;
A buzzing bee,
A bumblebee,

A buzzing, bouncing, bumblebee,
And I said to the bee,
To the big and busy bee,—
"Bouncing bee, busy bee,
Big and bouncing bumblebee,
Buzz in blossom, bud and bell,
Working well,
Honey-hunter, hie thee home
To the comb
From the bell
To the cell,
From the cell
To the bell,
Working willingly and well."

Ann Augusta Gray

TWO LITTLE FAIRIES

Once in the early summer
Two little fairies played,
In the shadow on a streamlet,
By a water-lily made.

One was a little fairy,
Much smaller than the other,
And yet the largest fairy,
Was the little fairy's brother.

They sported in the shadow,
They chased the rippling wave,
And let the cool fresh water,
Their shining pinions lave.

At last when they were weary,
The largest fairy said,
"It seems to me that lily's cup
Would make a lovely bed."

Out laughed the smallest fairy:
And a robin in the tree
Paused in the middle of his song
To hear what it might be.

Then said the largest fairy,
"That lily is so tall,
Suppose we borrow robin's wings,
To save us from a fall?

The robin, looking downward,
Heard every word they said;
He pruned his russet feathers,
And then he shook his head.

Said he, "Good friends, excuse me,
My wings, myself, I need;
For, have I not a wife at home,
And little ones to feed?

"And yonder comes a butterfly,
Of charming size and hue,
I beg you will excuse me";
And away the robin flew.

Now said the little fairy,
"'T is a funny thing to see,
When one don't wish to do a thing,
How busy one can be!

"We do not need his pinions,
But, lily, lady fair,
Just give me leave to bend your head
A little in the air.

"Now, lift those waxen leaves apart,
Open thy fragrant breast;
Was ever monarch on his throne
In such a glory dressed!

"Ah, this is really charming,
Come up here, darling brother,
The wind shall rock us as we lie
And talk to one another.

"Or, rather, till warm noon is past,
Sleep in our folded wings;
Our lullaby shall be the song
The rippling water sings."

The largest fairy lightly sprung
  Up from the shining brook;
And in the lily's pearly leaves,
  His place beside her took;

And singing, as the stem was swayed
  With motion light and slow;
The cloudless sunshine overhead,
  The shaded stream below;

Soft cradled in the fragrant bloom,
  Rocked by the summer air,
With folded wings they went to sleep,
  And slumbered sweetly there.

And pleasant must their dreams have been;
  At least the story tells,
That even yet the fairies' nest
  Is in the lily bells!

Look down among their snowy leaves,
  When bright with morning dew,
And if you do not see them there
  Why — I see more than you!

Anonymous

DISOBEDIENCE

Says he, "I'll take my father's gun,
Obedience is absurd;
And would it not be awful fun
If I could shoot a bird!"
Says she, "A bird you cannot shoot."
Says he, "But, if I can?"
Says she, "You 'll feel just like a brute."
Says he, "No; like a man!"

"And when my father shoots," says he,
"Who speaks a word of blame?
And very 'cute that bird must be
That can elude his aim!
And am not I, my father's son,
Heir to my father's skill?
Says you — You shall not touch his gun.
Says I, — Bedad, I will!"

Says she, "Your honor you forget;
What! Do it on the sly?"
Says he, "That little sermonet
Is *really* all my eye!
For if a fellow went to speak
And promulgate such views,

You 'd be the first to call it 'cheek,'
And tremble in your shoes!"

"And with my faithful comrade Shag,
(Dear dog, beloved of all!)
I rather think I 'll fill a bag,
That 's the reverse of small;
The noble dog looks in my face
With his true, honest eyes,
And wags his tail with placid grace,
And barks his glad surprise."

Then with that merry laugh of his
He waved the gun on high,
And sang, "Ye birds, that whirr and whiz,
Ye little think it 's I!
Ye birds that whiz and whirr for me,
That whirr and whiz," he sang,
"I 've got my father's gun, you see,
And *won't* I make it bang!"

Oh! when the wrong we once begin,
How can we grasp the right?
He thought it such a little sin,
And such a large delight;
He thought it such a little sin,
A merry "lark" at most;

But when the wrong we once begin,
How can we count the cost?

A movement indolent and rash,
Half earnest, half in joke;
A sudden shock, a deadly crash,
A cloud of lurid smoke —
The noble dog lies there in pain,
His life-blood streaming fast.
Oh! life that cannot come again,
Soon reckon'd with the past!

The noble dog looks up at him
With true and honest eyes,
Poor eyes that now are waxing dim,
Large limbs that may not rise;
The friendly ever-wagging tail
Moves faintly to and fro;
In life or death Shag could not fail
To greet his master so!

In mute despair his master stands,
Wishing his work undone;
The gun has fallen from his hands,
The wicked, tempting gun!
He kneels beside him on the floor,
Striving to soothe his pain;

If tears and kisses could restore,
Poor Shag would live again!

Too late, with vain remorse he sees
The fault that wrought the ill;
Had he obeyed his sire's decrees,
Shag had been living still!
Poor Shag! who seems to understand
The sorrow in his eyes,
And kindly licks his master's hand,
Though by that hand he dies.

Oh, children! in these days of ours
Fairies have vanishèd,
I think that they have lost their powers,—
I fear they all are dead.
But when this boy was doing wrong
(Which its own sorrow brings)
Fairies were very young and strong,
And did amazing things!

So when he bound the bleeding side,
And kissed the fainting nose,
Just when poor Shaggie should have died
The fairies interpose!
But, children, *we* must recollect
Fairies no more appear;
If *we* do wrong, we must expect
That it will cost us dear!

And though Shag's wound was soon forgot,
The boy was still to blame;
And had poor Shaggie ne'er been shot,
The fault was just the same!
Whate'er may be the consequence,
Whether we lose or win,
The sin of disobedience
Is a most fearful sin.

Poems Written for a Child

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,

With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and grey
He 's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

William Allingham

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY

PART FIRST

"ARISE! my maiden Mabel,"
Her mother said: "Arise!
For the golden sun of midsummer
Is shining in the skies.

"Arise! my little Mabel,
For thou must speed away,
To wait upon thy grandmother
This livelong summer day.

"And thou must carry with thee
This wheaten cake so fine;
This new-made pat of butter,
And this little flask of wine.

"And tell the dear old body,
This day I cannot come;
For the good-man went out yester-morn,
And he has not come home.

"And more than this, poor Amy
Upon my knee doth lie;
I fear me, with this fever-pain
The little child will die.

"And thou canst help thy grandmother,
The table thou canst spread;
Canst feed the little dog and bird,
And thou canst make her bed.

"Canst go down to the lonesome glen,
To milk the mother-ewe;

This is the work, my Mabel,
That thou will have to do.

"And thou canst fetch the water
From the lady-well hard by;
And thou canst gather from the wood
The fagots brown and dry.

"But listen now, my Mabel,
This is midsummer-day,
When all the fairy people
From elf-land come away.

"And when thou'rt in the lonesome glen,
Keep by the running burn;
And do not pluck the strawberry-flower,
Nor break the lady-fern.

"But think not of the fairy folk,
Lest mischief should befall;
Think only of poor Amy,
And how thou lov'st us all.

"Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer,
If they should speak to thee.

"And when unto the fir-wood
Thou go'st for fagots brown,
Do not, like idle children,
Go wandering up and down.

"But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood, take heed.

"For they are spiteful brownies
Who in the wood abide;
So be thou careful of this thing,
Lest evil should betide.

"But think not, little Mabel,
Whilst thou art in the wood,
Of dwarfish, wilful brownies,
But of the Father good.

"And when thou goest to the spring,
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offence.

"For the queen of all the fairies
She loves that water bright;

I 've seen her drinking there myself,
On many a summer night.

" But she 's a gracious lady,
And her thou need'st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear."

" Now all this, I will heed, mother,
Will no word disobey;
And wait upon the grandmother
This live-long summer day."

PART SECOND

Away tripped little Mabel,
With her wheaten cake so fine,
With the new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot
And summer mist had cleared,
Beside the good old grandmother,
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good-will:
How that the father was away,
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread;
And next she fed the dog and bird
And then she made the bed.

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,
And bring in water for the day,—
Thou know'st the lady-well."

The first time that good Mabel went,
Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird, a sky-blue bird,
Upon a leafy tree.

The next time that good Mabel went
There sat a lady bright,
Beside the well, a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A curtsey low made Mabel
And then she stooped to fill
Her pitcher from the sparkling spring
But no drop did she spill.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said:

"Thou hast not spilt a drop, nor yet
The fairy stream troubled.

"Thou shalt do well whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved alway."

Thus having said, she passed from sight,
And naught could Mabel see
But the little bird, the sky-blue bird,
Upon the leafy tree.

PART THIRD

"And now, go," said grandmother,
"And fetch in fagots dry;
All in the neighbouring fir-wood,
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind good Mabel
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown,
And the grass grew thin and sere.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull;
But steadily, of the fallen boughs,
She picked her apron full.

And when the wild-wood brownies
Come sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence as she was told
With home-thoughts sweet and kind.

But all the while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood
And strove to do no ill.

"And oh! but she is small and neat,"
Said one; "'t were shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite."

"Look only," said another,
"At her little gown of blue,
At her kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her little shoe."

"Oh! but she is a comely child,"
Said a third, "and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path
A boon for her this day,
Seeing she broke no living bough,
No live thing did affray."

With that, the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,

Upon the dry and slippery path
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy penny good;
And with her fagots dry and brown,
Went wandering from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever so dear,
'T will buy her clothes of the very best
For many and many a year."

PART FOURTH

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Since falling is the dew;
Go down unto the lonesome glen,
And milk the mother-ewe."

All down into the lonesome glen,
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist, rank grass, by trickling streams
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to the lonesome glen
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry-flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern.

And while she milked the mother-ewe,
Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And as soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as a midge's wing,
That spake aloud: "A human child
Is here, yet mark this thing.

"The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry-flower unta'en:
What shall be done for her, who still
From mischief can refrain?"

"Give her a fairy-cake," said one:
"Grant her a wish," said three;
"The latest wish that she hath wished,"
Said all, "whate'er it be."

Kind Mabel heard the words they spake
And from the lonesome glen

Unto the good old grandmother,
Went gladly back again.

Thus it happened to Mabel,
On that midsummer-day,
And these three fairy blessings
She took with her away.

'T is good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind.
'T is good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind.

Mrs. Mary Howitt

THE SHADOW

To little Neddy, white as snow,
His nurse would oft his shadow show,
Dark'ning the wall, and said,
Every time, "It is black Ned."

One day when he went out to walk,
Just after he began to talk,
With his elder sister kind,
Black Neddy following behind,

She led him by the Common gay,
Merry with the boys at play:

All along the sunny street
Pat, pat went his little feet;

They were bound for grandmamma's,
Not very far off now it was;
But heedlessly young Neddy went,
On the merry boys intent.

Round the corner they must go,
When his sister tells him so:
He turns back his little head,
Saying, "'T is this way, black Ned."

R. R. L., Posies for Children

TIED TO A CHAIR

Against a chair poor puss was tied,
Holding Georgiana's dolly;
Every now and then she cried
With a mew most melancholy.

Georgiana's sister Lucy,
Trailing round her new broad chain,
Cried, "Come, catch it, pretty pussy,"—
Pussy only mewed again.

Georgie laughed to hear her mew,
Clapped her little hands, and cried,
"Though you bid her play with you,
Pussy cannot, *Pussy's tied.*

"She must stand and hold my doll,
And, to keep her steady there,
That she may not let it fall,
I have tied her to the chair."

Hearing what her children said,
Mamma soon set the pussy free;
Then Miss Georgie hung her head. —
Lucy jumped about for glee.

"Georgie! now let 's run away,"
The merry little Lucy cried;
"Yes, my Lucy, you can play,
But Georgie cannot — *Georgie's tied.*"

Mrs. A. M. Wells, The Floweret

DOLLY'S DOCTOR

MARY: COME and see my baby dear:
Doctor, she is ill, I fear.
Yesterday, do what I would,
She would touch no kind of food;
And she tosses, moans, and cries.
Doctor, what do you advise?

DOCTOR: Hum! ha! Good madam, tell me, pray,
What have you offered her to-day?
Ah, yes! I see: a piece of cake!
The worst thing you could make her take.

Just let me taste. Yes, yes: I fear
Too many plums and currants here.
But stop! I must just taste again,
For that will make the matter plain.

MARY: Excuse the liberty I take;
But, doctor, do not eat the cake.
I thank you kindly for your care;
But, surely, that was hardly fair.

DOCTOR: Ah! dear me! Did I eat the cake?
Well, it was for dear baby's sake.
But keep her in her bed well warm,
And you will see she 'll take no harm.
At night and morning, use once more
The draught and powder, as before.
And she must not be over-fed:
Give her, perhaps, a piece of bread.
To-morrow, then, I dare to say
She 'll be quite right. Good-day! Good-day!

H. W. Dulcken

LITTLE WHIMPY

WHIMPY, little Whimpy,
Cried so much one day,
His grandma could n't stand it
And his mother ran away;

His sister climbed the hay-mow,
  His father went to town,
And cook flew to the neighbour's
  In her shabby kitchen gown.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
  Stood out in the sun,
And cried until the chickens
  And the ducks began to run;
Old Towser in his kennel
  Growled in an angry tone,
Then burst his chain, and Whimpy
  Was left there, all alone.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
  Cried and cried and cried,
Soon the sunlight vanished,
  Flowers began to hide;
Birdies stopped their singing,
  Frogs began to croak,
Darkness came! and Whimpy
  Found crying was no joke.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
  Never 'll forget the day
When grandma could n't stand it,
  And his mother ran away.

He was waiting by the window
When they all came home to tea,
And a gladder boy than Whimpy,
You need never hope to see.

The Nursery

THE MORNING DRIVE IN ENGLAND

O DEAR mamma! I 'm glad you 've come!
Pray, look, for we pretend
I'm riding in a pony chaise,
To see an absent friend.

Now is it not a famous scheme,
As like as chaise can be?

And such a noble horse as this
We very seldom see.

For 't is a true Arabian,
As white as driven snow;
'T was bounding o'er the desert sands
Not many months ago!

And we pretend we speed along
Like arrows in the wind;
And Charley is my servant lad,
Who gallops just behind.

And so, mamma, we 're driving out,
And 't is a morn in May;
And we can scent the lilac flowers,
As we go by the way.

And little lambs are all at play;
And birds are singing clear;
Now, is it not a charming thing
To be thus driving here?

And first we met a drove of pigs,
Great Irish pigs and strong;
And oh! I so much trouble had,
To get the horse along!

And then a great, wild Highland herd
  Filled all the narrow road;
They looked like mountain buffaloes,
  And wildly stared and lowed.

And 'neath their shaggy brows, on us
  Such dismal looks they cast!
Mamma, 't was really wonderful
  How ever we got past!

And coaches we have met, and carts,
  And beggars lame and blind;
And all to please this serving boy,
  Who gallops just behind.

Come up, my little horse, come up;
  I 'm sure you can't be tired;
You never must be weary, sir,
  When you 're so much admired!

There, now, we 're at the turnpike gate,
  And now we 've driven through;
Over the hill, my little horse,
  And then the town 's in view.

There, now, we 're in the town itself;
  "Smith," "Hopkins," "Cook and Jones";

One scarce can read these great gilt names,
For jumbling o'er the stones!

And now we pass "The Old Gray Man,"
And now we pass "The Sun,"
And next across the market-place,
And then the journey 's done.

Ah! Now I see the very house;
And there 's the drawing-room;
Charley, alight and give my card,
And ask if they 're at home.

Oh, yes, I see them every one;
There 's Annie, Jane, and Kate;
No, Charley, now you need not ring,
For they are at the gate.

And now, mamma, that we are here,
Will you pretend to be
The ladies, all so kind and good,
Whom we are come to see?

Mrs. Mary Howitt

THE UMBRELLA

Once as little Isabella
Ventured with a large umbrella
Out upon a rainy day,
She was nearly blown away.

Sadly frightened then was she,
For 't was very near the sea,
And the wind was very high,
But, alas! no friend was nigh.

Luckily, her good mamma
Saw her trouble from afar;
Running just in time, she caught her
Pretty little flying daughter.

Rhymes for the Nursery

CLIMBING ON BACKS OF CHAIRS

What, climb on the back of a chair!
Oh, Henry, how can you do so?
Sometime, if you do not take care,
You will get a most terrible throw.

Suppose grandmamma had got up,
Pray, what had become of you then?

Indeed, my dear Henry, I hope
You will never do so again.

Your poor little teeth may be broke,
Or your face get some terrible bruise,
Indeed, and indeed, 't is no joke,
And you must not do just as you choose,

For suppose there 's no danger at all,
'T is your duty to mind what I say;
So I 'll punish you, Harry, next time
You dare my commands disobey.

Jane Taylor

DIRTY HANDS

Oh, bless me, Mary, how is this?
Your hands are very dirty, Miss;
I don't expect such hands to see
When you come in to dine with me.

"Mamma," said little Mary, "pray,
Shall we have company to-day
That I should be so very clean?
By whom, pray, am I to be seen?"

By whom, my girl? why, by mamma,
By brothers, sisters, and papa;
Pray, do you not most love to see
Your parents and your family?

Be cleanly and polite at home,
Then you're prepared if friends should come;
Make it your habit to be clean,
No matter then by whom you're seen.

Mrs. Nancy Sproat

POLITENESS

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

LITTLE KEYS

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that they are these:
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

Then let us watch these little things,
And so respect each other;
That not a word, or look, or tone
May wound a friend or brother.

MISS KITTY

Miss Kitty was rude at the table one day,
And would not sit still on her seat;
Regardless of all that her mother could say,
From her chair little Kitty kept running away
All the time they were eating the meat.

As soon as she saw that the meat was removed
She ran to her chair in great haste;
But her mother such giddy behaviour reproved,
By sending away the sweet pudding she loved,
Without giving Kitty one taste.

The Daisy

ROCKING PHILIP

"PHILIP, do you hear?
Sit still at table, dear."
Thus spoke in earnest tone
The father to his son,
While mother, with a serious air,
Looked round upon the table there.

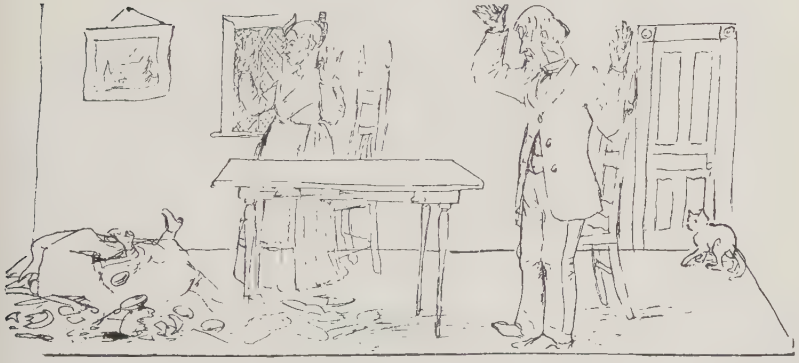
But Philip did not mind;
To play he felt inclined;
He rocked upon his seat,
He kicked with both his feet,
He wriggled,
He giggled,
He sung,
He swung,

Back and forth, here and there,
To and fro upon the chair.

But ah! my little children, ah!
The chair, the chair, rocks back too far.
Can nothing save him? No, ah, no!
Down to the ground he 'll surely go.
He pulls the cloth with all his might
And though the father holds it tight
In spite of all that he can do,
It goes, and down goes Philip too!

Now, Philip disappears from sight
All but his heels are hidden quite,
The tablecloth is o'er him spread,
The table is uncoveréd,
Knife and fork, soup and bowl,
All upon the floor do roll.

The soup-tureen
Is broken in two
What will the hungry
Parents do?



Both stand, lift up their hands,
And mourn
Their nice warm dinner
Is all gone.

Translated from the German by A. L. Furness (Mrs. A. L. Wister)

IDLE DICKY AND THE GOAT

John Brown is a man without houses or lands,
Himself he supports by the work of his hands;
He brings home his wages each Saturday night,
To his wife and his children, a very good sight.

His eldest boy, Dicky, on errands when sent,
To loiter and chatter was very much bent;
The neighbours all called him an odd little trout,
His shoes they were broke, and his toes they peeped out.

To see such old shoes their sorrows were rife;
John Brown he much grieved, and so did his wife;
He kissed his boy Dicky, and stroked his white head,
"You shall have a new pair, my dear boy," he then said,
"I 've here twenty shillings, and money has wings;
Go, first get this note changed, I want other things."

Now here comes the mischief,—this Dicky would stop
At an ill-looking, mean-looking, greengrocer's shop.
For here lived a chattering dunce of a boy;
To prate with this urchin gave Dicky great joy.

And now, in his boasting, he showed him his note,
And now to the green-stall up marches a goat.
They laughed, for it was this young Nanny-goat's way
With those who passed by her to gambol and play.
All three now went on in their frolicsome bouts,
Till Dick dropped the note on a bunch of green sprouts.

Now, what was Dick's wonder! to see the vile goat,
In munching the green sprouts, eat up his bank-note.
He crying ran back to John Brown with the news;
By stopping to idle he lost his new shoes.

Original Poems, Adelaide Taylor

DIRTY JACK

THERE was one little Jack, not very long back,
And 't is said to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen with his hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt to see so much dirt,
And often and well did they scour:
But all was in vain, he was dirty again
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent, he reluctantly went,
With water to splash himself o'er,
But he left the black streaks all over his cheeks,
And made them look worse than before.

The pigs in the dirt could n't be more expert
Than he was, at grubbing about;
And the people have thought, this gentlemen ought,
To be made with four legs and a snout.

The idle and bad may, like to this lad,
Be dirty and black, to be sure,
But good boys are seen to be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

Jane Taylor

FALSE ALARMS

Little Mary, one day, most loudly did call;
"Mamma! Oh, mamma, pray come here!
A fall I have had! Oh, a very sad fall!"
Mamma ran in haste and in fear;
Then Mary jumped up, and she laughed in great glee,
And cried, "Why, how fast you can run!
No harm has befallen, I assure you, to me,
My screaming was only in fun."

Her mother was busy at work the next day,
She heard from without a loud cry;
"The big dog has got me! Oh, help me! Oh, pray!
He tears me — he bites me — I die!"

Mamma, all terror, quick to the court flew,
And there little Mary she found;
Who laughing said, "Madam, pray how do you do?"
And curtsied quite down to the ground.

That night little Mary, when long gone to bed,
Shrill cries, and loud shriekings were heard,
"I 'm on fire, oh, mamma! come up or I 'm dead!"
Mamma she believed not a word.
"Sleep, sleep, naughty child," she called out from below,
"How often have I been deceived!
You 're telling a story, you very well know:
Go to sleep, for you can't be believed."

Yet still the child screamed; now the house filled with smoke.
"That fire is above," Jane declares.
Alas! Mary's words they soon found were no joke,
When every one hastened upstairs.
All burned and all seamed is her once pretty face,
And terribly marked are her arms;
Her features all scarred, leave a lasting disgrace
For giving mamma false alarms.

Original Poems, Adelaide Taylor

PASSION AND PENITENCE

HERE 's morning again, and a good fireside,
And nice bread and milk, too, so pleasant and pure;
How kindly you always my breakfast provide,—
But something 's the matter, mamma, I am sure!

You don't smile to meet me, nor call me your dear;
Nor place your arms round me so kind on your knee;
I must have done something that 's naughty, I fear,
For that is a frown;—are you angry with me?

Oh! now I remember, quite naughty last night,
I left you in passion, nor came for a kiss;
I ran from the room in vexation and spite;
Indeed, 't was ungrateful, I did act amiss.

My fretful ill-temper, so haughty and rude,
To you was unkind, before God it was wrong;
I 'm ashamed to come near, when I know I 'm not good;
You ought not to kiss me for ever so long.

Yet, indeed, I do love you, and truly will try
To remember, before I again act amiss,
That you and that God, who 's above in the sky,
Cannot love little girls who 're as naughty as this!

Jane Taylor

MARIA'S INVITATION

Maria so attentive grew,
So civil and polite,
That all admired, and loved her too,
For all she did was right.

Her good mamma entrusted her
A visit once to pay,
And thus she said, "Good morning, ma'am.
I hope you 're well to-day.

"Mamma has sent me to entreat
That if the day be fine,
You 'll let dear Clara come and meet
One or two friends of mine.

"Pray let her come, at all events,
We've playthings to amuse;
Mamma desires her compliments,
And hopes you'll not refuse."

Miss Clara's mother liked so well
Maria's pretty way,
She promised to let Clara go,
And pressed Maria to stay.

"I'm wanted, yes, indeed, I am,
I know," (said she) "at home;
And I must bid good morning, ma'am;
But pray let Clara come."

Rhymes for the Nursery

PAULINE AND THE MATCHES

One day Pauline was all alone,
Her parents both from home were gone.
As round the room she lightly sprung,
And clapped her hands and danced and sung,
She suddenly before her spied
A box of matches. "Oh!" she cried,
"How glad I am this box to see!
Oh, what a pretty play 't will be!

I'll light a little match or two,
Just as I've seen my mother do."

Then Minz and Maunz,
The little cats,
Held up their little paws,
"Miow, mio, miow!" they cried,
And threatened with their claws.
"Oh, put it down! In flames thou 'lt be!
Thy mother hath forbidden thee."

Pauline the kittens did not hear.
The little match burned bright and clear.
It crackled, flickered, prettily,
Just as you in the picture see.
Oh, never in her life before
Had any plaything pleased her more.

But Minz and Maunz,
The little cats,
Held up their little paws,
"Miow, mio, miow!" they cried,
And threatened with their claws.
"Oh, put it down! In flames thou 'lt be!
Thy father hath forbidden thee!"

Ah, dreadful, dreadful tale to tell,
The match upon her apron fell.
It kindled, burned her hands, her head.
All over her the flames soon spread.

Then Minz and Maunz,
The little cats,
Began to scream and cry.
"Help! Fire! Oh, who will quickly come!
The child will surely die!

She 's all in flames from top to toe!
Miow, mio! Miow, mio!"

Pauline now no more was there,
She burned from pantalette to hair;
And in the place where she had been
A heap of ashes might be seen.
And that, with her dear little shoes,
Alone remained to tell the news.

But Minz and Maunz the faithful cats
Sat by the pretty shoes,
And said, "Unto her parents dear
Oh, who will tell the news?
Miow, mio! miow, mio!"
Their tears like little brooks did flow.

Translated from the German by A. L. Furness (Mrs. A. L. Wister)

MEDDLESOME MATTY

Oh, how one ugly trick has spoiled
The sweetest and the best!
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she 'd lift the teapot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid;
"Ah, well!" thought she, "I 'll try them on
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too she spied.

"Oh! what a pretty box is this!
I 'll open it," said the little miss.

"I know what grandmamma would say —
'Don't meddle with it, dear!'
But then, she 's far enough away,
And no one else is near;
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid;
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For, all at once, — ah, woeful case! —
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,
A dismal sight presented;
And, as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze!

She dashed the spectacles away
To wipe her tingling eyes;
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies

"Heyday! and what 's the matter now?"
Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore;
And 't is a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

Jane Taylor

THE BLACKBERRY GIRL

"Why, Phœbe, are you come so soon?
Where are your berries, child?
You cannot, sure, have sold them all,
You had a basket piled."

"No, mother, as I climbed the stile
The nearest way to town,
My apron caught upon the stake,
And so I tumbled down.

"I scratched my arm, and tore my hair,
But still did not complain;
And had my blackberries been safe,
Should not have cared a grain.

"But when I saw them on the ground,
All scattered by my side,
I picked my empty basket up
And down I sat, and cried.

"Just then a pretty little miss,
Chanced to be walking by;
She stopped and looked so pitiful —
And begged me not to cry.

"'Poor little girl, you fell,' said she,
'And must be sadly hurt' —
Oh, no, I cried, but see my fruit,
All mixed with sand and dirt!

"'Well do not grieve for that,' she said:
'Go home and get some more.'

Ah, no, for I have stripped the vines.
These were the last they bore.

"My father, Miss, is very poor —
He works in yonder stall —
And has so many little ones
He cannot clothe us all.

"I always longed to go to church,
But never could I go:
For when I asked him for a gown,
He always answered No.

"'There's not a father in the world
That loves his children more;
I'd get you one with all my heart,
But, Phœbe, I am poor.'

"But when the blackberries were ripe,
He said to me one day,
Phœbe, if you will take the time
That's given you for play,

"'And gather blackberries enough
(And carry them to town)
To buy your bonnet and your shoes,
I'll try to get a gown.'

"Oh, Miss, I fairly jump'd for joy —
My spirit felt so light;
And so when I had leave to play
I picked with all my might.

"I sold enough to get my shoes,
About a week ago;
And these, if they had not been spilt,
Would buy a bonnet, too.

"But now they 're gone, they all are gone,
And I can get no more —
And Sundays I must stay at home
Just as I did before.

"And, mother, then I cried again,
As hard as I could cry, —
And looking up, I saw a tear
Was glistening in her eye.

"She caught her bonnet from her head —
'Here, here,' she cried, 'take this!'
Oh, no, indeed — I fear your ma
Would be offended, Miss.

"'My ma! No, never! She delights
All sorrow to beguile —

And 't is the sweetest joy she feels
To make the wretched smile.

"'She taught me when I had enough,
To share it with the poor;
And never let a needy child
Go empty from the door.

"'So take it, for you need not fear
Offending her, you see —
I have another, too, at home,
And one 's enough for me.'

"So then I took it — here it is —
For pray what could I do?
And mother, I shall love that miss
As long as I love you."

Mrs. Nancy Sproat, Poetic Tales

THE BLACKBERRY GIRL

(*Continued*)

"WHAT have you in that basket, child?"
"They 're blackberries, Miss, all picked to-day;
They 're very large, and fully ripe,
Do look at them, and taste them, pray."

"Oh, yes, they 're very nice, indeed,
Here 's fourpence — that will buy a few;
Not quite so much as I could eat —
However, I must make it do."

"Nay, Miss, but you must take the whole."
"I can't indeed, my money 's spent —
I should be glad to buy them all,
But I have not another cent."

"And if you had a thousand, Miss,
I 'd not accept of one from you —
Pray take them, they are all your own,
And take the little basket too.

"Have you forgot the little girl
You gave last year a bonnet to?
You may, indeed, — but ever will
That little girl remember you.

"When I was weeping on the ground,
As if my very heart would break,
Think you I have forgot so soon
The tear that wetted that dear cheek?

"No — for it dropped upon my heart —
Tho' I 'm a poor and lonely child,
That temper I must always love,
So kind, compassionate, and mild.

"And ever since, I 've been to church, —
For much do I delight to go —
And there I learnt that works of love
Were all that children had to do.

"So then I thought within myself
That pretty basket, Billy wove,
I 'll fill with fruit for that dear miss,
For sure 't will be a work of love.

"And so this morning up I rose,
While yet the fields were wet with dew,
And picked the nicest I could find,
And brought them, fresh and sweet, for you.

"I know the gift is small, indeed,
For such a lady to receive;
But still I hope you 'll not refuse,
All that poor Phœbe has to give."

Mrs. Nancy Sproat

PART II

Mother Goose and Other Classics

ANCIENT NURSERY SONG

"Sing, Sparrow, sing!"
"What shall I sing?"
All the boys in our town are gone a-courting,
All but little Edward, and he stays at home,
And says he 'll have little Anne — else he 'll have none.

"Row, boat, row!"
"Where shall I row?"
"Up to little Annie's door."
Out jumps little Edward in his boots and spurs,
And goes to the door and pulls the string —
"Where 's little Annie — is she within?"

"Miss Annie 's upstairs a-making a cap."
Then down comes little Anne, white as the milk,
All dressed in pink posies and sweet pretty silk;
And goes to the cupboard and takes up the can,
And drinks to little Edward, a pretty little man.

He takes her in his lap, and pares her nails,
And gives her a posy of Peacock's tails,
With rings and jewels all fit for her hand,
And tells little Annie when he'll come again.

AN OLD NURSERY SONG

"Little maid, pretty maid, where goest thou?"
"Down in the meadow to milk my cow."
"May I go with thee?" "No, not now,
When I call for thee, then come thou."

Father shall go and open the gate
And Mother shall rap on the old cow's pate.
Tom shall take the cow by the horn,
And Rose shall bring her a lapful of corn.

Harry shall milk a pail full of milk
And strain it through a strainer of silk.
And John shall pat the old cow on her head
Give Baby his supper — and send him to bed.

Anonymous

A NONSENSE VERSE OF EIGHTY YEARS AGO[1]

Little Red Robin,
Spinning white bobbin,
Whistled his time away.

[1] Probably inspired by memories of making bobbin, when a child, for household use when buttons and tape were dear. It was made of skein cotton on a small wooden bobbin loom, and one wrong twist was fatal to all that had been accomplished, unless already long enough to be of use.

How could Robin rejoice
Amid such a noise?
For he lived on London quay.

Little Red Robin
Suddenly sobbin',
Cried that his bobbin was broke.
He had twisted it wrong
While singing his song,
And his grief did poor Robin choke.

Robin's dog Daisy
Quickly ran crazy —
Primroses being in bloom.
So he lay down and died
By Red Robin's side,
And bobbin grew over their tomb.

FRAGMENT OF AN OLD SONG

Away we went to wedding
Up to Uncle Lumper's;
There we saw the men and boys
And women without numbers.
In came Uncle and Aunt,
And in came Sister Keturah,[1]

[1] "Keturah" was pronounced to rhyme with "fury" at the time this old song was sung.

In came fiddler John,
And sawed away like fury.
Turn your middlemost man —
Turn your partner again —
Turn the corner and back —
And now you 're right again.

KATHARINE NIPSY

A PLAY TO BE PERFORMED WITH THE FINGERS

SCENE: *A house-door, represented by the first and third fingers of the right hand, brought as close together as possible (the hand being turned so as to have the back down). The Robber (represented by the second finger) outside the door; within are the Lady (represented by the thumb), and Katharine Nipsy, her servant (represented by the little finger).*

[*Robber knocks at the door*]

LADY: Who's that knocking at my door, Katharine Nipsy?

ROBBER: A poor friar, a poor friar.

KATH. NIPSY: It's a puir friar, my leddie.

LADY: Bid him come in; bid him come in.

[*The door parts in two, and the robber advances, bowing.*]

ROBBER: Your servant, madam! your servant, madam!

[*The play here suddenly terminates, the speaker of the dialogue adding, in a low, fearful voice,*]

And he worried them a'!

Nursery Rhymes Old and New

DANCE, THUMBKIN, DANCE

Dance, Thumbkin, dance,
(*Keep the thumb in motion.*)

Dance, ye merry men, every one:
(*All the fingers in motion.*)

For Thumbkin he can dance alone,
Thumbkin he can dance alone.
(*The thumb only moving.*)

Dance, Foreman, dance,
(*The first finger moving.*)

Dance, ye merry men, every one:
(*The whole moving.*)

But Foreman he can dance alone,
Foreman he can dance alone.
(*The first finger only moving.*)

Dance, Longman, dance,
(*The second finger only moving.*)

Dance, ye merry men, every one:
(*The whole moving.*)

But Longman he can dance alone,
Longman he can dance alone.

(*And so on with the others, naming the third finger Ringman and the fourth finger Littleman. Littleman cannot dance alone.*)

Old Rhymes for the Nursery

MISTRESS MOUSE

THERE lived a Puddy in a well,
And a merry Mouse in a mill.

Puddy he 'd a-wooing ride,
Sword and pistol by his side.

Puddy came to the Mouse's wonne,
"Mistress Mouse are you within?"

"Yes, kind sir, I am within,
Saftly do I sit and spin."

"Madam, I am come to woo;
Marriage I must have of you."

"Marriage I will grant you nane,
Till Uncle Rotten he 's come hame."

Uncle Rotten he 's come hame;
"Fye, gar busk the bride along."

Lord Rotten sat at the head of the table,
Because he was baith stout and able.

Wha is it that sits next the wa',
But Lady Mouse baith jimp and sma'?

Wha is it that sits next the bride
Put Puddy with his yellow side?

Syne cam' the duck but and the drake
The duck took Puddy and gar't him squake.

Then cam in the gude grey cat,
Wi' a' her kittens at her back.

The Puddy he swam down the brook,
The drake he catched him in his fluke.

The cat she pu'd Lord Rotten down,
The kittens they did claw his crown.

But Mistress Mouse baith jimp and sma',
Crept into a hole beneath the wa';
"Squeak," quo' she, "I 'm weel awa!"

An Ancient Version — Percy's Reliques

COW AND BABY

THE Cow has eaten the Baby's pie
What will the Baby do?
The crust was tough, and Baby won't cry:
Baby will eat her shoe.

Shoe for Baby, and pie for Cow,
Vicey could n't be Versary!
Turn over the Baby, and shoo the Cow —
And here 's a rhyme for the nursery.

C. R. B.

ROWSTY DOWT

ROWSTY dowt, my fire 's all out,
My little dame is not at home!
I 'll saddle my cock, and bridle my hen,
And fetch my little dame home again!
Home she came, tritty trot,
And asked for the porridge she left in the pot.
Some she ate, and some she shog,[1]
And some she gave to the truckler's dog;
She took up the ladle and knocked its head
And now poor Dapsy dog is dead.

[1] *Shog* is an old or provincial preterite of *shed*, and means *split*.

LONDON BELLS

Gay go up, and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's-eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells of St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray, when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

THE DOG AND THE CAT
THE DUCK AND THE RAT

Once on a time in rainy weather,
A dog and a cat,
A duck and a rat,
All met in a barn together.
The dog he barked,
The duck she quarked,
The cat she humped up her back:
The rat he squeaked,
And off he sneaked
Straight into a nice large crack.

The little dog said (and he looked very wise),
"I think, Mrs. Puss,
You make a great fuss,
With your back and your great green eyes.
And you, Madam Duck,
You waddle and cluck,
Till it gives one the fidgets to hear you.
You had better run off
To the old pig's trough,
Where none but the pigs, ma'am, are near you."

The duck was good-natured, and she ran away;
But old pussy cat
With her back up sat,
And said she intended to stay;
And she showed him her paws,
With her long, sharp claws,
So the dog was afraid to come near;
For puss, if she pleases,
When a little dog teases,
Can give him a box on the ear.

From Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee-tweedle-dee, tweedle-dwee, went
the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

ST. DAVID'S DAY

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hedgehog in a bramble-bush,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedgehog,
The second he said nay;
The third it was a pin-cushion,
And the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hare in a turnip-field,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
The second he said nay;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But an owl in a holly-tree,
And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
The other he said nay;
The third said 't was an old man,
And his beard a-growing grey.

KING ARTHUR

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums:
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

TWO LITTLE MICE

Two little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in:
"What are you at, my fine little men?"
"Making coats for gentlemen."
"Shall I come in, and cut off your thread?"
"No, no! Miss Pussy, you'll bite off our head."

TWO LITTLE DOGS

Two little dogs were basking in the cinders,
Two little cats were playing in the windows,
When two little mice popped out of a hole,
And up to a fine piece of cheese they stole.
The two little dogs cried, "Cheese is nice!"
But the two little cats jumped down in a trice,
And cracked the bones of the two little mice.

A CAT CAME FIDDLING

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm:
She could sing nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
The mouse has married the bumble-bee;
Pipe, cat, — dance, mouse, —
We 'll have a wedding at our good house.

TWO BLACKBIRDS[1]

THERE were two blackbirds sitting on a hill,
One named Jack, and the other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack, — fly away, Jill,
Come again, Jack, — come again, Jill.

I LOVE SIXPENCE

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

I love fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
I took twopence home to my wife.

I love twopence, pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
I took nothing home to my wife.

[1] Played with bits of paper on two fingers.

I love nothing, pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

Old Nursery Rhymes

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE!

Hey diddle diddle!
The Cat and the Fiddle—
The Cow jumped over the Moon.
The little Dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the Dish ran away with the Spoon.

Mother Goose

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING

Three children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day;
It so fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now, had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

NIGHT
SQUALLS

You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them all at home.

THE PIPER'S COW

THERE was a piper had a cow,
And he had naught to give her;
He took out his pipes and played a tune,
"Consider, cow, consider."

The cow considered very well,
And gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again
Of "Corn riggs are bonnie."

Mother Goose

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold:

The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

THE GUINEA-PIG

There was a little guinea-pig
Who, being little, was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he ate.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeaked and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeaked he ne'er was silent;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died;
And, as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

LONDON BRIDGE

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladye.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my lady lee;
How shall we build it up again,
With a gay ladye?

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay ladye.

Build it up again with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay ladye.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay ladye.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay ladye.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay ladye.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Huzza! 't will last for ages long,
With a gay ladye.

Mother Goose

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

THERE was an old woman as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market-day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a peddler whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
"O! deary, deary me, this is none of I!

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he 'll know me;
If it be I, he 'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he 'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"O! deary, deary me, this is none of I!"

THE FARM YARD

The cock is crowing,
The cows are lowing,
The ducks are quarking,
The dogs are barking,
The ass is braying,
The horse is neighing;
Was there ever such a noise!

The birds are singing,
The bell is ringing,
The pigs are squeaking,
The barn door creaking,
The brook is babbling,
The geese are gabbling
Mercy on us, what a noise!

The sheep are ba-a-ing,
The boys ha-ha-ing,
The swallows twittering,
The girls are tittering,
Father is calling,
The cook is bawling;
I'm nigh crazy with the noise.

Nabby is churning,
The grindstone's turning.
John is sawing,
Charles hurrahing,
Old Dobson's preaching,
The peacock's screaming;
Who can live in such a noise!

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

THE OLD GAFFER

THERE was an old man, who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work in a day,
As his wife could do in three.
"With all my heart," the old woman said,
"If that you will allow;
To-morrow you 'll stay at home in my stead,
And I 'll go drive the plough:

"But you must milk the Tidy cow,
For fear that she go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs,
That are within the sty;
And you must mind the speckled hen,
For fear she lay away;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
And went to drive the plough:
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow;
But Tidy hinched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose;
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes.

"High! Tidy! Ho! Tidy! high!
Tidy! do stand still;
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
'T will be sore against my will!"
He went to feed the little pigs,
That were within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
For fear she 'd lay astray;
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.
So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
If his wife did n't do a day's work in her life,
She should ne'er be ruled by he.

Nursery Rhymes

THE FOX

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night;
The stars they were shining, and all things bright;
"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "it 's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-oh!"

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened a while!

"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "it 's but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-oh!"

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;
"I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-oh!"

The gray goose she ran round the haystack,
"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "you are very fat;
You 'll grease my beard and ride on my back
From this into yonder wee town, e-oh!"

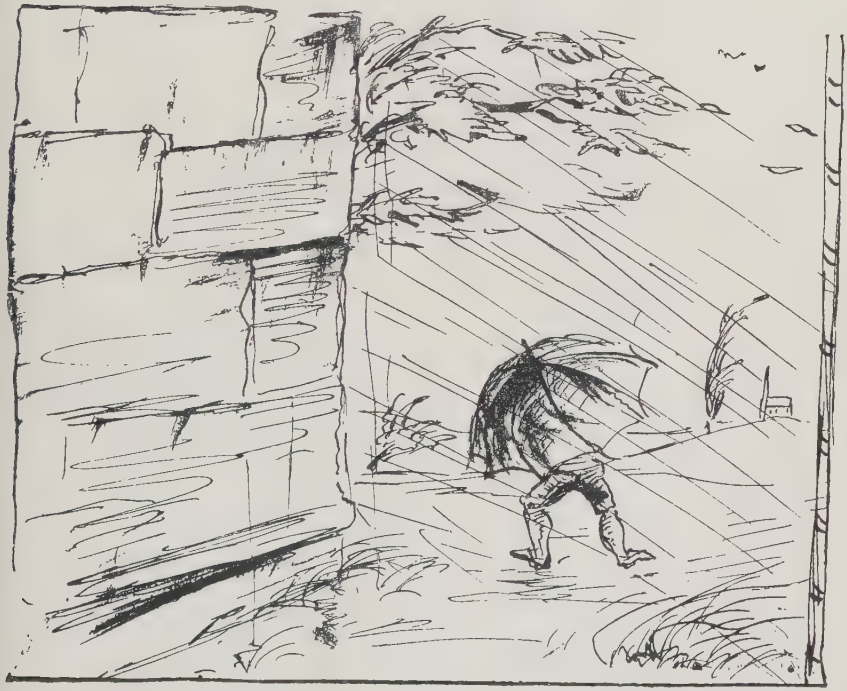
The farmer's wife she jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head:
"Oh, husband! oh, husband! the geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, e-oh!"

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head;
"Ah, ha!" said the farmer, "I think you 're quite dead;
And no more you 'll trouble the town, e-oh!"

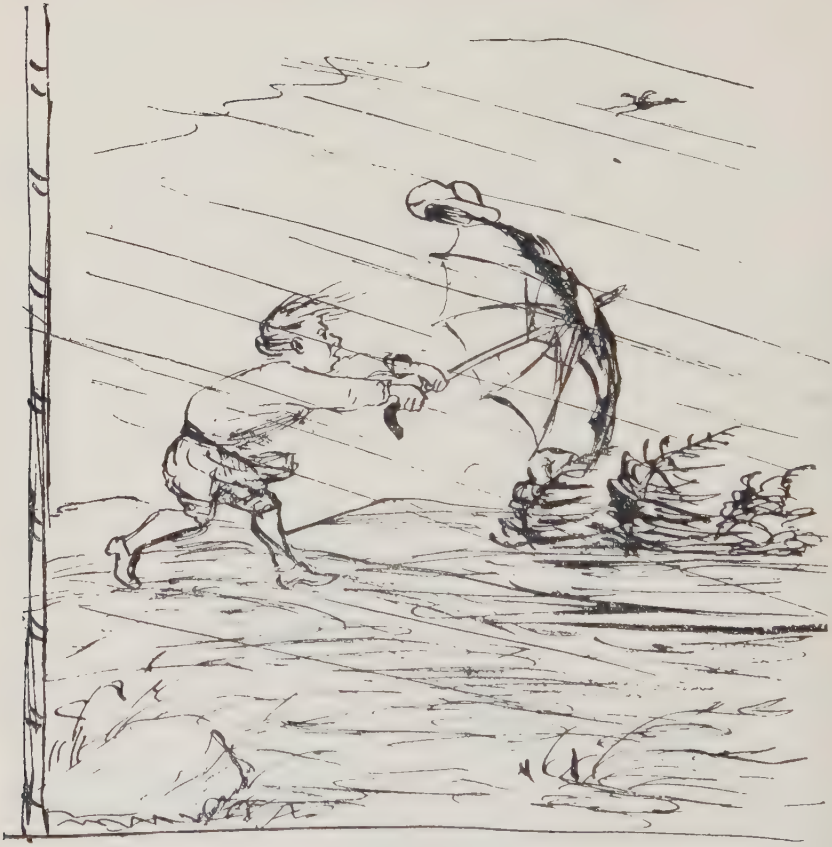
FLYING ROBERT

When the rain in torrents pours,
And by the wind the trees are bent,
Good little children stay indoors
And there to play they are content.

But Robert thought, one rainy day,
That it would much more pleasant be
Out in the rain to run and play,
And all the pretty puddles see.



He took Papa's umbrella out
And in the rain he splashed about.
But stronger, stronger, grew the breeze,
It whistled louder through the trees,



It caught the umbrella,— do look there!
And whirled him up into the air.
Into the clouds poor Robert flew,—
His little hat before him blew.

Away, away, away they soar!
The little hat blew on before.
And after that where did they go?
Why, my dear child, I do not know.

Translated from the German by A. L. Furness (Mrs. A. L. Wister)

THE CATTIE SITS IN THE KILN-RING

The cattie sits in the kiln-ring,
Spinning, spinning,
And by came a little wee mouse,
Rinning, rinning.
"Oh, what's that you're spinning, my loesome,
Loesome lady?"
"I'm spinning a sark to my young son,"
Said she, said she.
"I soopit my house, my loesome,
Loesome lady."
"'T was a sign ye dinna sit amang dirt, then,"
Said she, said she.
"Weel mat he brook it, my loesome,
Loesome lady."
"Gif he dinna brook it weel, he may brook it ill,"
Said she, said she.
"I fand twall pennies, my winsome,
Winsome lady."

"'T was a sign ye warna sillerless,"
Said she, said she.
"I gaed to the market, my loesome,
Loesome lady."
"'T was a sign ye didna sit at hame; then,"
Said she, said she.
"I coft a sheep's head, my winsome,
Winsome lady."
"'T was a sign ye werna kitchenless,"
Said she, said she.
"I put it in my pottee to boil, my loesome,
Loesome lady."
"'T was a sign ye didna eat it raw,"
Said she, said she.
"I put it in my winnock to cool, my winsome,
Winsome lady."
"'T was a sign ye didna burn your chafts, then,"
Said she, said she.
"By cam' a cattie and eat it a' up, my loesome,
Loesome lady."
"And sae will I you — worrie, worrie, gnash, gnash,"
Said she, said she.

TOM THE PIPER'S SON

WHO PLAYED HIS PIPE AND MADE GREAT FUN

Tom, he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young;
But the only tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
He pleaséd both the girls and boys;
They 'd dance and skip while he did play
"Over the hills and far away."

Then Tom he learned to play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
As soon as he played they began for to dance, —
E'en pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
Poor Doll and the cow they danced a lilt,
Till her pail it fell down, and the milk it was spilt.

He met Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till her eggs were all broke,
And Tom, he thought 't was a very fine joke.

Tom saw a cross fellow beating his ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He played them a jig and they danced to the tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

Once a dog got a piggy fast hold by the ear,
The piggy squalled murder, and Tom, being near,
He played them a tune, and they did n't dance bad,
Considering the little tuition they 'd had.

Tom met with a Farmer in a sad, dirty place,
Where he made him to dance (he had so little grace);
He danced in the dirt, till he danced in a ditch,
Where he left him in mud as thick as black pitch.

Some little time after, Tom slept on some hay;
The very same Farmer was passing that way —
He took poor Tom's pipe and bade him prepare
To answer his crimes before the Lord Mayor.

To the Lord Mayor he took him and told all Tom's art,
How he made people dance with a sorrowful heart;
Begged he 'd send him abroad, and there teach to dance
All the men and the women and children of France.

Says Tom, "I am willing to go into France;
Only give me my pipe, and I 'll give them a dance":
They gave him his pipe, — he began for to play,
And the Mayor and the Farmer went dancing away.

Treasury of Pleasure Books

THE LITTLE MAN AND THE LITTLE MAID

There was a little man,
And he had a little mind
To ask a little maid for to wed, wed, wed.

He hovered near her door,
As he counted out his ore,
All dressed in his coat of red, red, red.

When the little maid came out,
He turned him about,
And begged she would look at him, him, him:

With his little heart so bold,
In his scarlet coat and gold,
And all his other clothes in trim, trim, trim.

The little maid looked mild,
And I think I 've heard she smiled,
As she told him to call to-morrow, morrow, morrow.

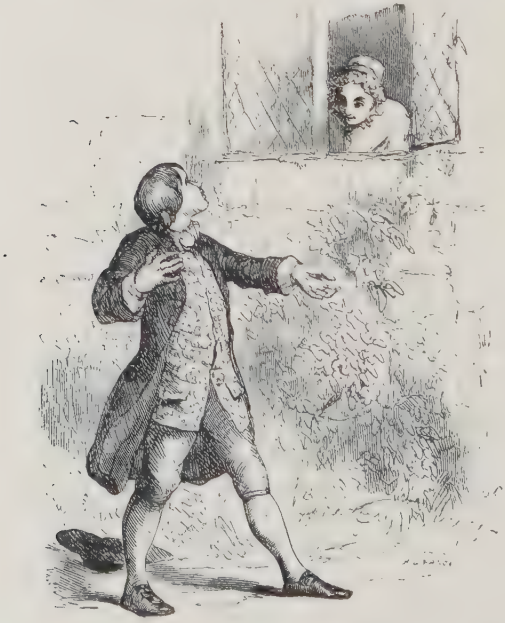
The delay near broke his heart;
So great he felt the smart,
That he went to his home in sorrow, sorrow, sorrow.

And when he got there,
He sat him in a chair
And sadly began to think, think, think

Of what he should say
On the very next day,
For alas, his little heart 'gan to sink, sink, sink:

For his offers, though sincere,
'T was to him very clear,
Were but little to induce her to wed, wed, wed.

The thought was so severe
That he shed many a tear,
As he laid himself down on his bed, bed, bed.



When the dawn began to peep,
He awoke from his sleep,
And ran to the door of his dove, dove, dove;

Said he, "I'm all on fire,
And afraid I shall expire,
If you do not come my love, love, love."

She awoke from her nap,
And in her nightcap
She spoke from the window in haste, haste, haste, —

"Will your flames assist a little
To boil water in the kettle,
That some breakfast I may chance for to taste, taste, taste?"

Then the little man he sat,
A-twirling of his hat,
On the upper step of the door, door, door.

She was really such a time,
That he thought he must resign
All hope of ever seeing her more, more, more.

At length she came to him,
And said, "Little sir, walk in,
And we 'll talk this little matter o'er and o'er.

"If I consent to be your bride,
Pray, how will you provide
For the things I shall want by the score, score, score?"

Then the little man replied,
"I have little else beside
But love I can offer to you, you, you:

"But be not afraid;
For the little that I have
Shall be yours, with a heart that is true, true, true."

Then the little maid him eyed,
Until he almost cried,
So sharp and so piercing was her look, look, look.

With a smile his sorrow cures;
At length she says, "I'm yours;
Go and bid the parson bring his book, book, book."

"I am come, sir, now
(Making a very low bow),
That I may acquaint you with the news, news, news:

"I have taken it in my pate
To choose a loving mate,
So pray, Mr. Parson, do not muse, muse, muse."

He was going to say more,
When a rap at the door
Made them both for to jump with a start, start, start:

"'T is," said he, "a friend of mine,
Come to ask me to dine
On turkey, and chine, and on tart, tart, tart."

"What are turkey and chine
To love so hot as mine?"
Said the loving little man as he sighed, sighed, sighed:

"Pray, think no more of it;
Love has got on her bonnet,
All ready to be my bride, bride, bride."

To the little man and maid
The Parson no more said,
But to church with them quickly went, went, went:

In the presence of some
He soon made them one,
And happy to their home them sent, sent, sent.

To the little man's great joy,
She soon had a little boy,
Which made the little man quite glad, glad, glad.

And 't was the mother's pleasure
To nurse her little treasure,
Which such rapture did impart to his dad, dad, dad.

Now, everything was smiling,
And nothing like reviling,
While cheerful plenty crowned their labours, labours, labours.

The little man with joy
Would take his little boy,
And show him all around to his neighbours, neighbours, neighbours.

Treasury of Pleasure Books

THE FOX AND THE GEESE

THERE was once a goose at the point of death,
So she called her three daughters near,
And desired them all, with her latest breath,
Her last dying words to hear: —

"There's a Mr. Fox," said she, "that I know,
Who lives in a covert hard by,

To our race he has proved a deadly foe,
So beware of his treachery.

"Build houses, ere long, of stone or of bricks,
And get tiles for your roofs, I pray;
For I know of old, Mr. Reynard's tricks,
And I fear he may come any day!"

Thus saying, she died, and her daughters fair,—
Gobble, Goosey, and Ganderee,—
Agreed together, that they would beware
Of Mr. Fox, their enemy.

But Gobble, the youngest, I grieve to say,
Soon came to a very bad end,
Because she preferred her own silly way,
And would not to her mother attend.

For she made with some boards an open nest,
For a roof took the lid of a box;
Then quietly laid herself down for a rest,
And thought she was safe from the Fox.

But Reynard, in taking an evening run,
Soon scented the goose near the pond;
Thought he, "Now I'll have some supper and fun,
For of both I am really fond."

Then on to the box he sprang in a trice,
And roused Mrs. Gobble from bed;
She only had time to hiss once or twice
Ere he snapped off her lily-white head.

Her sisters at home felt anxious and low,
When Gobble did not appear,
And Goosey, determined her fate to know,
Went and sought all the field far and near.

At last she descried poor Gobble's head,
And some feathers not far apart,

So she told Ganderee she had found her dead,
And they both felt quite sad at heart.

Now, Goosey was pretty, but liked her own way,
Like Gobble, and some other birds;
"'T is no matter," said she, "if I only obey
A part of my mother's last words."

So her house she soon built of nice red brick,
But she only thatched it with straw;
And she thought, that however the fox might kick,
He could not get in e'en a paw.

So she went to sleep, and at dead of night
She heard at the door a low scratch;
And presently Reynard, with all his might,
Attempted to jump on the thatch.

But he tumbled back, and against the wall
Grazed his nose in a fearful way,
Then, almost mad with the pain of his fall,
He barked and ran slowly away.

So Goosey laughed, and felt quite o'erjoyed
To have thus escaped from all harm;
But had she known how the fox was employed,
She would have felt dreadful alarm;

For Gobble had been his last dainty meat,—
So hungry he really did feel,—
And resolved in his mind to accomplish this feat,
And have the young goose for a meal.

So he slyly lighted a bundle of straw,
And made no more noise than a mouse.
Then lifted himself up on his hind paws,
And quickly set fire to the house.

'T was soon in a blaze, and Goosey awoke
With fright, almost ready to die,
And, nearly smothered with heat and with smoke,
Up the chimney was forced to fly.

The fox was rejoiced to witness her flight,
And heedless of all her sad groans,
He chased her until he saw her alight
Then ate her up, all but her bones.

Poor Ganderee's heart was ready to break
When the sad news reached her ear;
"'T was that villain, the fox," said good Mr. Drake,
Who lived in a pond very near.

"Now, listen to me, I pray you," he said,
"And roof your new house with some tiles,
Or you, like your sisters, will soon be dead,
A prey to your enemy's wiles."

So she took the advice of her mother and friend,
And made her house very secure:
Then she said, — "Now, whatever may be my end,
The fox cannot catch me, I 'm sure."

He called at her door the very next day,
And loudly and long did he knock,

But she said to him, "Leave my house, I pray,
For the door I will not unlock:

"For you 've killed my sisters, I know full well,
And you wish that I too were dead."
"Oh, dear," said the fox, "I can't really tell
Who put such a thought in your head:

"For I 've always liked geese more than other birds,
And you of your race I 've loved best."
But the goose ne'er heeded his flattering words,
So hungry he went to his rest.

Next week she beheld him again appear,
"Let me in very quick," he cried,
"For the news I 've to tell, you 'll be charmed to hear:
And 't is rude to keep me outside."

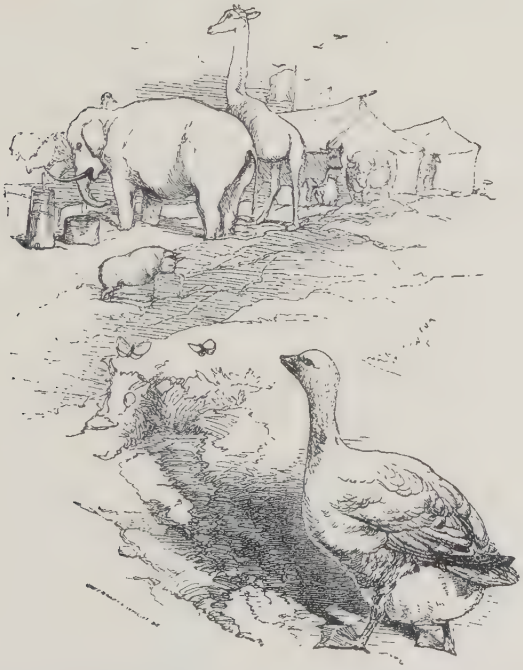
But the goose only opened one window-pane,
And popped out her pretty red bill,
Said she, "Your fair words are all in vain,
But talk to me here if you will."

"To-morrow," he cried, "there will be a fair,
All the birds and the beasts will go;
So allow me, I pray, to escort you there,
For you will be quite charmed, I know."

"Many thanks for your news," said Ganderee,
"But I had rather not go with you;
I care not for any gay sight to see,"—
So the window she closed, and withdrew.

In the morning, howe'er, her mind she changed,
And she thought she would go to the fair;
So her numerous feathers she nicely arranged,
And cleaned her red bill with much care.

She went, I believe, before it was light,
For of Reynard she felt much fear;



So quickly she thought she would see each sight,
And return ere he should appear.

When the goose arrived, she began to laugh
At the wondrous creatures she saw;
There were dancing bears, and a tall giraffe,
And a beautiful red macaw.

A monkey was weighing out apples and roots;
An ostrich, too, sold by retail;

There were bees and butterflies tasting the fruits,
And a pig drinking out of a pail.

Ganderee went into an elephant's shop,
And quickly she bought a new churn;
For, as it grew late, she feared to stop,
As in safety she wished to return.

Ere, however, she got about half the way,
She saw approaching her foe;
And now she hissed with fear and dismay,
For she knew not which way to go.

But at last of a capital plan she thought,
Of a place where she might safely hide;
She got into the churn she had just bought,
And then fastened the lid inside.

The churn was placed on the brow of a hill,
And with Ganderee's weight, down it rolled,
Passing the fox, who stood perfectly still,
Quite alarmed, though he was very bold.

For the goose's wings flapped strangely about,
And the noise was fearful to hear;
And so bruised she felt, she was glad to get out,
When she thought that the coast was clear.

So safely she reached her own home at noon,
And the fox ne'er saw her that day;
But after the fair he came very soon,
And cried out in a terrible way, —

"Quick, quick, let me in! Oh, for once be kind,
For the huntsman's horn I hear;
Oh, hide me in any snug place you can find,
For the hunters and hounds draw near."

So the goose looked out in order to see
Whether Reynard was only in jest;
Then, knowing that he in her power would be,
She opened the door to her guest.

"I'll hide you," she said, "in my nice new churn."
"That will do very well," said he;
"And thank you for doing me this good turn,
Most friendly and kind Ganderee."

Then into the churn the fox quickly got;
But, ere the goose put on the top,
A kettle she brought, of water quite hot,
And poured in every drop.

Then the fox cried out, "O! I burn, I burn,
And I feel in a pitiful plight!"
But the goose held fast to the lid of the churn,
So Reynard he died that night.

Treasury of Pleasure Books

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

Once upon a time there were three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge; a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and a middle-sized chair for the

Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little girl named Silver-hair came to the house. First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that anybody would harm them. So little Silver-hair opened the door, and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little girl, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good Bears, — a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that, very good-natured and hospitable.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither

too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up.

Then little Silver-hair sate down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it and there she sate till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came plump upon the ground.

Then little Silver-hair went upstairs into the bedcham-

ber where the three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge

would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now little Silver-hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.

And you know what little Silver-hair had done to the third chair.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sate the bottom of it out!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make further search; so they went up stairs into their bedchamber. Now little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place; and the pillow

in its place upon the bolster, and upon the pillow was little Silver-hair's pretty head, — which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed, — and here she is!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled out at the other and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bedchamber window when they got up in the morning. Out little Silver-hair jumped; and away she ran into the wood, and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

Treasury of Pleasure Books

THE THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF

THREE billy-goats, by the name of Gruff,
Thinking themselves not fat enough,
And looking out for a place where sweet
Young grass grew plenty for them to eat,

Saw, over the river, a sunny knoll;
But the bridge was long,
And the stream was strong,
And under the bridge lived an ugly Troll.

This Troll was a wicked, long-nosed elf,
Who owned the whole of the bridge himself.
And when the smallest billy-goat Gruff, —
His poor little coat all shabby and rough, —
Started to cross, with hoofs tip-tap,
The bridge gave the Troll a sign, "Trip-Trap!"
And the Troll called out, with a surly frown: —
"Who 's that tripping,
Who 's that skipping
Over my bridge? I 'll gobble him down!
I 'll gobble him down!"

"'T is I, the tiniest billy-goat Gruff!
Oh! don't eat me! Oh! don't eat me!
For I 'm very little and lean and tough,
Wait for the other,
Wait till my brother,
The second billy-goat Gruff goes by.
He 's larger and plumper far than I!"
"Run on," said the Troll, "I 'll see!"

By and by the second billy-goat Gruff,
With his coat of shaggy, long-haired stuff,

Stepped with his hoofs on the bridge, tip-tap,
And the bridge gave the sign again, "Trip-Trap!"
And the Troll called out with an ugly frown: —
"Who 's that tripping,
Who 's that skipping
Over my bridge? I 'll gobble him down!
I 'll gobble him down!"

"'T is I, the second big billy-goat Gruff,
Scarcely the half of a pound in weight
If my shaggy, long-haired coat was off!
Wait for the other,
Wait till my brother,
The third big billy-goat Gruff goes by;
He 's bigger and fatter far than I!"
"Pass on!" said the Troll, "I 'll wait!"

By and by the great, big billy-goat Gruff
Stalked on to the bridge, all burly and bluff;
It creaked and groaned, and bent with a snap,
And gave the sign, "Trip-Trap! Trip-Trap!"
And the Troll roared out with an awful frown: —
"Who 's that blundering,
Who 's that thundering
Over my bridge? I 'll gobble him down!
I 'll gobble him down!"

"'T is I, the great, big billy-goat Gruff,
Come out from under the bridge and see!"

And his voice was heavy and hoarse and rough —
"I am the other,
I am that brother,
The biggest and fattest of all three!"

Then on his horns all crooked and bare
And long, he tossed the Troll in the air,
So high that he never came down again.
And after that,
All grew so fat,
With eating the young grass on the hill,
That, if they have not grown lean since then,
They 're all of them fat still.

Anonymous

THE WAR OF THE RATS AND MICE

(*Almost a Fairy Tale*)

Far back within an age remote,
Which common history fails to note,
When dogs could talk, and pigs could sing,
And frogs obeyed a wooden king,
There lived a tribe of rats so mean
That such a set was never seen.
For during all the livelong day
They fought and quarrelled in the hay,

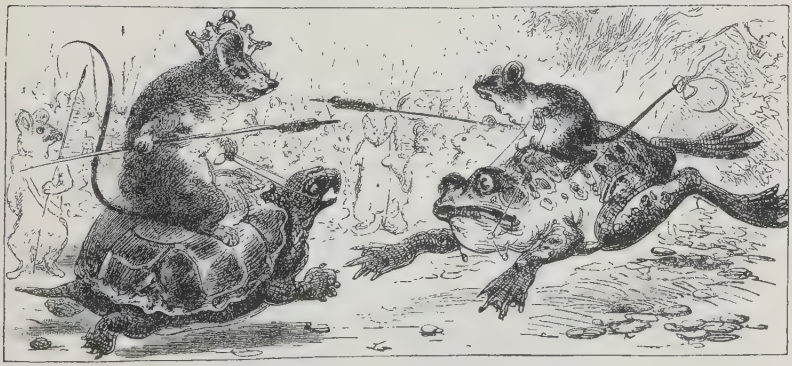
And then at night they robbed the mice,
Who always were so kind and nice.
They stole their bread, they stole their meat,
And all the jam they had to eat;
They gobbled up their pies and cake,
And everything the mice could bake;
They stuffed themselves with good, fresh meal,
And ruined all they could not steal;
They slapped their long tails in the butter
Until they made a frightful splutter;
Then, sleek and fine in coats of silk,
They swam about in buttermilk.
They ate up everything they found,
And flung the plates upon the ground.
And catching three mice by their tails,
They drowned them in the water-pails;
Then seeing it was morning light,
They scampered home with all their might.
The mouse tribe, living far and near,
At once this awful thing did hear,
And all declared, with cries of rage,
A war against the rats they'd wage.
The mouse king blew a trumpet blast,
And soon the mice came thick and fast
From every place, in every manner,
And crowded round the royal banner.
Each had a sword, a bow and arrow;
Each felt as brave as any sparrow,

And promised, in the coming fight,
To die or put the rats to flight.
The king put on a coat of mail,
And tied a bow-knot to his tail;

He wore a pistol by his side,
And on a bull-frog he did ride.
"March on!" he cried. And, hot and thick,
His army rushed, in "double-quick."
And hardly one short hour had waned
Before the ranks the rat camp gained,
With sounding drum and screaming fife
Enough to raise the dead to life.

The rats, awakened by the clatter,
Rushed out to see what was the matter,

When down the whole mouse army flew,
And many thieving rats it slew.
The mice hurrahed, the rats they squealed,
And soon the dreadful battle-field
Was blue with smoke and red with fire,
And filled with blood and savage ire.
The rats had eaten so much jam,
So many pies and so much ham,
And were so fat and sick and swollen
With all the good things they had stolen,
That they could neither fight nor run;
And so the mice the battle won.
They threw up rat fur in the air;
They piled up rat tails everywhere;
And slaughtered rats bestrewed the ground
For ten or twenty miles around.



The rat king galloped from the field
When all the rest were forced to yield;
But though he still retained his skin,
He nearly fainted with chagrin,
To think that in that bloody tide
So many of his rats had died.
Fierce anger blazed within his breast;
He would not stop to eat or rest;
But spurring up his fiery steed,
He seized a sharp and trusty reed —
Then, wildly shouting, rushed like hail
To cut off little mouse king's tail.
The mouse king's face turned red with passion
To see a rat come in such fashion,
For he had just that minute said
That every thieving rat was dead.
The rat was scared, and tried to run,
And vowed that he was just in fun;
But nought could quell the mouse king's fury, —
He cared not then for judge or jury;
And with his sharp and quivering spear,
He pierced the rat right through the ear.
The rat fell backward in the clover,
Kicked up his legs, and all was over.
The mice, with loud and joyful tones,
Now gathered all the bad rats' bones,
And with them built a pyramid,
Down which their little children slid.

And after that eventful day
The mice in peace and joy could play,
For now no wicked rats could steal
Their cakes and jam and pies and meal,
Nor catch them by their little tails,
And drown them in the water-pails.

George W. Ranck

THE STORY OF CHICKEN LITTLE

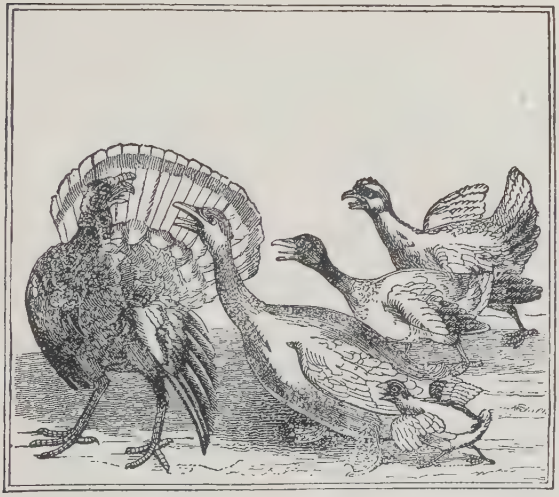
Did you ever hear of Chicken Little, how she disturbed a whole neighbourhood by her foolish alarm?

Well, Chicken Little was running about in a gentleman's garden, where she had no business to be: she ran under a rosebush, and a leaf fell on her tail; so she was dreadfully frightened, and ran away to Hen Pen.

"O Hen Pen," said she, "the sky is falling!" "Why, Chicken Little, how do you know it?" "Oh, I heard it with my ears, I saw it with my eyes, and part of it fell on my tail." "Come, then," says Hen Pen, "let us run as fast as we can!"

So they ran till they came to Duck Luck. "O Duck Luck," says Hen Pen, "the sky is falling!" "Why, how do you know it?" says Duck Luck. "Chicken Little told me." "Chicken Little, how do you know it?" "I heard it with my ears, I saw it with my eyes, and part of it fell on my tail." "Oh, let us run!" says Duck Luck.

And they went on till they came to Goose Loose. "O Goose Loose," says Duck Luck, "the sky is falling!" "Why, Duck Luck," says Goose Loose, "how do you know it?" Says Duck Luck, "Hen Pen told me." "Hen Pen, how do you know it?" "Chicken Little told me." "Chicken Little, how do you know it?" "Oh, I heard it with my ears, I saw it with my eyes, and part of it fell on my tail." "Run, run! as fast as you can!" says Goose Loose. And away they went till they came to



Turkey Lurkey. "O Turkey Lurkey," says Goose Loose, "the sky is falling!" "Why," says Turkey Lurkey, "Goose Loose, how do you know it?" Says Goose Loose, "Duck Luck told me." "Duck Luck, how do you know it?" Says Duck Luck, "Hen Pen told me." "Hen Pen, how do you know it?" Says Hen Pen, "Chicken Little told me." "Chicken Little, how do you know it?" "How can I help knowing it?" says Chicken Little; "I heard it with my ears, I saw it with my eyes, and part of it fell on my tail." "Oh, come, let us run!" says Turkey Lurkey. And away they all went till they met with

Fox Lox. "O Fox Lox," says Turkey Lurkey, "the sky is falling!" "Who told you?" says Fox Lox. Says Turkey Lurkey, "Goose Loose told me." "Goose Loose, who told you?" "Duck Luck told me." "Duck Luck, who told you?" "Hen Pen told me." "Hen Pen, who told you?" "Chicken Little told me." "Chicken Little, how do you know it?" "Oh, I heard it with my ears, I saw it with my eyes, and part of it fell on my tail!" "Make haste!" says Fox Lox, "and all come into my den!"

Fox Lox opened the door, and in went Turkey Lurkey. As she went in, Fox Lox bit off her head, threw it one way, and the body another. Then went in Goose Loose. Fox Lox cut off her head, and threw her in. Then came Duck Luck. Fox Lox did the same by her. Then came Hen Pen. Fox Lox bit off her head, and threw it one way, and the body the other. Then came Chicken Little. Fox Lox caught hold of her, and eat her all up, and then finished his supper with the rest, — and all this from the foolish fright of Chicken Little.

MOORACHUG AND MEENACHUG

A GAELIC TALE

Moorachug and Meenachug went out to gather fruit, and as Moorachug would gather, Meenachug would eat.

Moorachug went to seek a rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating his share of fruit.

"What 's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" said the Rod. "'T is my own news, that I am seeking a rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me until thou gettest an axe that will reap me." He reached the axe. "What 's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" "'T is my own news, that I am seeking an axe to reap rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me until thou gettest a stone to smooth me." He reached a stone. "What 's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" said the Stone. "'T is my own news, that I am seeking stone to smooth axe, axe to reap rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the Stone, "till thou gettest water will wet me." He reached the water. "What 's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" said the Water. "'T is my own news, that I am seeking water to wet stone, stone to smooth axe, axe to reap rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the Water, "till thou gettest a deer to swim me." He reached the deer. "What 's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" said the Deer. "'T is my own news, that I am seeking deer to swim water, water to wet stone, stone to smooth axe, axe to reap rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the Deer, "until thou gettest a dog to run me." He reached the dog. "What 's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" said the Dog. "'T is my own news, that I am seeking dog to run deer, deer to swim water, water to wet stone, stone to smooth axe, axe to reap rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the Dog, "till thou gettest butter to be rubbed to my feet." He reached the butter. "What 's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" said the Butter. "'T is my own news, that I am seeking butter to feet of dog, dog to run deer, deer to swim water, water to wet stone, stone to smooth axe, axe to reap rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the Butter, "till thou gettest a mouse to scrape me." He reached the mouse. "What 's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" said the Mouse. "'T is my own news, that I am seeking mouse to scrape butter, butter to feet of dog, dog to run deer, deer to swim water, water to wet stone, stone to smooth axe, axe to reap

rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the Mouse, "till thou gettest a cat to hunt me." He reached the cat. "What 's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" said the Cat. "'T is my own news, that I am seeking cat to hunt mouse, mouse to scrape butter, butter to feet of dog, dog to run deer, deer to swim water, water to wet stone, stone to smooth axe, axe to reap rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the Cat, "until thou gettest milk for me." He reached the cow. "What 's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" said the Cow. "'T is my own news, that I am seeking milk for the cat, cat to hunt mouse, mouse to scrape butter, butter to feet of dog, dog to run deer, deer to swim water, water to wet stone, stone to smooth axe, axe to reap rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get milk from me," said the Cow, "till thou gettest a wisp from the barn gillie." He reached the barn gillie. "What 's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" said the Barn Gillie. "'T is my own news, that I am seeking a wisp for the cow, milk from the cow to the cat, cat to hunt mouse, mouse to scrape butter, butter to feet of dog, dog to run deer, deer to swim water, water to wet stone, stone to smooth axe, axe to reap rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get a wisp from me," said the Barn Gillie, "till thou gettest a bonnach for me from the kneading wife." He reached the kneading wife. "What's thy news to-day, O Voorachai?" said the Kneading Wife. "'T is my own news, that I am seeking bonnach to the barn gillie, wisp from the barn gillie to the cow, milk from the cow to the cat, cat to hunt mouse, mouse to scrape butter, butter to feet of dog, dog to run deer, deer to swim water, water to wet stone, stone to smooth axe, axe to reap rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get bonnach from me," said the Kneading Wife, "till thou bringest in water will knead it."

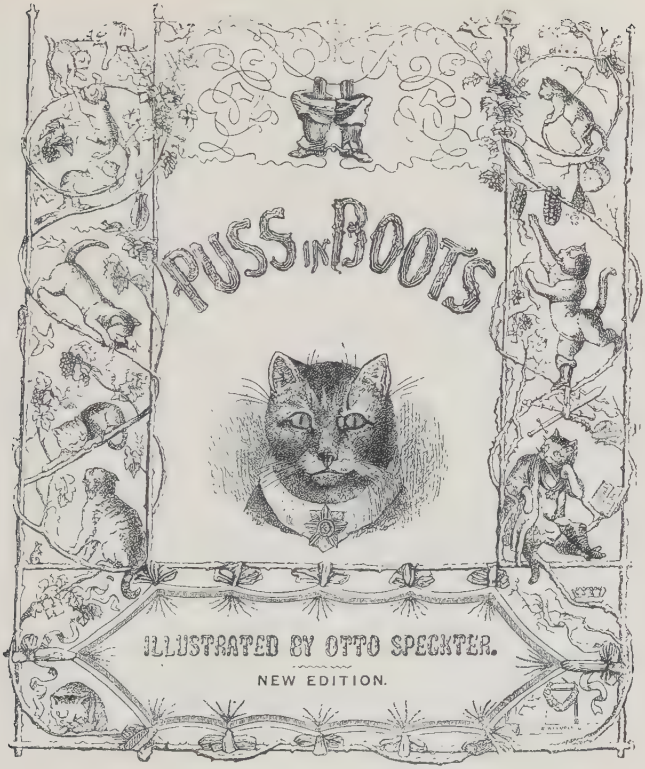
"How will I bring in the water? There is no vessel but that sowan's sieve."

Moorachug took with him the sowan's sieve. He reached the water, and every drop he would put in the sowan's sieve it would go through. A hoodie came over his head, and she cried, "Gawr-rag, gawr-rag (little silly, little silly)!" "Thou art right, O Hoodie!" said Moorachug. "Crèah rooah s'còinneach, crèah rooah s'còinneach (brown clay and moss)!" said the Hoodie.

Moorachug set crèah rooah s'còinneach (brown clay and moss) into it, and he brought in the water to the kneading wife, and he got bonnach from the kneading wife to the barn gillie, wisp from the barn gillie to the cow, milk from the cow to the cat, cat to hunt mouse, mouse to scrape

butter, butter to feet of dog, dog to run deer, deer to swim water, water to wet stone, stone to smooth axe, axe to reap rod, rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating his share of fruit. But when Moorachug returned, Meenachug had just — Burst!

Nursery Rhymes, Old and New



PUSS IN BOOTS

I

Puss, like the heroes of the human race,
Claims on our title-page the foremost place
And trusts his portrait may his readers win
For more particulars to look within.

II

The weary old miller lay dead in his grave;
And he left his three sons all the wealth he could save:
The mill and the ass and the great grey cat,
John and Jacob took these and poor Will took that.

On the ass, by the gateway, sat Jacob one morn,
While his brother, the eldest, was grinding his corn,
And within was young William as sad as could be,—
"For what can I do with a pussy?" said he.

Pussy set up his back, to his master's surprise,
Looking full in his face, with his knowing green eyes,
And thus in an accent uncommonly shrill
He warmly replied to our wondering Will.

"Good breeding forbids that I walk thro' the streets
Among all the élite without boots to my feet:
Just order a pair and I'll soon let you see
If Johnny and Jacob are richer than we."

There was that in his look which astounded the youth,
A mixture of cunning, of wisdom, and truth;
But ere Will, in amaze, could an answer begin,
A shoemaker passed, so he bade him come in.

III

Puss mounted the armchair, as grave as a judge
John muttered "ridiculous,"—Jacob cried "fudge."
But Will, with a smile at this joke of the brute's,
Said, "Measure our friend for a stout pair of boots."

The shoemaker, glad of a job, set to work,
While he cried, with a scarcely perceptible jerk
Of his head, where his patron laid one of his paws, —
"If you please, my young customer, draw in your claws."

He stroked Puss's leg, and with pleasure Puss purred,
Then turned to his master, who silently heard,

"Good William, I love you; for gentle and bland,
Full many a favour I owe to your hand.

"That hand oft caresses, while softly I purr
And you try not to stroke the wrong way of my fur;
You let me sleep all undisturbed in the sun,
And never have teased as your brothers have done.

"Oh, call me not faithless as other men do;
I look for more liberal judgment from you;
They hate us because we will ever be free
But I 'll show you how grateful a pussy can be.

"Let the dog to the tyrant crouch servile and tame.
It is thus he has earned him his station and name;
While we 've claws, while we 've teeth, for our nine lives
to fight,
We fawn not, we yield not, we stand to our right.

"To truth, to affection, to justice, we show
The powers that tyranny never shall know;
Your love has unsealed e'en my voice from its band,
Confide in your cat and his talents command."

He held out his paw with a dignified grace,
While the loftiest sentiments shone in his face;
And touched with the eloquent speech of his friend,
Will took it, and promised to trust to the end.

IV

Puss pulled on the boots which the shoemaker made
Who praised the nice fit and desired to be paid.
Alas! his last shilling, Will sadly drew out,
While Jacob and John made a terrible rout; —

"What, throw your last penny away on a brute,
Who will take to his heels with your present to boot!"

"Nay, look," exclaimed William, and read with surprise,
The indignant denial in Pussy's green eyes.

In silent contempt Pussy shrugged up his back,
Took a stick in his paw, o'er his shoulders a sack,
And on his hind legs like a man, to the door
He stepped, turned and bowed, and they saw him no more.

V

Now, the king of the country had been a long time
In a fit of despondency truly sublime;
It was not that over his realm of delight,
War, famine, or pestilence stole with their blight;

It was not that Parliament thwarted his will,
Oh, no: it was something more terrible still;
My reader will scarcely his anguish disdain,
When I tell him he could not — a partridge obtain.

The fields, it is true, had their usual supply
But the creatures had grown so remarkably shy,
Not a sportsman could boast one from near or from far,
Though true in his aim as the steel to the star.

Pussy went to a cornfield, his boots he threw by,
Lest the birds at their noise should be frightened and fly;
Then opened his sack — held fast by a string,
And behind a low hedge he lay, ready to spring.

The birds saw the crumbs in the bag that were set,
One after another hopped into the net,
Then Puss drew the string up, and whipping the sack,
Birds and all o'er his arm, to the palace went back.

The monarch was cross as a monarch could be —
"I 've not had a dinner these six weeks," said he.
The Parliament sat but no favour could win,
When a gay lord in waiting came hastily in;

"A person who strongly resembles a cat,
With his tail, his whiskers, his fur and all that,
Stands without with a present of partridges, Sire,
Which he brought, as he says, by his master's desire."

"The meeting 's dissolved," quick the monarch did cry.
"What are kingdoms to me when a partridge is nigh?
What ho! let him enter, this game-keeper rare."
Pussy came bowing low 'mid the general stare.

And turning his head, lest the sight of the birds
Should tempt him, he emptied the bag with these words,
"The Marquis of Carabas bids me entreat
To lay this poor gift at Your Majesty's feet."

"By St. George," said the king, "you 're a messenger fine:
Why comes not to court this fair marquis of mine?
Now, hasten, Sir Walter, and bid, do you see?
The Chancellor of the Exchequer come unto me."

He came — "My Lord Chancellor, fill up yon sack
With what gold the game-keeper can bear on his back."
(You can see in the picture the Chancellor grey
And the members of Parliament stalking away.)

VI

By nature generous, frank, and gay
And proudly brave was William Grey.
The village girls that tripped along
The fragrant field at harvest tide,
Would pause amid their peasant song
And blushing archly glance aside,
When William's rich and mellow tone
Gave joyous echo to their own.
His chestnut curls and dark-blue eyes,
His winning smile and manly form,
In many a soul more fond than wise
Roused there a summer storm.
But fancy free and light of heart
With gay disdain he shunned the dart.
"'T will never do," cried gallant Will,
"My kindly brothers bid me share
The profits of the ass and mill.
But, no; I 'll fortune seek elsewhere."
Just then our friendly Puss appeared,
Winking his eyes so wise and weird,
And on the table gravely told
Piece after piece the glittering gold.
"And whence is this?" his master cried.
"'T was fairly earned," the puss replied.
"You stare; distrust 's an odious thing,
Go, if you doubt me, ask the king."

Assured, but touched to see his pride,
Will kindly drew him to his side,
Again he vowed to trust him still
Received the gold nor dreamed of ill.

And now the cat did daily bring
His favorite birds to please the king.

You see him by the kitchen grate
He stands in dignity and state,
Like Bonaparte, illustrious chief,
Who swept whole nations from his track,
And, little caring for their grief,
Stood with his hands behind his back.

Yet Puss, instead of killing men,
The terror only was of rats,
And lives recorded by our pen
The great Napoleon of cats.
The cook-maid plucks the birds he brought
While two of them the fool has caught;
The coachman enters, calls for beer,
And cries, "The king 's a bore, my dear;
I have some business of my own
That calls me urgently to town,
And yet he orders me to take
Him and the princess to the lake."

Puss heard and slyly slipped away;
He found his master blythe as May,
And begged him, strange as it might seem,
To come and bathe within the stream.

Will followed, careless where he went,
To please his friend his sole intent.

VII

So sultry is the day in sooth
The water tempts the willing youth;
He springs to meet it — Puss receives
And hides the clothes his master leaves;
Then as His Majesty drives by
The cat sets up a doleful cry,

And wrings his hands — I mean his paws —
"Stop!" cries the king; "I 'll know the cause."
Descending from the coach, he calls
His little favourite to his side;
"What mean," he asked, "these fearful squalls?"
When thus demurely Puss replied:
"Alas, the while in yonder lake
My master bathes, his splendid clothes
Some wandering thief has dared to take,
And he must stay there, I suppose;
He 'll catch his death of cold." — "No, no;
Haste to the royal wardrobe go;
Bring thence a suit." As thus he said
The king caressed his favourite's head.
Meanwhile young William, mute, amazed,
Between the waving branches gazed,
And saw a vision of delight
That soon became a part of sight.
Within the coach a graceful girl,
With hair of gold and teeth of pearl,
Sat blooming like a rosebud rare,
That blesses all the balmy air;
The loving heaven had lent her eyes
The hue of its own summer skies,
And on her cheek by mischief sent
A sportive dimple came and went.
The royal suit was quickly brought:
Will donned it with abstracted thought,

And half-repenting what he did,
Followed the king, as he was bid.
'T was but a moment — "What," cried he,
"Since fate, the king, and puss agree
To make a noble lord of me,
Shall I deny the royal sway?
The king can do no wrong, they say;
I 'll take his word for 't, come what may."
Then with a gay but courteous grace
He to the monarch bowed assent,
Before the princess took his place,
And off like light the coursers went.

VIII

So Puss ran before, till he came to a wood,
Where hundreds of wondering woodcutters stood;
"To whom does this forest belong?" said the cat.
"To the awful magician." — "No matter for that:
Now, mark, if His Majesty, when he comes by,
Should ask, you must say, or ere sunrise you die,
To the Marquis of Carabas." — "Yes," said the men,
And away galloped Puss with a chuckle again.
Then he came to a wheat-field, the reapers, amazed,
Like the woodmen stood trembling and sheepishly gazed
On the small, hairy man of such marvellous size,
With his tail and his claws, and his boots and his eyes.
"'T is he, the magician himself," whispered they;
For they knew that he took a new shape every day.

"To whom does this wheat-field belong?" said the cat —
"To the fearful magician." — "Ah, ha, say you that?
If you have no particular fancy to be
This moment cut up into mincemeat for me,
Be sure, when the king comes this way to explain,
That this is the Marquis of Carabas' grain."
They took off their hats, and they vowed to obey,
And the frightened child, wondering, paused from its play;

And the maiden peeped out from the golden-hued
sheaves
With her timid dark eyes, like a bird through the leaves;
While William, who heard, *sotto voce* exclaimed
Half laughing, half angry, both proud and ashamed;
"So faithful in friendship, so quick at a ruse,
There never was servant like my little puss."

IX

The great magician sat within
A chamber filled with fearful sights;
O'er many a scull with ghastly grin,
Played fitfully the strange blue lights;
Misshapen monsters lined the wall,
A toad upon his chair did crawl,
And many a dark and mystic scrawl
Was scattered round the room;
Puss trembled by the half-shut door,
Scarce seen amid the gloom,
Then entered, bowing to the floor,
And said, "A man of science, sir,
At learning's shrine a worshipper,
From distant lands, I lately came,
Attracted by your wondrous fame."
Like all the world, by praise beguiled,
The great magician bowed and smiled.

X

"They tell me, sir," resumed the cat,
"With ease you take this shape or that,
Now, though at times, even I have dared
To dabble in the magic art,
Though witches have my converse shared,
And I've defied Death's frequent dart;

I own such wonders seem to me,
Beyond the power of glamourie."

He scarce had spoke, when o'er him towered
A monstrous elephant. He cowered
In terror back, but said politely,
"Sir, if you please, resume your form:

I understand the case now rightly;
You 're rather close, the room is warm."
At once, within his armchair, sat
The man of magic by the cat.

"Bravo," the latter cried — " 'T is well,
But there is still a stronger spell,
By which an artist, whom I knew,
Could take the smallest shapes — can you?"
And ere the question bold was said,
A mouse leaped lightly o'er his head.
The cat gave chase — o'er scull and scroll,
O'er books and bones the enchanter stole;
He strove the spell-word to recall,
That would his spirit disenthrall;
In vain; for in that fatal strife,
Fear, rage, revenge so wildly raved,
They stifled memory's voice; and life
Was lost, that but a word had saved;
Just as it burned before his vision,
Puss caught and ate the great magician.

XI

The sunset o'er the palace shone,
On glowing glass and fretted stone;
The lofty gateway swiftly passed,
The prancing horses paused at last.

But see, within their fiery eyes
What wild unearthly fears arise?
Why start they thus with nostrils wide?
What spectre have the steeds espied?
From out the gleaming casement, lo,
A troop of startled demons go,
Who 'd met at the magician's call
To revel in his banquet hall.

The king whose heavy mould of clay
Had somewhat dimmed the mental ray,
Struck by the princely pomp and pride
Around, was blind to all beside.
The cat comes forth to meet the train;
"And will you, Sire, thus kindly deign
To rest within our castle gates?
My lord, the marquis — supper waits."

He gives his paw with easy grace,
And leads the princess to her place,
While William droops abashed and shy
And chides him with his speaking eye.

'T is laden well, the banquet board,
The sparkling wine is freely poured;
Will quaffs a bumper, leaves his seat,
And throws him at the monarch's feet.
His cap is doffed — his rich brown hair
Curls round a brow of beauty rare;
His dark eyes droop, his face is pale,
Whilst to the king he tells his tale.

'T is told, and ere the monarch's voice
Could bid him tremble or rejoice,
The maiden kneels beside him there,
And to his story adds her prayer;

In vain the king would steel his heart
While thus she pleads with childish art;
"Ah no, my father, scorn him not;
Think of his sad, his lonely lot.
Remember, too, that this good youth
Hath told you but the simple truth;
Look on his young and guileless brow,
And if you spurn him hear me vow;
Where'er he goes his fate I share,
Through danger, suffering, guilt, despair."
Moved by her words the king relents,
Forgives poor William and consents.

XII

Gaily goes the bridal train,
Now the abbey gate they gain,
In the light the lances gleam,
And the royal banners stream;
Sound the trumpets as they go,
Through the portal winding slow.
See in robes young William there,
Gracing all the pageant rare,
By his side his lady-bride
Meets his gaze with love and pride.
There the symbols of his might,
Sceptre, sword, and taper bright;
While the cross is borne behind,
Token of a pious mind;

And to close the train they bring
In his chair the stout old king.
And who is this in robe of fur,
That might become an emperor?

Observe how gracefully he greets
The crowd that throng the busy streets,
Whilst ribbon gay and jewelled star
Proclaim his lofty rank afar.
'T is pussy — mark how grave he bows
First unto this one, then the other;
And turns from William and his spouse,
To smile on Jacob and his brother.
The people tell how Puss's aid
The fortune of his master made,
And gladly hear the king's decree
That Puss prime-minister should be.
So all were pleased except poor Tray,
Who chanced to come in Puss's way,
And as our little reader knows
That cat and dog are always foes;
Puss issued straightway his command
That every dog should leave the land.

Thus, as I trust, in pleasing rhymes
And pleasing pictures, we have told
That wondrous tale of former times,
Our grandsires loved to hear of old.
Like Mother Goose or Mother Morey,
There is a useful moral to it,
Which runs a thread of silver through it:

'T is very wise and very good,
And I would tell it if I could,
I hardly think the tale is true
My pretty little dears, do you ?

THE STORY OF JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

There was a Widow, poor and old,
Who had a son and a cow;
She would sell the cow — which begins the tale
Which I will tell you now.

Her son she sent to the market-town,
To sell the cow at the fair,
But Jack he sold his cow for some beans,
Before ever he got there.

The Dame, in a pet, threw the beans away;
But, very strange to say,
They grew up into a great bean-stalk,
All in a single day.

Bold Jack into the garden went,
Where his bean-stalk tall did stand;
He climbed to the top, and it brought him to
A strange and unknown land.

There dwelt a Giant, savage and grim,
Who took men's goods by stealth,
Who 'd killed the father of valiant Jack,
And taken away his wealth.

This Giant had a wondrous thing,
A large and handsome hen —
A hen that laid him eggs of gold,
Over and over again.

The Giant's wife took pity on Jack,
And hid him in the house,

And in his corner he remained
As quiet as a mouse.

The Giant ate his supper soon,
And called for his wondrous hen;
And every time that he said, "Lay!"
She laid a gold egg again.

Then the Giant called for his golden harp,
And his wife she brought it soon;
And when the Giant said to it, "Play!"
The harp played a pretty tune.

By this the Giant drowsy grew —
He'd eaten so much, no wonder;
He laid his head on the table down,
And slept, and snored like thunder.

When bold Jack saw the Giant fast,
He crept from his hiding-place;
He seized the hen, and he seized the harp,
And fled with rapid pace.

But oh! the harp was a wondrous thing,
It could speak as well as play,
And cried, "Oh, master! here's a thief,
Who's carrying me away!"

And then the Giant soon up sprung,
Gave the table a sounding thwack;
"Aha!" he cried, "I shall catch you soon!"
And he ran off after Jack.

When Jack saw that the Giant came,
You may fancy he was not slow;
He ran away to the bean-stalk's top
As quickly as he could go.

He slid down the bean-stalk all in haste,
Not a moment would he stop;
But when he came to the base of the stalk,
The Giant appeared at the top.

And frightened was Jack's mother then,
For the Giant was coming down,
Swearing that when he touched the earth
He 'd quickly crack Jack's crown.

But valiant Jack knew what to do:
"Give me the axe!" he said;
And he cut the bean-stalk off at the root,
And the Giant fell down dead.

Nursery Rhymes, Old and New

THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

A LITTLE maiden, demure and good,
Obtained the name of Red Riding Hood,
Because of a cloak of red cloth rare,
And a pretty hood that she used to wear.

One day, her mother called her down,
And said: "You must go to yonder town;
I will this basket with cheesecakes fill,
For poor old Granny, who 's lying ill.
But now, child, listen to what I say:
Don't talk to any one by the way."

Then off she set through a pleasant wood,
With her little basket, Red Riding Hood;
But in the midst of the wood she met
(The very thought makes me shudder yet)
A hungry Wolf, of tremendous size,
With sharp white teeth, and with fierce red eyes,
Who long for prey had been prowling there,
And came to the child, and spoke her fair.

Now, little Red Riding Hood little knew
With what a bad beast she had to do;
And she told the Wolf, with the best intent,
Where she was going, and why she went.
"Aha!" said the Wolf, "I can run fast;
I shall be there first, and you'll be last:
This way go I, and that go you,
For I want to see old Granny too."
He grinned, and his eyes gave a greenish light;
In an instant more he was out of sight.

So the Wolf ran on as fast as he could,
To distance little Red Riding Hood—
He ran as he never had run before,
Until he came to old Granny's door.
He tapped, and cried, with a furtive grin,
"I'm little Red Riding Hood—let me in!"
And the poor old Granny, in bed who lay,
Thinking her grandchild had come that way,

Cried, "Pull the bobbin; come in, my child!"
And into the room leapt the Wolf so wild.

When the Grandmother this fierce Wolf did see,
She was frightened sore, as she might well be;
For the hideous Wolf sprang on the bed,
And bit the poor lady till she was dead.

She had not the time for help to call,
For the Wolf ate her up, skin, bones, and all.
And after this cruel deed was done,
Says the Wolf to himself, "My supper's begun,

And I 'll end it soon, with a tit-bit good,
And that shall be little Red Riding Hood."
So wicked Wolf he crawled into bed,
With the Grandmother's nightcap hiding his head,
And summoned up what patience he could,
To wait for little Red Riding Hood.

Not long in the bed had he hidden been,
When the little maiden came tripping in,
With her little basket upon her arm,
And never thinking of danger or harm.
"Sit down by me, my sweet little dear,"
Said the artful, wicked old Wolf; "come here,
Sit down by the bed, that I may see
The little grand-daughter who 's come to me."
Little Red Riding Hood quickly obeyed;
But presently, "Grandmother, dear," she said, —
And a little cry of surprise she gave, —
"What very, very large ears you have!"

"Have I, indeed?" said the Wolf, and smiled;
"Then that is the better to hear you, my child."
"And, Grandmother," the little girl cries,
"Why, I declare, you have such large eyes!"
"Have I, my dear?" the sly Wolf said;
"That 's the better to see you, my little pet."
"And, oh! Granny dear, what large teeth you have!"
A horrible snarl the Wolf then gave,

And off in a trice he the bedclothes threw;
"Aha! those big teeth are for eating you."
And faster than I can tell it to you,
The wicked Wolf from the bed up flew,
And hungry for such delicious food,
He ate up little Red Riding Hood,
Who screamed and struggled — so they say —
But she never was heard of from that day.

That I may not have told this sad tale in vain,
I'll give you the moral, and make it plain.
The moral is this: Where'er you go,
And whatever business you have to do,

Take heed of the words you to strangers say,
And beware of loitering on your way.
Don't consort with the bad, but with the good,
And take warning by little Red Riding Hood.

Nursery Rhymes, Old and New

PART III

Cautionary Stories in Verse

THE DAISY;

OR

CAUTIONARY STORIES IN VERSE,

ADAPTED TO THE IDEAS OF CHILDREN FROM FOUR TO EIGHT YEARS OLD.

London:
1807.

THE COWSLIP;

OR

MORE CAUTIONARY STORIES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THAT MUCH-ADMIRED LITTLE WORK ENTITLED

THE DAISY.

1811.

PRETTY PUSS

Come, pretty Cat!
  Come here to me!
I want to pat
  You on my knee.

Go, naughty Tray!
  By barking thus
You 'll drive away
  My pretty Puss.

The Daisy

POLITENESS

Good little boys should never say,
"I will," and, "Give me these";
Oh, no! that never is the way,
But, "Mother, if you please."

And, "If you please," to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready;
And, "Yes, Sir," to a gentleman,
And, "Yes, Ma'am," to a lady.

The Daisy

THE FAIRING

Oh, dear! What a beautiful Doll
  My sister has bought at the fair!
She says I must call it "Miss Poll,"
  And make it a bonnet to wear.

Oh, pretty new Doll! It looks fine;
  Its cheeks are all covered with red;
But, pray, will it always be mine?
  And, pray, may I take it to bed?

How kind was my sister to buy
  This Dolly, with hair that will curl!
Perhaps, if you want to know why,
  She 'll tell you I've been a good girl.

Rhymes for the Nursery

THE GOOD BOY

When Philip's good mamma was ill,
The servant begged he would be still,
Because the doctor and the nurse
Had said that noise would make her worse.

At night, when Philip went to bed,
He kissed mamma, and whisp'ring said,
"My dear mamma, I never will
Make any noise when you are ill."

The Daisy

JOSEPH WEST

JOSEPH WEST had been told,
That if, when he grew old,
He had not learnt rightly to spell,
Though his writing were good,
'T would not be understood,
And Joe said, "I will learn my task well."

And he made it a rule
To be silent at school,
And what do you think came to pass?
Why, he learnt it so fast,
That, from being the last,
He soon was the first in the class.

The Daisy

LISTEN TO REASON

One afternoon, as Joseph West,
The boy who learnt his lesson best,
Was trying how his whip would crack,
By chance he hit Headstrong on the back.

Enraged he flew and gave poor Joe,
With all his might a sudden blow:
Nor would he listen to one word,
When Joe endeavoured to be heard.

Joe, finding him resolved to fight,
For what was accidental quite,
Although he never fought before,
Beat Headstrong till he 'd have no more.

The Cowslip

MISS PEGGY

As Peggy was crying aloud for a cake
Which her mother had said she should fetch from
the wake,
A gentleman knocked at the door!

He entered the parlour and showed much surprise,
That it really was Peggy who made all the noise,
For he never had heard her before.

Miss Peggy, ashamed, and to hide her disgrace,
Took hold of her frock, and quite covered her face,
For she knew she was naughty just then;
And, instantly wiping the tears from her eyes,
She promised her mother to make no more noise,
And kissed her again and again.

The Daisy

PLAYFUL POMPEY

Come hither, little dog, to play,
And do not go so far away,
But stand and beg for food;
And if your tail I chance to touch,
You must not snarl so very much,
Pray, Pompey, be not rude.

The dog can eat, and drink, and sleep,
And help to fetch the cows and sheep:
Oh, see how Pompey begs;

Hark! hark! he says, bow wow! bow wow!
But run away, good Pompey, now,
You 'll tire your little legs.

The Daisy

THE NEW DOLLS

Miss Jenny and Polly
Had each a new Dolly,
With rosy-red cheeks and blue eyes,
Dressed in ribbons and gauze:
And they quarrelled because
The dolls were not both of a size!

Oh, silly Miss Jenny!
To be such a ninny,
To quarrel and make such a noise!
For the very same day
Their mamma sent away
Their dolls with red cheeks and blue eyes.

The Daisy

THE NEW PENNY

Miss Ann saw a man,
Quite poor, at a door,
And Ann had a pretty new penny;
Now this the kind miss
Threw pat in his hat,
Although she was left without any.

She meant, as she went,
To stop at a shop,
Where cakes she had seen a great many;

And buy a fruit pie,
Or take home a cake,
By spending her pretty new penny.

But well I can tell,
When Ann gave the man
Her money, she wished not for any;
He said, "I've no bread,"
She heard, and preferred
To give him her pretty new penny.

The Daisy

FRIGHTENED BY A COW

A VERY young lady,
With Susan the maid,
Who carried the baby,
Were one day afraid.

They saw a cow feeding,
  Quite harmless and still,
Yet screamed, without heeding,
  The man at the mill—

Who, seeing their flutter,
  Said, "Cows do no harm;
But send you good butter,
  And milk from the farm."

The Daisy

FRANCES AT BEDTIME

The babe was in the cradle laid,
  And Tom had said his prayers;
When Frances told the nursery maid
  She would not go upstairs.

She cried so loud her mother came
  To ask the reason why;
And said, "Oh, Frances, fie for shame!
  Oh, fie! Oh, fie! Oh, fie!"

But Frances was more naughty still,
  And Betty sadly nipped;
Until her mother said, "I will,
  I must have Frances whipped."

For oh, how naughty 't is to cry
But worse, much worse to fight
Instead of running readily
And calling out, "Good night."

The Daisy

CARELESS MARIA

Maria was a careless child,
And grieved her friends by this:
Where 'er she went,
Her clothes were rent,
Her hat and bonnet spoiled,
A careless little miss.

Her gloves and mitts were often lost,
Her tippet sadly soiled;
You might have seen
Where she had been,
For toys all round were tossed,
Oh, what a careless child!

One day her uncle bought a toy,
That round and round would twirl,
But when he found
The littered ground,
He said, "I don't tee-totums buy,
For such a careless girl."

The Daisy

POISONOUS FRUIT

As Tommy and his sister Jane
Were walking down a shady lane,
They saw some berries, bright and red,
That hung around and overhead.

And soon the bough they bended down
To make the scarlet fruit their own;
And part they ate, and part in play
They threw about and flung away.

But long they had not been at home
Before poor Jane and little Tom

Were taken sick and ill, to bed,
And since, I've heard, they both are dead.

Alas! had Tommy understood
That fruit in lanes is seldom good,
He might have lived to walk again
With Jane along the shady lane.

The Daisy

PETER

Poor Peter was burnt by the poker one day,
When he made it look pretty and red!
For the beautiful sparks made him think it fine play,
To lift it as high as his head.

But somehow it happened, his finger and thumb
Were terribly scorched by the heat;
And he screamed out aloud for his mother to come,
And stamped on the floor with his feet.

Now, if Peter had minded his mother's command,
His fingers would not have been sore;
And he promised again, as she bound up his hand,
To play with hot pokers no more.

The Daisy

LUCY AND DICKY

Miss Lucy was a charming child,
  She never said, "I won't!"
If little Dick her playthings spoiled,
  She said, "Pray, Dicky, don't!"

He took her waxen doll one day,
  And banged it round and round,
Then tore its legs and arms away,
  And threw them on the ground.

His good mamma was angry quite,
And Lucy's tears ran down;
But Dick went supperless that night,
And since has better grown.

The Daisy

THE DIZZY GIRL

As Frances was playing, and turning around,
Her head grew so giddy, she fell to the ground;
'T was well that she was not much hurt;
But oh, what a pity! her frock was so soiled!
That had you beheld the unfortunate child,
You had seen her all covered with dirt.

Her mother was sorry, and said, "Do not cry,
And Mary shall wash you, and make you quite dry,
If you 'll promise to turn round no more."
"What, not in the parlour?" the little girl said;
"No not in the parlour; for lately I read
Of a girl who was hurt with the door.

"She was playing and turning, until her poor head
Fell against the hard door, and it very much bled,
And I heard Doctor Camomile tell,
That he put on a plaister, and covered it up,
Then he gave her some tea, that was bitter to sup,
Or perhaps it had never been well."

The Daisy

NAUGHTY SAM

Tom and Charles once took a walk,
To see a pretty lamb;
And as they went, began to talk
Of naughty little Sam,

Who beat his youngest brother, Bill,
And threw him in the dirt;
And when his poor mamma was ill,
He teased her for a squirt.

"And I," said Tom, "won't play with Sam
Although he has a top":
But here the pretty little lamb
To talking put a stop.

The Daisy

THE GIDDY GIRL

Miss Helen was always too giddy to heed
What her mother had told her to shun;
For frequently over the street at full speed,
She would cross where the carriages run.

And out she would go, to a very deep well,
To look at the water below;
How naughty! to run to a dangerous well,
Where her mother forbade her to go!

One morning, intending to take but a peep,
Her foot slipped away from the ground;
Unhappy misfortune! the water was deep,
And giddy Miss Helen was drowned.

The Daisy

BREAKFAST

That I did not see Frances just now I am glad;
For Winifred says she looked sullen and sad,
When I ask her the reason I know very well
That Frances will blush the true reason to tell.

And I never again shall expect to hear said,
That she pouts at her milk with a toast of white bread,
When both are as good as can possibly be,
Though Betsy, for breakfast, perhaps may have tea.

The Cowslip

THE CRYING CHILD

Oh, fie! Master Edward! I feel much surprise,
And am really ashamed of those tears and this noise.

Do you know by your crying how sadly you pain
Your mother, although you 've no cause to complain?

And can you forget that, when sick on her knee,
How she nursed you and gave you sweet tamarind tea?

A rod is the very best thing to apply
When children are crying, and cannot tell why:

Unless they are babes in the cradle so young,
That they are not yet able to speak with their tongue.

The Cowslip

LYDIA BANKS

Good Lydia Banks, though very young,
Will never do what 's rude or wrong,
When spoken to, she always tries
To give the most polite replies.

Observing what at school she 's taught,
She turns her toes as children ought:
And when returned at night from school
She never lolls on chair or stool.

Some children, when they write, we know,
Their ink about them heedless throw;
But she, though young, has learned to think,
That clothes look spoiled with spots of ink.

Perhaps some little girl may ask,
If Lydia always learns her task;
With pleasure I can answer this,
Because with truth I answer, " Yes."

The Cowslip

THE PURLOINER

As Joe was at play,
Near the cupboard one day,
When he thought no one saw but himself,
How sorry I am,
He ate raspberry jam,
And currants that stood on the shelf.

His mother and John
To the garden had gone,
To gather ripe pears and ripe plums;

What Joe was about,
His mother found out,
When she looked at his fingers and thumbs.

And when they had dined,
Said to Joe, "You will find,
It is better to let things alone;
These plums and these pears,
No naughty boy shares,
Who meddles with fruit not his own."

The Cowslip

THE LETTER

When Sarah's papa was from home a great way,
She attempted to write him a letter one day!
First ruling the paper, an excellent plan,
In all proper order Miss Sarah began.

She said, "She lamented sincerely to tell,
That her dearest mamma had been very unwell;
That the story was long, but that when he came back,
He would hear of the shocking behaviour of Jack."

Though an error or two we by chance may detect,
It was better than treating papa with neglect;
For Sarah, when older, we know will learn better,
And write single "I" with a capital letter.

The Cowslip

THE HOYDEN

Miss Agnes had two or three dolls, and a box
To hold all their bonnets and tippets and frocks;
In a red leather threadcase, that snapped when it shut,
She had needles to sew with, and scissors to cut;

But Agnes liked better to play with rude boys,
Than work with her needle, or play with her toys;
Young ladies should always appear neat and clean,
Yet Agnes was seldom dressed fit to be seen.
I saw her one morning attempting to throw
A very large stone, when it fell on her toe;
The boys who were present, and saw what was done,
Set up a loud laugh, and they called it fine fun.
But I took her home, and the doctor soon came,
And Agnes, I fear, will a long time be lame,
And from morning till night, she laments very much,
That now when she walks, she must lean on a crutch,
And she told her dear father, a thousand times o'er,
That she never will play with rude boys any more.

The Cowslip

DANCING

Oh, dear, I must wear my red slippers to-day,
And where are my gloves, and my parasol, pray?
I'm always delighted when Friday is come,
For I like dancing better than staying at home.

But my mother says dancing was never designed,
To be to positions and stepping confined;
But dancing should teach us in every place,
When standing or walking to do it with grace.

The Cowslip

AT CHURCH

At church last Sunday afternoon,
There was a naughty boy;
Who talked and played,
And noises made,
And would go home too soon,
And made pretence to cry.

His sister, whom he sadly teased,
Was forced to take him out;

And kindly said,
"My dearest Ned,
Papa will be displeased,
To hear of this, no doubt.

"But I will promise not to tell,
This time, if you 'll be good,
And sit quite still."
Ned said, "I will";
And Ned has since behaved as well,
As little children should.

The Cowslip

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER

"SWEEP, sweep! sweep, sweep!" cries little Jack,
With brush and bag upon his back,
And black from head to foot;
While daily as he goes along,
"Sweep, sweep! sweep, sweep!" is all his song
Beneath his load of soot.

But then he was not always black;
Oh, no; he once was pretty Jack,
And had a kind papa;

But, silly child! he ran to play
Too far from home, a long, long way,
And did not ask mamma.

So he was lost, and now must creep
Up chimneys, crying, "Sweep! sweep! sweep!"

The Daisy

DRAWING TEETH

Miss Lucy Wright, though not so tall,
Was just the age of Sophy Ball;
But I have always understood
Miss Sophy was not half so good;
For as they both had faded teeth,
Their teacher sent for Doctor Heath;

But Sophy made a dreadful rout,
And would not have hers taken out;
But Lucy Wright endured the pain,
Nor did she ever once complain;
Her teeth returned quite sound and white,
Whilst Sophy's ached both day and night.

The Cowslip

QUARRELSOME CHILDREN

The currants were ripe, and the gooseberries red
And very few strawberries left on their bed:
Sweet blossoms and buds were beginning to shoot,
And some were decaying and changing to fruit.

When Charlotte and George in the garden were seen,
To walk hand in hand where the gravel was clean,
How pleasing to see them good-humoured and merry;
Their cheeks had the bloom of the rose or the cherry.

When a butterfly roving, that George chanced to see,
Made these happy children at length disagree:
For he, quite delighted, did all in his power
To catch it when perched on a beautiful flower;
And Charlotte his sister was angry at that,
And stopped little George, and ran off with his hat.

To their mother at last in the parlour they ran,
And noisily speaking together began,
"George shan't catch the butterfly, I'm sure of that."
"I will catch the butterfly; give me my hat!"

"Such quarrelsome children," the mother replied,
"I find it much better all day to divide:
Go, stand in that corner, and, George, do you stand
In another, and each hold a rod in your hand."

Though both had been naughty, 't is proper to say,
They did not their mother's commands disobey:
They went to their corners and owned before long,
For brother and sister to quarrel is wrong.

The Cowslip

THE WORM

As Sally sat upon the ground,
A little crawling worm she found
Among the garden dirt;
And when she saw the worm, she screamed,
And ran away and cried,
As if she had been hurt.

Mamma, afraid some serious harm
Made Sally scream, was in alarm,
And left the parlour then;

But when the cause she came to learn,
She bade her daughter back return,
So see the worm again.

The worm they found kept writhing round,
Until it sunk beneath the ground,
And Sally learned that day
That worms are very harmless things,
With neither teeth, nor claws, nor stings,
To frighten her away.

THE BIRD-CATCHER

The cat 's in the window and Shock 's at the door:
The pussy-cat mews and the little dog barks;
For, see, such a sight as I ne'er saw before,
A boy with a cage full of linnets and larks!

And pussy the way how to catch them is seeking,
To kill them, and spoil all their singing, poor things;
For singing to them is like little boys speaking;
But fear makes them chirrup and flutter their wings.

Do not fear, pretty birds; for puss shall not eat you.
Go, go, naughty puss! away out of sight.
With crumbs of good bread pretty birds we will treat you,
And give you fresh water both morning and night.

The Cowslip

SUSAN AND PATTY

"Oh! sister Susan! come, pray come,
And see how I have cut my thumb,"
Cried little Patty Green;
"It bleeds, it bleeds, what shall I do?
The knife has cut my finger too;
How naughty I have been!

"My mother only yesterday,
I know, desired me not to play,
With knives so sharp and keen;
Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do?
My father will be angry too,
I dare not now be seen!"

Miss Susan said, "I tell you what
We both will do, my dearest Pat,
I'll fetch a little salt;
And tie this piece of riband round,
And when we've covered up the wound,
Pray tell mamma the fault.

"I think she'll not be angry much,
If you will promise not to touch
The things she has forbid";
Miss Patty thought her sister right,
And crept into her mother's sight,
Expecting to be chid;

But when her mother heard her say,
"Dear mother, do forgive me, pray,
I'll not touch knives again";
She kissed her darling girls, and put
A little plaster on each cut,
Which soon relieved the pain.

HONOUR

As Dick and Bryan were at play
  At trap, it came to pass,
Dick struck the ball so far away,
  He broke a pane of glass.

Though much alarmed, they did not run,
  But walked up to the spot;
And offered for the damage done
  What money they had got.

When accidents like this arise,
Dear children, this rely on;
All honest, honourable boys
Will act like Dick and Bryan.

The Cowslip

SENSIBLE CHARLES

When Charles was only ten years old,
His uncle took him to the play;
The night was bad, he caught a cold,
And lay in bed the following day.

When Charles was well enough to rise,
He gently oped his uncle's door;
And to his very great surprise,
Begged he would take him there no more.

Rhymes for the Nursery

LOVE OF FINERY REPROVED

'T was Sunday morn; the bell had tolled,
When Bess, a child of six years old,
Said, "Dear Mamma, do not refuse
To let me wear my yellow shoes.

"You know, Mamma, my crimson sash —
Oh, dear, I'll cut so great a dash!

And then those feathers, too, I'll wear;
Just think how all the folks will stare!"

Mamma was angry; yet she smiled,
And thus addressed her foolish child:
"Indeed, I wonder much, my love,
Such thoughts your little heart can move.

"Your plain white frock, go quickly bring,
And then those shoes that want a string;
And come, your beaver hat put on —
Make haste, Papa's already gone.

"Let no fine sash, nor glittering dress,
Be ever seen on little Bess.
Nor gaudy coloring e'er be thine:
Be neat, my child, but never fine!

Rhymes for the Nursery

DRESS

MAMMA

To-day there is a chosen party,
Married ladies, misses, too;
Jane, you have an invitation,
Do you feel disposed to go?

I think 't would be for your improvement;
For the ladies you will meet
Are well informed, but not pedantic;
And their manners mild and sweet.

You may make them your examples;
They are what you ought to be —
Wise and "serious, yet not gloomy,
Cheerful, without levity."

JANE

Yes, Mamma, I should admire it;
But I 'm not prepared to go;
The misses will be dressed so richly,
I shall feel ashamed, I know.

To be sure, my clothes are decent;
But, Mamma, they 're very plain —
And I fear I should, from envy,
Wish myself at home again.

I have no zephyr — have no zelia —
Nothing to adorn my waist —
My shoes are not the newest fashion —
My bonnet, not the newest taste.

MAMMA

Would you, then, my dear, be willing
Such a benefit to lose,
For a zephyr, or a zelia,
Or a tasty pair of shoes?

Laura Byron was a beauty;
Fair and delicate as May —
But her usual conversation
Was the fashions of the day.

Once I met her at a party —
Art and wealth united strove
To furnish every adornment,
That her person might improve.

Close beside her sat a lady,
Plain in person, plain in dress;
Such a look as Laura gave her
Asked not language to express,

'T was a look of mingled pity,
Exultation, pride, and scorn —

As if the being she regarded
Of a meaner race was born.

Laura's elegance attracted
Every one's attention first,
But when she began to chatter,
They forsook her with disgust.

While her much despised companion,
By her sense and modesty,
Gained the love and approbation
Of all the admiring company.

What, thought I, are wealth and beauty?
Bubbles, that will break and fall;
While the girl of humble manners,
Wins the heart, before them all.

Mrs. Nancy Sproat

PART IV

The School of Good Manners and Other Selections

THE

SCHOOL

OF

GOOD MANNERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Good Girl's Soliloquy, Poetic Tales, Little Ditties for Little Children, Present to Children," &c., &c.

SCHOOL OF GOOD MANNERS

I

Dear children, if you will attend
The sober counsel of a friend,
Such lessons I will try to give
As you with safety may receive.
First, you must fear, obey, and love
That God who made the worlds above,
The sun and moon, and all the train
Of stars that deck the heavenly plain —
With the wide earth, and mighty seas —
The little plants — the lofty trees —
Huge mountains and the smallest hills —
Broad streams, and humble winding rills —
Each beast that ranges thro' the wood,
And every fish that cleaves the flood —
With every insect, bird, and worm,
Of every colour, every form,
That skims the air, or fills the sod, —
These, these are all the works of God.
Nor these alone — the angel bands
Are fashioned by the same blest hands,
And all the human race that live,
From Him their ev'ry breath receive.

II

IN COMPANY

Intrude not where you're not desired,
Nor stay till every one is tired.

Writhe not your limbs in every shape
Of awkward gesture, like an ape.

Nor twirl your hands, nor hit your toes—
Nor hum a tune — nor pick your nose —

Nor keep in motion as you sit—
Nor on the floor or carpet spit;

If forced by cough, use quiet care,
Nor lean upon another's chair.
If you must cough, or sneeze, be still
In doing it, if possible.

If you must yawn, just turn aside,
And with your hand the motion hide.

And when you blow your nose, be brief,
And neatly use your handkerchief.

All whispering, giggling, winking, shun,
Turn not your backs on any one.

Nor bite your nails, nor lolling stand,
Nor in your pockets keep your hand.

Do not allow yourself to look
In letters, papers, or a book,
Till you have leave. If one is reading,
Don't overlook him: 't is ill-breeding.
Don't wear a frown upon your face;
Let cheerfulness your aspect grace.
To your superiors always strive,
In walking your right hand to give.
A proper distance keep in mind,
Crowd not too near, nor lag behind.
To equals let your conduct be
Marked with sweet affability.

III

IN DISCOURSING

In company do not neglect
To treat superiors with respect.
Speak only when you're spoken to.
Be not inquisitive to know
What others are conversing on —
Come not too near to any one —
Speak not too fast, nor yet too slow,
Nor raise your voice, nor mutter low,
Nor drawl, nor stammer, but speak clear,
And plain, that every one may hear.
And do not answer any one
That's speaking, till you know he's done.
With modesty your language suit,
Nor contradict, nor yet dispute.
Retire from the contentious field,
And calmly your opinion yield.
Should any one a story tell,
Be patient and attend it well:
And if he blunder, drawl, mistake,
No spiteful observation make;
And do not laugh contemptuously,
Whatever may the error be —
Nor help him out by adding more —
Nor say you knew it all before.

Nor ever use such disrespect
As your superiors to correct.
Be careful not to introduce
Frivolities that have no use.
Applaud not your own wit or jest,
But humbly leave it to the rest.
Now, children, if you will receive,
And practice the advice I give,
Lasting and rich will be your gain,
Nor will my labour all be vain.

IV

AT TABLE

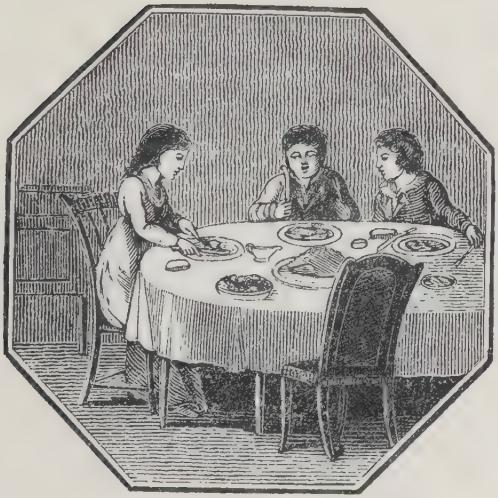
Put on your clothes with decent care,
And keep them neat, and comb your hair.
And be not at the table seen,
Unless your face and hands are clean.
Never presume to sit and eat
Till you have leave to take your seat.
Let not your fork and knife appear
To cut or touch a morsel there.
Don't ask for anything — but wait
Till it is laid upon your plate.
Nor murmur if 't is not the best,
Nor help yourself before the rest.
In conversation, do not seek
(Unless you are required) to speak.
Then let your answers always be
Expressed with sense and modesty.
And listen with attentive ear,
And try t' improve from what you hear.
If you should wish for anything,
Which 't is the servant's place to bring,
Ask for it low and carefully,
Not to disturb the company.
Do not devour with greedy haste
Whatever gratifies your taste.

Nor yet so long and slowly eat
That all the rest will have to wait.
Make with your mouth no smacking sound,
Disgusting all that sit around.

Do not allow yourself to stare
At any one with saucy glare.
Grease not your fingers carelessly,
And break your bread with decency.
Dip not a dirty knife in salt—
And carefully avoid the fault
Of blowing, while at meals, your nose,
Unless necessity impose.

Lean not your arms upon your chair,
But keep your elbows down with care.
Stuff not your mouth, nor blow your meat,
Wait till it 's cool enough to eat.
Sup not your broth with eagerness,
But use a spoon with gentleness.

Turn not your meat, nor view it close,
Nor ever hold it to your nose.
If in your food should chance to be
What can't be eat conveniently,
Such as small bones, or stones of fruit,
Which will not with digestion suit,
Remove them from your mouth away,
Or on your plate with silence lay.
Throw not a morsel on the floor —
Grease not the cloth, or napkin o'er.



Set not your knife and fork up straight.
Gaze not upon another's plate.
And bend a little o'er your meat —
Look not on others while they eat.

When drinking, do not stare around,
Nor make a harsh and gurgling sound.
And often drinking, do not seek.
Fill not your mouth before you speak.

Use not a tooth-pick to be seen;
But hold your napkin for a screen.
And wipe your mouth before you drink,
And afterwards — and never think
To grumble if you are refused
Some dainty dish by others used.
Gnaw not the bones, nor tear the meat,
But take a knife and scrape them neat.
When you have dined, your friends obey,
Whether to leave your place or stay.

V

IN THE HOUSE

Here, should your parents chance to be
Sometimes engaged with company,
And you have anything to say,
Which will not well admit delay,
Whatever 't is they needs *must* hear,
Be sure to whisper in their ear.
Leave not the house without their leave,
Return just at the time they give.
If strangers with your parents sit,
Do not intrude — it is not fit,
Unless you 're called — and then retire
Whenever it is their desire.
To servants let your carriage be
Adorned with gentle courtesy —
Dare not to treat with haughty scorn
Those beneath you in station born.
Let a poor servant's humble name,
Forever your compassion claim:
Sure 't is enough — nor add beside
The cruelty of vaunting pride.
Live with your family in love,
Let every one your kindness prove.
Nor let contention e'er appear
To break a bond so close and dear.

Let not an angry word be spoke,
Nor ever seen an angry look.
No grumbling discontent allow,
Nor sullen obstinacy show.
Nor want of filial love betray
At what your parents do or say.
Should they reprove you or correct,
Beware of wrath or disrespect.
And even should you think them wrong,
Reply not with a saucy tongue.

VI

Honour the rulers of the land,
Obey their every just command.
With reverence your parents treat,
And all their wishes kindly meet.
As to superiors you submit
In everything that 's right and fit,
Be sure you treat with equal grace,
Those serving you in humbler place.
To them be courteous, gentle, good;
Respect their feelings as you would
Those of your kindred, father, mother,
Thus making true "Love one another."
And as their service helps your need,
Considerate be, and, pray, take heed

By helpful ways to save them trouble.
Don't in your play their labour double.
Were *you* 'mong strangers, you can see
How sweet a cordial word would be!
And also always keep in mind
Their virtues, not the faults you find, —
The faithful work, the willing hand,
The loyal help when trouble comes
To overthrow the best of homes, —
And wonder were the parts reversed
If you could do as well.
And to them show kind courtesy
Remembering their humanity
And while they serve you in their place
Respect their worship, and their race.[1]

THE WAY TO FIND OUT PRIDE

Pride, ugly pride, sometimes is seen
By haughty looks, and lofty mien;
But oftener it is found, that pride
Loves deep within the heart to hide;
And while the looks are mild and fair,
It sits and does its mischief there.
Now, if you really wish to find
If pride is lurking in your mind,

[1] This section is modified to suit the present time.

Inquire if you can bear a slight,
Or patiently give up your right.
Can you submissively consent
To take reproof and punishment,
And feel no angry temper start
In any corner of your heart?
Can you with frankness own a crime,
And promise for another time?
Or say you've been in a mistake,
Nor try some poor excuse to make;
But freely own that it was wrong
To argue for your side so long?
Flat contradiction can you bear,
When you are right, and know you are;
Nor flatly contradict again,
But wait, or modestly explain,
And tell your reasons, one by one,
Nor think of triumph when you've done?
Can you, in business, or in play,
Give up your wishes, or your way?
Or do a thing against your will,
For somebody that's younger still?
And never try to overbear,
Or say a word that is not fair?
Does laughing at you in a joke
No anger, nor revenge provoke;
But can you laugh yourself and be
As merry as the company?

Or when you find that you could do
To them as they have done to you,
Can you keep down the wicked thought,
And do exactly as you ought?
Put all these questions to your heart,
And make it act an honest part;
And when they 've each been fairly tried,
I think you 'll own that you have pride:
Some one will suit you as you go,
And force your heart to tell you so;
But if they all should be denied,
Then you 're too proud to own your pride!

Jane Taylor, Hymns for Infant Minds

THE WAY TO CURE PRIDE

Now I suppose, that having tried,
And found the secret of your pride,
You wish to drive it from your heart,
And learn to act an humble part.
Well, are you sorry and sincere?
I 'll try to help you then, my dear.
And first, the best and surest way,
Is to kneel down at once, and pray;
The lowly Saviour will attend,
And strengthen you, and stand your friend.

Tell him the mischief that you find
For ever working in your mind;
And beg his pardon for the past,
And strength to overcome at last,
But then, you must not go your way,
And think it quite enough to pray;
That is but doing half your task;
For you must *watch* as well as *ask* —
You pray for strength, and that is right;
But then it must be strength to fight;
For where 's the use of being strong,
Unless you conquer what is wrong?
Then look within; ask every thought,
If it be humble as it ought.
Put out the smallest spark of pride,
The very moment 't is descried;
And do not stay to think it o'er,
For while you wait it blazes more.
If it should take you by surprise,
And beg you just to let it rise,
And promise not to keep you long,
Say "No; the *smallest* pride is wrong."—
And when there 's something so amiss,
That pride says, "Take offence at *this*":
Then if you feel at all inclined
To brood upon it in your mind,
And think revengeful thoughts within,
And wish it were not wrong to sin,

Oh, stop at once; for if you dare
To wish for sin, that sin is there.
'T will then be best to go and pray
That God would take your pride away;
Or if just then you cannot go,
Pray in your thoughts, and God will know:
And beg his mercy to impart
The best of gifts — an humble heart.
Remember, too, that you must pray,
And watch, and labour, *every* day;
Nor think it wearisome or hard
To be *for ever* on your guard:
No: every morning must begin
With resolutions not to sin;
And every evening recollect
How much you 've failed in this respect.
Ask, whether such a guilty heart
Should act a proud, or humble part;
Or, as the Saviour was so mild,
Inquire if pride becomes a child.
And, when all other means are tried,
Be humble, that you 've so much pride.

Jane Taylor, Hymns for Infant Minds

SULKING

Why is Mary standing there,
Leaning down upon a chair,
With pouting lip and frowning brow?
I wonder what 's the matter now.

Come here, my dear, and tell me true,
Is it because I spoke to you
About the work so badly done,
That you are such a naughty one?

Why, then, indeed, I 'm grieved to see
That you can so ill-tempered be;
You make your fault a great deal worse
By being angry and perverse.

Oh, how much better it appears,
To see you melting into tears,
And then to hear you humbly say,
"I'll not do so another day!"

But when you stand and sulk about,
And look so cross, and cry, and pout
Why, that, my little girl, you know,
Is worse than working ill and slow.

Jane Taylor

WORKING

Well, now I'll sit down and work very fast,
And try if I can't be a good girl at last:
'T is better than being so sulky and haughty,
I 'm really quite tired of being so naughty.

For, as mamma says, when my business is done,
There 's plenty of time left to play and to run;
But when 't is my work-time, I ought to sit still,
And I know that I ought, so I certainly will.

But for fear, after all, I should get at my play,
I will put my wax doll in the closet away;
And I 'll not look to see what the kitten is doing,
Nor yet think of anything else but my sewing.

I'm sorry I've idled so often before,
But I hope I shall never do so any more;
Mamma will be pleased when she sees how I mend,
And have done this long seam from beginning to end!

Jane Taylor

THE VISIT

"Do you go to Norton, mamma, this next week?
I wish you had leisure to listen to me,
For when you are writing I don't like to speak,
And that letter will never be finished, I see."

"I will lay down my pen, then, my dear little child,
For I see you have minded the lesson we read;
Come, jump on my knee here," mamma said and smiled,
As she kissed the soft hair on her Emily's head.

"Yes, to Norton we are going, and what shall I say
To your two little playmates there, Harriet and Ann?
Shall I say you can read now as well as can play,
And can pull out your needle as fast as they can?"

"No, mamma, that was not what I wished you to hear!
And I fear you won't like what I'm going to say;
Stop, put down your head, let me speak in your ear,
For to whisper, I think, is by much the best way."

She asked to be taken her young friends to see,
And to show them her work-box, her dolls, and her toys;
She said she would try such a good child to be,
And be well-bred and kind to the two little boys.

She said if they teased her, or for her dolls cried,
She would not forget she was older than they,
If as boys they were rude, she would try not to chide,
But would put up the dolls until they went away.

From Ann she could learn how her bracelets to string,
And with Harriet would practise doll's bonnets to make;
She would give to the latter her favourite ring,
And for dear little Ann, that Dutch doll she would take.

"Then pray, dear mamma, pray do not say no;
You are always so kind, do indulge me in this:

I think if you like it, papa 'll let me go,
And I shall be so good, I 'll do nothing amiss."

Papa was consulted, and though it was far,
Little Emily's goodness and worth gained the day,
She was promised to go when the next week came round,
And see — there is the carriage now driving away.

Rhymes for the Nursery

THE GOOD-NATURED GIRLS

Two good little girls, Marianne and Maria,
As happily lived as good girls could desire;
And though they were neither grave, sullen, nor mute,
They seldom or never were heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other could get,
They don't go to scratching or fighting for it;
But each one is willing to give up her right,
For they 'd rather have nothing than quarrel and fight.

If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice;
And not like to some greedy children I 've known,
Who would go in a corner to eat it alone.

When papa or mamma had a job to be done,
These good little girls would immediately run;
And not stand disputing to which it belonged,
And grumble, and fret, and declare they were
wronged.

Whatever occurred in their work or their play,
They are willing to yield, and give up their own
way:
Then let us try all their example to mind,
And always like them, be obliging and kind.

Jane Taylor

THE GLEANER

Before the bright sun rises over the hill,
In the cornfield poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill
With the few scattered ears she can glean.

She never leaves off, nor runs out of her place
To play, or to idle, and chat;
Except now and then just to wipe her hot face,
And fan herself with her broad hat.

"Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,
How tired and how hot you must be!
Why don't you leave off as the others have done,
And sit with them under the tree?"

"Oh, no! for my mother lies ill in her bed,
Too feeble to sew or to knit;
And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,
And yet we can't give them a bit!

"Then could I be merry, and idle, and play,
While they are so hungry and ill?
Oh, no! I had rather work hard all the day
My little blue apron to fill."

Jane Taylor

FROLIC IN THE SNOW

"See the snow! see the snow!
Hear the winter wind blow;
Make the fire burn bright;
Shut the doors up tight;
Let it storm, let it storm;
My Willy shall be warm."

"Dear mother, let me go
And frolic in the snow;

'T is so soft and so light,
So beautiful and white,
'T will not hurt me, I know;
Let me go, let me go.

"I don't mind the cold;
I am three years old:
Look at little Rover;
He is powdered all over:
Let me go, let me go,
And frolic in the snow.

"I can do what Rover can;
I am your little man;

Let it storm, let it storm;
I don't want to be warm;
Dear mother, let me go,
And frolic in the snow."

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

GEORGE AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

His petticoats now George cast off,
For he was four years old;
His trousers were nankeen so fine,
His buttons bright as gold—
"May I," said little George, "go out
My pretty clothes to show?
May I, papa? may I, mamma?"
The answer was, "No, no:

"Go run below, George, in the court,
But go not in the street,
Lest naughty boys should play some trick,
Or gipsies you should meet."
Yet, though forbade, George went unseen.
The little boys to see,
And all admired him when he lisped—
"Now, who tho fine ath me?"

But while he strutted to and fro,
So proud, as I've heard tell,
A sweep-boy passed, whom to avoid
He slipped and down he fell.
The sooty lad was kind and good,
To Georgy boy he ran;
He raised him up, and kissing said,
"Hush, hush, my little man!"

He rubbed and wiped his clothes with care,
And hugging said, "Don't cry!
Go home, as quick as you can go!
Sweet little boy, good-bye."
Poor George looked down, and lo, his dress
Was blacker than before;
All over soot, and mud, and dirt,
He reached his father's door.

He sobbed, and wept, and looked ashamed,
His fault he did not hide;
And, since so sorry for his fault,
Mamma she did not chide.
That night, when he was gone to bed,
He jumped up in his sleep,
And cried, and sobbed, and cried again,
"I thought I saw the sweep!"

Adelaide Taylor, Original Poems

THE BOYS AND THE APPLE-TREE

As Billy and Tommy were walking one day,
They came to a fine orchard side;
They 'd rather eat apples than spell, read, or play,
And Tommy to Billy then cried: —

"Oh, brother, look! see what clusters hang there!
I 'll jump and climb over the wall;
I will have an apple; I will have a pear,
Or else it shall cost me a fall."

Said Billy to Tommy, "To steal is a sin,
Mamma has oft told this to thee;
I never yet stole, nor now will begin;
So, red apple, hang on the tree."

"You are a good boy, as you ever have been,"
Said Tommy; "let's walk on, my lad;
We'll call on our school-fellow, little Bob Green,
To see us I know he'll be glad."

They came to a house and they rang at the gate,
And asked, "Pray, is Bobby at home?"
But Bobby's good manners did not let them wait;
He out of the parlour did come.

Bob smiled and he laughed, and he capered with joy,
His little companions to view. —
"We called in to see you," said each little boy;
Said Bobby: "I'm glad to see you."

"Come, walk in our garden, so large and so fine;
You shall, for my father gives leave;
And more, he insists that you stay here to dine,
A rare jolly day we shall have!"

But when in the garden, they found 't was the same,
They saw as they walked in the road;
And near the high wall, when these little boys came,
They started as if from a toad.

"That large ring of iron, which lies on the ground,
With terrible teeth like a saw,"

Said Bobby, "the guard of our garden is found;
It keeps wicked robbers in awe.

"The warning without, should they set it at naught,
This trap tears their legs, oh, so sad!"
Says Billy to Tommy, "So you'd have been caught,
A narrow escape you have had."

Cried Tommy, "I'll mind what my good mother says,
And take the advice of a friend;
I never will steal to the end of my days;
I've been a bad boy, but I'll mend."

Adelaide Taylor, Original Poems

BABES IN THE WOOD

My dear, do you know
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, as I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!

They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things, they lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The Robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sung them this song,
"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember the babes in the wood?"

Nursery Rhymes

FRANCES KEEPS HER PROMISE

"My Fanny, I have news to tell,
Your diligence quite pleases me;
You 've worked so neatly, read so well,
With Cousin Jane you may drink tea.

"But pray, my dear, remember this,
Although to stay you should incline,
Though warmly pressed by each kind miss,
I wish you to return by nine."

With many thanks the little child
Assured mamma she would obey;

When washed and dressed, she kissed and smiled,
And with the maid she went away.

When reached her cousin's, she was shown
To where her little friends were met,
And when her coming was made known,
Around her flocked the cheerful set.

They dance, they play, and sweetly sing,
In every sport each child partakes;
And now the servants sweetmeats bring,
With wine and jellies, fruit and cakes.

In comes papa, and says, "My dears,
The magic lantern if you 'd see,
And that which on the wall appears,
Leave off your play, and follow me."

Whilst Frances too enjoyed the sight,
Where moving figures all combine
To raise her wonder and delight,
She hears the parlour clock strike nine.

The boy walks in, "Miss, Ann is come"—
"Oh, dear, how soon!" the children cry;
They press, but Fanny will go home,
And bids her little friends good-bye.

"My dear mamma, am I not good?"
"You are, indeed," mamma replies;
"But, when you said I knew you would
Return, and thus you've won a prize.

"This way, my love, and see the man
Whom I desired at nine to call;"
Downstairs young Frances swiftly ran,
And found him waiting in the hall.

"Here, miss, are pretty birds to buy,
A parrot, or macaw so gay;
A speckled dove with scarlet eye,
But quickly choose, I cannot stay."

"Would you a Java sparrow love?"
"No, no, I thank you," said the child;
"I'll have a beauteous cooing dove,
So harmless, innocent, and mild!"

"Your choice, my Fanny, I commend,
No bird can with the dove compare;
But lest it pine without a friend,
You may, my dear, choose out a pair."

Jane Taylor

THE SNOW-DOG

She has not a morsel to eat!
  Just fancy a child in that state,
Creeping along all alone in the street,
  A sweet little creature of eight.
The mansion is splendidly lit,
  The supper is shining through flowers,
And the poor little child has not tasted a bit
  For twenty-four terrible hours.

She lays herself down at the door,
  She curls herself up in a heap,
She thinks that this world is too hard for the poor,
  And hopes she may die in her sleep!
So soft, uncomplaining, and small,
  So delicate, slender, and mild,
She lies at the door of the beautiful hall
  A poor, little, desolate child!

Who opens the door bright and gay?
  Who shouts like a hero at least?
Why, who could it be but the lord of the day —
  The birthday-boy, king of the feast!
Rich velvet envelops his form;
  His face is a smiling full-moon;

His golden curls flicker about in the storm;
  His laughter rings out like a tune!

A snow-covered heap in the street,
  He sees it, nor quite understands;
He pushes it on with his wee, dainty feet,
  And clasps his dear, mischievous hands.
He cries, "Oh, what happiness! oh,
  This birthday-gift 's nicest by far.
Hurrah! here 's a beautiful dog in the snow —
  A beautiful snow-dog, hurrah!"

He drags her along in his glee,
  Through chambers of splendour and light,
Still crying, "My snow-dog — and are you for me,
  With your girl's face so pretty and white?"
Ah, child! prize this birthday-gift, 't is
  More precious than gold can procure.
The good God Himself, dear, has given you this,—
  The good God that takes care of the poor.

How pleasantly warm is the fire!
  How soft is the rug where she lies!
Oh, what is there left for her heart to desire,
  As she opens her tremulous eyes?
They feed her with delicate things,
  She laughs that her troubles are past;
She thinks they are angels, she looks for their wings,
  And hopes it is heaven at last!

THE DEAD DOLL

You need n't be trying to comfort me — I tell you my
dolly is dead!
There 's no use saying she is n't, with a crack like that in
her head.
It 's just like you said it would n't hurt much to have my
tooth out, that day;
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you
had n't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I 'm a baby, when you say you
can mend it with glue!
As if I did n't know better than that! Why, just suppose
it was you?
You might make her *look* all mended — but what do I care
for looks?
Why, glue 's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs
of books!

My dolly! My own little daughter! Oh, but it 's the
awfullest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor
head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little
shelf.
Now, nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I
did it myself!

I think you must be crazy — you 'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you, my dolly is dead!
And to think I had n't quite finished her elegant new spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon — I was playing out in the yard —
She said to me, most expressly, "Here 's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish *my* head had been hit!
For I 've hit it over and over, and it has n't cracked a bit.

But since the darling *is* dead, she 'll want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, nurse, and you shall be the horse;
And I 'll walk behind and cry; and we 'll put her in this, you see, —
This dear little box, — and we 'll bury her then under the maple-tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;
And he 'll put what I tell him on it — yes, every single word!
I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

Margaret Vandegrift

DOLLY'S LULLABY

THERE, go to sleep, Dolly, in own mother's lap;
I've put on your night-gown and neat little cap;
So sleep, pretty baby, and shut up your eye,
Bye-bye, pretty Dolly, lie still, and bye-bye.

I'll lay my clean handkerchief over your head,
And then make-believe that my lap is your bed;
So hush, little dear, and be sure you don't cry;
Bye-bye, little Dolly, lie still, and bye-bye.

There, now it is morning, and time to get up,
And I'll crumb you a mess in my own china cup,
So wake, little baby, and open your eye,
For I think it's high time to have done with bye-bye.

Jane Taylor

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT

A CHARMING present comes from town,
A baby-house quite neat;
With kitchen, parlours, dining-room,
And chambers all complete.

A gift to Emma and to Rose,
From grandpapa it came;

Till little Rosa smiled delight,
And Emma did the same.

They eagerly examined all;
The furniture was gay;
And in the rooms they placed their dolls
When dressed in fine array.

At night their little candles lit,
And, as they must be fed,
To supper down the dolls were placed,
And then were put to bed.

Thus Rose and Emma passed each hour
Devoted to their play;
And long were cheerful, happy, kind.
No cross disputes had they;

Till Rose in baby-house would change
The chairs which were below;
"This carpet they will better suit;
I think I'll have it so."

"No, no, indeed," her sister said,
"I'm older, Rose, than you;
And I'm the pet; the house is mine,
Miss, what I say is true."

The quarrel grew to such a height,
Mamma she heard the noise,
And coming in, beheld the floor
All strewed with broken toys.

"O fie, my Emma! Naughty Rose
Say, why thus sulk and pout?
Remember this is New-Year's Day
And both are going out."

Now, Betty calls the little girls,
Ho! Come upstairs and dress;
They still revile with threats and taunts,
And angry rage express.

But, just prepared to leave their room,
Persisting yet in strife,
Rose sickening fell on Betty's lap,
As void of sense or life.

Mamma appeared at Betty's call;
John for the doctor goes;
The measles, he begins to think,
Dread symptoms all disclose.

"But though I stay, my Emma, you
May go and spend the day."

"Oh, no, mamma," replied the child,
"Do suffer me to stay.

"Beside my sister's bed I 'll sit,
And watch her with such care;
No pleasure can I e'er enjoy,
Till she my pleasure share.

"How silly now seems our dispute,
Not one of us she knows;
How pale she looks, how hard she breathes
Poor pretty little Rose!"

Jane Taylor

NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE

My prayers I said, I went to bed,
And soon I fell asleep:
But soon I woke, my sleep was broke,
I through my curtain peep.

I heard a noise of men and boys,
The watchman's rattle too;
And FIRE they cried, — and then cried I, —
Oh, dear! What shall I do?

A shout so loud came from the crowd
Around, above, below;
And in the street the neighbours meet,
Who would the matter know.

Now, down the stairs run threes and pairs
Enough to break their bones;
The firemen swear, the engines tear
And thunder o'er the stones.

The roof and wall, and stair and all,
And rafters tumble in;
Red flames and blaze now all amaze,
And make a dreadful din!

And horrid screams, when bricks and beams
Come tumbling on their heads;
And some are smashed, and some are crashed;
Some leap on feather beds.

Some burn, some choke with fire and smoke!
And oh, what was the cause?
My heart 's dismayed, last night I played
With Tommy, lighting straws!

Adelaide Taylor

THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON

Young Jem at noon returned from school,
As hungry as could be;
He cried to Sue the servant maid,
"My dinner give to me."

Said Sue, "It is not yet come home;
Besides, it is not late."
"No matter that," cried little Jem,
"I do not wish to wait."

Quick to the baker's Jemmy went,
And asked, "Is dinner done?"
"It is," replied the baker's man.
"Then home I 'll with it run."

"Nay, sir," replied he prudently,
"I tell you, 't is too hot;
And much too heavy 't is for you."
"I tell you, it is not.

"Papa, mamma, are both gone out,
And I for dinner long;
So give it me, — it is all mine, —
And, baker, hold your tongue.

"A shoulder 't is of mutton nice!
And batter-pudding too:
I'm glad of that, it is so good:
How clever is our Sue!"

Now near his door young Jem was come,
He round the corner turned;
But O, sad fate! unlucky chance!
The dish his fingers burned.

Low in the gutter down fell dish,
And down fell all the meat;
Swift went the pudding in the stream,
And sailèd down the street.

The people laughed and rude boys grinned,
At mutton's hapless fall;

But though ashamed, young Jemmy cried,
"Better lose part than all."

The shoulder by the knuckle seized,
His both hands grasped it fast,
And deaf to all their gibes and cries,
He gained his home at last.

"Impatience is a fault," says Jem,
"The baker said too true;
In future, patient I will be,
And mind what says our Sue."

Original Poems, Adelaide Taylor

PART V

The Baby: Bed-time Songs and Stories and Hymns

THE BABY

WHAT is the pretty little thing
That nurse so carefully doth bring,
And round its head her apron fling?
A baby.

Oh, dear, how very soft its cheek:
Why, nurse, I cannot make it speak,
And it can't walk, it is so weak,
Poor baby.

Here take a bite, you little dear,
I've got some cake and sweetmeats here,
'T is very nice, you need not fear,
You baby.

Oh, I 'm afraid that it will die,
Why can't it eat as well as I,
And jump, and talk ? do let it try,
Poor baby.

Why, you were once a baby too,
And could not jump, as now you do,
But good mamma took care of you,
Like baby.

And then she taught your pretty feet
To pat along the carpet neat,
And called papa to come and meet
His baby.

Oh, good mamma, to take such care,
And no kind pains and trouble spare,
To feed and nurse you when you were
A baby.

Jane and Ann Taylor

THE BABY'S DANCE

Dance, little baby, dance up high:
Never mind, baby, mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go;

Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round;
Then dance, little baby, and mother shall sing,
While the gay merry coral goes ding, ding-a-ding, ding.

Jane Taylor

Ride away! Ride away!
Baby shall ride.
He shall have Pussy Cat tied to one side,
He shall have little Dog tied to the other,
And Baby shall ride to see his grandmother.

Ride, ride to Salem; ride, ride to Lynn;
Ride, ride to Boston, and then home again.

RIDE TO CHARING CROSS

Ride a cock-horse to Charing Cross,
To see a fair Lady ride on a white horse,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

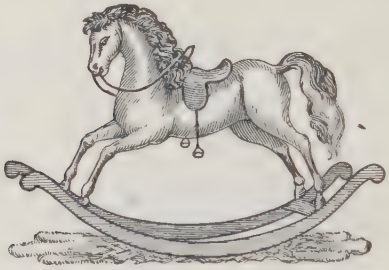
Ride, ride to market,
To buy a plum bun:
Home again, home again,
Market is done.

"Robert Barnes, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?"
"Yes, good sir, that I can,
Well as any other man!
Here a nail and there a prod,
And now, good sir,
Your horse is shod."

Mother Goose

NOBBY GREY

I had a little hobby-horse —
His name was Nobby Grey;
His head was made of gingerbread,
His tail was made of hay.



I saddled him, I bridled him,
I rode him out of town,
There came a little whiff of wind
And blew my hobby down!

Ride, man, ride, lion, ride, Moolly Cow,
Ride, pussy, ride, Kadarcut, ride Bowwow.

Red Robin sat on the old cherry-tree,
Loodle-loodle-loodle-loodle-loo.
I sing very well for myself, quoth he,
Loodle-loodle-loodle-loodle-loo.
And those who don't like it have the same libertie,
Loodle-loodle-loodle-loodle-loo.

RIDE TO BANBURY CROSS

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see what Baby can buy —
A penny white loaf — a penny white cake,
And a twopenny apple pie.

THE WAY LADIES RIDE

This is the way the ladies ride
The ladies ride —
Nim, nim, nim!
This is the way the gentlemen ride
Gentlemen ride —
Trim, trim, trim!

Then comes down, the country clown
The country clown —
Hobble dy-gee,
Hobble dy-gee, gee, gee!

THE BLACKSMITH

Is Master Smith within?
Yes, that he is —
Can he set a shoe?
Aye, marry, two —
Here a nail and there a nail,
Tick, tack, too!

THE BABY'S BIRTHDAY

Come, Charles, blow the trumpet,
And George, beat the drum,
For this is the baby's birthday!
Little Annie shall sing,
And Jemmy shall dance,
And father the jew's-harp shall play.
Rad-er-er too tan-da-ro te
Rad-er-er tad-or-er tan do re.

Come, toss up the ball,
And spin the hum top;
We 'll have a grand frolic to-day;
Let 's make some soap bubbles,
And blow them up high,
And see what the baby will say.
Rad-er-er too tan-da-ro te
Rad-er-er tad-or-er tan do re.

We 'll play the grand Mufti;
Let 's all make a ring;
The tallest the Mufti shall play;
You must look in his face,

And see what he does,
And mind what the Mufti shall say.
Rad-er-er too tan-da-ro te
Rad-er-er tad-or-er tan do re.

And now we 'll play soldiers;
All hold up your heads!
Don't you know 't is the baby's birthday?
You must turn out your toes,
And toss your feet high;
There! this, boys and girls, is the way.
Rad-er-er too tan-da-ro te
Rad-er-er tad-or-er tan do re.

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

GETTING UP

Baby, baby, ope your eye,
For the sun is in the sky,
And he 's peeping once again
Through the frosty window pane;
Little baby, do not keep
Any longer fast asleep.

There, now, sit in mother's lap,
That she may untie your cap,

For the little strings have got
Twisted into such a knot;
Ah! for shame, — you 've been at play
With the bobbin, as you lay.

There it comes, — now let me see
Where your petticoats can be;
Oh, — they 're in the window seat,
Folded very smooth and neat:
When my baby older grows
She shall double up her clothes.

Now one pretty little kiss,
For dressing you as neat as this,
And before we go downstairs,
Don't forget to say your pray'rs,
For 't is God who loves to keep
Little babies in their sleep.

Jane Taylor

LEARNING TO GO ALONE

Come, my darling, come away,
Take a pretty walk to-day;
Run along and never fear,
I 'll take care of baby dear;
Up and down with little feet
That 's the way to walk, my sweet.
Now it is so very near,
Soon she 'll get to mother dear:
There she comes along at last,
Here 's my finger, hold it fast;
Now one pretty little kiss,
After such a walk as this.

Jane Taylor

RINGELY RINGELY

Ringely ringely dah-re-roon,
My baby has slept till almost noon;
Ringely ringely dah-re-roon,
My baby shall have his breakfast soon.

Ringely ringely dah-re-roon,
Here 's his milk, and here 's his spoon;
Ringely ringely dah-re-roon,
He 'll be a month older when comes next moon.

Mrs. Follen

BREAKFAST AND PUSS

Here 's my baby's bread and milk,
For her lip as soft as silk:
Here 's the basin, clean and sweet;

Here 's the stool, and here 's the chair
For my little lady fair.

No, you must not spill it out,
And drop the bread and milk about;
But let it stand before you flat,
And pray remember pussy cat;
Poor old pussy cat that purrs
All so patiently for hers.

True she runs about the house,
Catching now and then a mouse,
But, though she thinks it very nice,
That only makes a tiny slice;
So don't forget that you should stop,
And leave poor puss a little drop.

Jane Taylor

THE COW

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk, to soak my bread;
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

Jane Taylor

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

THREE little kittens lost their mittens;
And they began to cry,
Oh! mother, dear, we very much fear
That we have lost our mittens.
Lost your mittens! you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh! mother, dear, see here, see here,
See, we have found our mittens.

Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,
And you may have some pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh! let us have the pie,
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
Oh! mother, dear, we greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.
Soiled your mittens! you naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,
Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow.
Then they began to sigh,
Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow.

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
Oh! mother, dear, do not you hear,
That we have washed our mittens.
Washed your mittens! Oh! you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by
Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

Mrs. Eliza Follen

OLD PUSSY AND LITTLE KITTY

Old Pussy, grave Pussy,
Sat by the fire;
Little Kitty, pretty Kitty,
Came and sat by her.

Old Pussy, grave Pussy,
Put out her paw,
Little Kitty, frisky Kitty,
Gave it a claw.

Old Pussy, grave Pussy,
Shook her wise head;
Little Kitty, naughty Kitty,
Would n't mind a word she said.

Old Pussy, grave Pussy,
Boxed Kitty's ears;
Little Kitty, sorry Kitty,
Shed many tears.

Old Pussy, grave Pussy,
Said, "Will you be a good child?"
Little Kitty, gentle Kitty,
Said, "Mother, I'll be mild."

Old Pussy, grave Pussy,
Purred aloud for joy
That little Kitty, pretty Kitty,
Was now a good boy.

Anonymous

RUN AND PLAY

THERE, run away, you little things,
And romp, and jump, and play,
You 've been quiet long enough,
So run away, I say.

George, you and Lucy roll your hoops,
You on a stick can ride,
And nurse, with baby, run a race,
Or any play beside.

Or you may play at hounds and hare,
And chase it round and round,
But, as a fall may often chance,
Go on the grassy ground.

Or, if you like, beneath the hedge
To gather wild flowers fair,
Go, get your basket, but be quick,
And I will meet you there.

And afterwards, papa will make
One in your little play,
And he will try to run as fast
As you did yesterday.

The fresh, fresh air so softly blows,
And there shines out the sun,
And active limbs and rosy cheeks
Will in the race be won.

For little boys and girls may romp
And frisk and jump and play,
When book and lessons both are done
So run away, I say.

Rhymes for the Nursery

CHILDREN'S SONG

CHILDREN go
To and fro,
In a merry, pretty row,
Footsteps light,
Faces bright;
'T is a happy sight.
Swiftly turning round and round,
Never look upon the ground,
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Birds are free;
So are we;
And we live as happily.
Work we do,
Study too,
For we learn "twice two";
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Gay as larks upon the wing;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Work is done
Play 's begun;
Now we have our laugh and fun;
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty ways.
Holding fast each other's hand,
We 're a little happy band;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED

Where 's Susan, and Kitty, and Jane?
Where 's Billy, and Sammy, and Jack?
Oh, there they are down in the lane;
Go, Betty, and bring them all back.

But Billy is rude and won't come,
And Sammy is running too fast;
Come, dear little children, come home,
And Billy is coming at last.

I 'm glad he remembers what 's right,
For though he likes sliding on ice,
He should not be long out of sight,
And never want sending for twice.

The Daisy

DRESSED OR UNDRESSED

When children are naughty, and will not be dressed,
Pray, what do you think is the way?
Why, often I really believe it is best
To keep them in night-clothes all day!

But then they can have no good breakfast to eat,
Nor walk with their mother or aunt,

At dinner they 'll have neither pudding nor meat,
Nor anything else that they want.

Then who would be naughty and sit all the day
In night-clothes unfit to be seen?
And pray who would lose all their pudding and play,
For not being dressed neat and clean.

The Daisy

FIDDLEDEDEE

Fiddledee, diddledee, dido,
A poor little boy he cried, O;
He cried, for what?
Oh, I've forgot;
Perhaps you had better ask Fido.

Fiddledee, diddledee, dido,
The dog ran off to hide, O;
He 'll bark and squeak,
But never speak —
There 's no use in asking Fido.

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

A LITTLE GIRL THAT DID NOT LIKE TO BE WASHED

What! cry when you 're washed, and not love
to be clean?
There, go and be dirty, not fit to be seen,
And till you leave off, and I see you have smiled,
I won't take the trouble to wash such a child.

Suppose I should leave you now just as you are,
Do you think you 'd deserve a sweet kiss from papa?
Or to sit on his knee, and learn pretty great A,
With fingers that have not been washed all the day!

Ah! look at your fingers, you see it is so?
Did you ever behold such a little black row?
And for once you may look at yourself in the glass:
There 's a face to belong to a good little lass!

Come, come, now I see you 're beginning to clear,
You won't be so foolish again, then, will you, dear.

Jane or Ann Taylor

BABY BROTHER

"Oh, dear mamma, where are you gone?
Come here, the baby stands alone!
And only think, indeed, 't is truth,
He has, just feel, a little tooth!

"Look at his pretty shining hair;
His cheeks so red, his skin so fair;
His curly ringlets just like flax;
His little bosom just like wax.

"Oh, how I long till he can walk;
And then I'll long till he can talk;
And then I'll long till he can play,
When we have said our tasks each day.

"I think he's growing very wise;
Now, don't you think so?" Julia cries,
Then to the cradle off she ran,
To kiss the little fairy-man.

Rhymes for the Nursery

THE GOOD MOOLY COW

Come! supper is ready;
Come! boys and girls, now,
For here is fresh milk
From the good mooly cow.

Have done with your fife,
And your row de dow dow,
And taste this sweet milk
From the good mooly cow.

Whoever is fretting
Must clear up his brow,
Or he 'll have no milk
From the good mooly cow.

And here is Miss Pussy;
She means by *mee-ow*,
Give me too some milk
From the good mooly cow.

When children are hungry,
Oh, who can tell how
They love the fresh milk
From the good mooly cow!

So, when you meet mooly,
Just say, with a bow,
" Thank you for your milk,
Mrs. Good Mooly Cow."

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

LEARNING TO SEW

Will my baby try and sew?
A blunted needle I have got,
With muslin soft to run it through,
And thread that 's fastened with a knot.

And pencilled dots mamma has made
Where every little stitch should go;
There, push it in, be not afraid,
But you must try to hold it so,

Upon your little finger, thus,
With needle pointed to your chest,
You now may gently pull it through;
That is the way to do it best.

The thimble on this finger placed,
You have not learned to use, my sweet;
But gently go, be not in haste,
So will you do it nice and neat.

And then, by practising and care,
Your little hands will perfect grow,
And when you make something to wear,
Papa will be so pleased, you know.

Rhymes for the Nursery

LEARNING TO DRAW

"COME, here are a slate and a pencil and string,
So let us sit down, and draw some pretty thing;
A man, and a cow, and a horse, and a tree,
And when you have finished, pray show them to me.

"What! cannot you do it? Shall I show you how?
Come, give me your pencil, I'll draw you a cow.
You've made the poor creature look very forlorn!
She has but three legs, dear, and only one horn.

"Now see, I have drawn you a beautiful cow;
And here is a dicky-bird perched on a bough;

And here are some more flying down from above;
There, now, is not that very pretty, my love?"

"Oh, yes, very pretty! now make me some more,
A house with a gate, and a window, and door,
And a little boy flying his kite with a string:
For you know, dear mamma, you can draw anything!"

Jane or Ann Taylor

THE SUN IS UP

The sun is up, the sun is up,
Sing merrily we, the sun is up.
The birds they sing,
Upon the wing,
Hey nony-nony no.
The pigeons coo,
The moolies moo,
Hey troli-loli lo.
The sun is up, the sun is up,
Sing merrily we, the sun is up.

The horses neigh,
The young lambs play,
Hey nony-nony no.
The bees they hum,
Oh, quickly come!
Hey troli-loli lo;

The sun is up, the sun is up,
Sing merrily we, the sun is up.

The morning hours,
The dewy flowers,
Hey nony-nony no,
And all we meet
Are fresh and sweet,
Hey troli-loli lo.
The sun is up, the sun is up,
Sing merrily we, the sun is up.

Then sleepy heads,
All leave your beds!
Hey nony-nony no.

For everything
Doth sweetly sing
Hey troli-loli lo.
The sun is up, the sun is up,
Sing merrily we, the sun is up.

Mrs. Eliza Follen

COME AND PLAY IN THE GARDEN

Little sister, come away,
And let us in the garden play,
For it is a pleasant day.

On the grass-plat let us sit,
Or, if you please, we 'll play a bit,
And run about all over it.

But the fruit we will not pick,
For that would be a naughty trick,
And, very likely, make us sick.

Nor will we pluck the pretty flowers
That grow about the beds and bowers,
Because you know they are not ours.

We 'll take the daisies, white and red,
Because mamma has often said
That we may gather them instead.

And much I hope we always may
Our very dear mamma obey,
And mind whatever she may say.

Jane Taylor

LITTLE GIRLS MUST NOT FRET

WHAT is it that makes little Harriet cry?
Come, then, let mamma wipe the tear from her eye:
There — lay down your head on my bosom — that 's right,
And now tell mamma what 's the matter to-night.

What! baby is sleepy, and tired with play?
Come, Betty, make haste, then, and fetch her away;
But do not be fretful, my darling, you know
Mamma cannot love little girls that are so.

She shall soon go to bed and forget it all there,
Ah! here's her sweet smile come again, I declare;
That's right, for I thought you quite naughty before;
Good-night, my dear girl, but don't fret any more.

Jane Taylor, Rhymes for the Nursery

GOOD–NIGHT

Baby, baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away;
All the clothes are tucked in tight,
Little baby, dear, good-night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the window-pane;
But they cannot come in here
To my little baby, dear.

For the curtains warm are spread
Round about her cradle bed;
And her little night-cap hides
Every breath of air besides;
So till morning shineth bright,
Little baby, dear, good-night.

Jane Taylor

NO BREAKFAST FOR GROWLER

"No, naughty Growler, get away,
You shall not have a bit;
Now when I speak, how dare you stay?
I can't spare any, sir, I say,
And so you need not sit."

"Poor Growler! do not make him go,
But recollect, before,
That he has never served you so;
For you have given him many a blow,
That patiently he bore.

"Poor Growler! if he could but speak,
He 'd tell (as well he might)
How he would bear with many a freak,
And wag his tail, and look so meek,
And neither bark nor bite.

"Upon his back he lets you ride,
All round and round the yard;
And now, while sitting by your side,
To have a bit of bread denied
Is really very hard.

"And all your little tricks he 'll bear,
And never seem to mind;
And yet you say you cannot spare
One bit of breakfast for his share,
Although he is so kind!"

Jane and Ann Taylor

THE LITTLE COWARD

Why, here's a foolish little man,
Laugh at him, donkey, if you can;
And cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,
Come every one of you and laugh;

For, only think, he runs away
If honest donkey does but bray!
And when the bull begins to bellow,
He's like a crazy little fellow.

Poor Brindle cow can hardly pass
Along the hedge, to nip the grass,
Or wag her tail to lash the flies,
But off he runs, and out he cries!

And when old Tray comes jumping too,
With "Bow, wow, wow," for "How d'ye do,"
And means it all for civil play,
'T is sure to make him run away.

But all the while you 're thinking, may be,
"Ah! well, but this must be a baby."
Oh! cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,
It seems enough to make you laugh,
He 's five years old, and almost half!

Jane and Ann Taylor's Nursery Rhymes

IT CAN'T BE SO

A BOY once went around the world,
Till he a golden castle found;
Then laughed the boy,
Then thought the boy,

"Oh, were that golden castle mine,
How brightly then my house would shine!"
Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no!
My little boy, it can't be so.

Again he went around the world,
Till he a flying pony found;
Then laughed the boy,
Then thought the boy,
"Oh, were that flying pony mine,
Then I should be a horseman fine."
Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no!
My little boy, it can't be so.

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT BEAT HER SISTER

Go, go, my naughty girl, and kiss
  Your little sister dear;
I must not have such things as this,
  Nor noisy quarrels here.

What! little children scold and fight,
  That ought to be so mild!
Oh, Mary, 't is a shocking sight
  To see an angry child.

I can't imagine, for my part,
  The reason of your folly;
As if she did you any hurt,
  By playing with your dolly!

See, how the little tears do run
  Fast, from her wat'ry eye;
Come, my sweet innocent, have done,
  'T will do no good to cry.

Go, Mary, wipe her tears away,
  And make it up with kisses;
And never turn a pretty play
  To such a pet as this is.

Jane Taylor

DO YOU GUESS IT IS I?

I AM a little thing;
  I am not very high;
I laugh, dance, and sing,
  And sometimes I cry.

I have a little head
All covered o'er with hair,
And I hear what is said
With my two ears there.

On my two feet I walk;
I run too with ease;
With my little tongue I talk
Just as much as I please.

I have ten fingers too,
And just so many toes;
Two eyes to see through,
And but one little nose.

I've a mouth full of teeth,
Where my bread and milk go in,
And close by, underneath,
Is my little round chin.

What is this little thing,
Not very, very high,
That can laugh, dance, and sing?
Do you guess it is I?

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

THE TUMBLE

Tumble down, tumble up, never mind it, my sweet;
No, no, never beat the poor floor;
'T was your fault, that you could not stand straight on your feet,
Beat yourself, if you beat any more.

Oh, dear! what a noise: will a noise make it well?
Will crying wash bruises away?
Suppose that it should bleed a little and swell,
'T will all be gone down in a day.

That 's right; be a man, love, and dry up your tears;
Come, smile, and I 'll give you a kiss;
If you live in the world but a very few years,
You must bear greater troubles than this.

Ah! there 's the last tear dropping down from your cheek!
All the dimples are coming again!
And your round little face looks as ruddy and meek,
As a rose that 's been washed in the rain.

Jane Taylor

SUPPER'S READY

The sun is set, the schools are done,
The boys and girls have all come home,
And now they want their supper quick;
Come, Betty, get the pudding-stick.

And see, the cows have left the dale;
Run, Peggy, run and get the pail,
And milk as fast as e'er you can,
And strain it in the largest pan.

Then get some bowls and dip it out,
And drop the pudding all about;
Come now, dear children, come and eat,
Your pudding 's hot, your milk is sweet.
Oh! what a lovely supper this is
For masters and for little misses.

Now, bid good-night, and go upstairs,
And when you all have said your prayers,
Undress and go to bed, and sleep
Till morning light begins to peep.

GOOD DOBBIN

Oh! Thank you, good Dobbin, you 've been a long track,
And have carried papa all the way on your back;
You shall have some nice oats, faithful Dobbin, indeed,
For you 've brought papa home to his darling with speed.

The howling wind blew, and the pelting rain beat,
And the thick mud has covered his legs and his feet;
But yet on he galloped, in spite of the rain,
And has brought papa home to his darling again.

The sun it was setting a long while ago,
And papa could not see the road where he should go;
But Dobbin kept on through the desolate wild,
And has brought papa home to his dear little child.

Now, go to the stable, the night is so raw,
Go, Dobbin, and rest your old bones on the straw;
Don't stand any longer out here in the rain,
For you 've brought papa home to his darling again.

Jane Taylor

THE NEW MOON

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and bright,
I hope she 'll not grow any more.

If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I 'd rock in it nicely, you see;
I 'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 't would be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes,

And there I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

WHEN EVENING IS COME

When evening is come,
And father's at home,
Mother says that we may
Have a go-to-bed play.

A book he will bring us,
A song he will sing us,
A story he 'll tell us,
He 'll make-believe sell us.
And we will cut papers,
And all sorts of capers,

And laugh, dance, and play,
And frolic away,
When evening is come,
And father 's at home.

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

SLEEPY HARRY

"I DO not like to go to bed,"
The sleepy little Harry said;
"So, naughty Betty, go away,
I will not come at all, I say."

"What a silly little fellow!
I should be ashamed to tell her;
Betty, you must come and carry
Very foolish little Harry.

"The little birds are better taught,
They go to roosting when they ought.

And all the ducks and fowls, you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

"The little beggar in the street,
Who wanders with his naked feet,
And has not where to lay his head,
Oh, he'd be *glad* to go to bed."

Jane and Ann Taylor

THE BEST WAY

When little Fred
Was sent to bed,
He always acted right:
He kissed papa and then mamma
And wished them both good-night.

He made no noise
  Like naughty boys,
But quietly upstairs
Directly went as soon as sent
  And always said his prayers.

Rhymes for the Nursery

DING DONG! DING DONG!

Ding dong! ding dong!
  I'll sing you a song;
'T is about a little bird;
  He sat upon a tree,
  And he sang to me,
And I never spoke a word.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song;
'T is about a little mouse;
He looks very cunning,
As I saw him running
About my father's house.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song
About my little Kitty;
She 's speckled all over,
And I know you 'll love her,
For she is very pretty.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I have sung my song;
Now give me a little kiss;
I'll sing you another,
Some time or other,
That is prettier than this.

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

ROSY-POSY

Rosy, my posy,
You 're sleepy and dozy,
Sit upon grandmamma's knee —

Songs I will sing you
Sweet sleep to bring you,
Cuddle up cosy with me.

I will sing ditties
Of birds and of kitties,
The song of the well to begin,
How young Johnny Stout
Pulled Pussy cat out
When Johnny Green let her fall in;

Of timid Miss Muffet
Who fled from the tuffet, —
Of birdie that sings on the tree —
Of Jack and his Jill,
And the mouse in the mill,
And Bobby who sailed on the sea.

Rosy, my Posy,
So weary and dozy —
Now she is coming, I see,
All sleepy and dozy
To cuddle up cosy
And hush-a-by baby with me.

A. A. G. Carter

GOING TO BED

Down upon my pillow warm,
I do lay my little head,
And the rain and wind and storm
Cannot come a-nigh my bed.

Many little children poor,
Have not anywhere to go,
And sad hardships they endure,
Such as I did never know.

Dear mamma, I thank you oft
For my comfortable bed,
And this pretty pillow soft,
Where I rest my little head.

I shall sleep till morning light,
On a bed so nice as this;
So my dear mamma, good-night;
Give your little girl one kiss.

Jane Taylor

THE STARS AND THE BABIES

"When the stars go to sleep,
The babies awake,
And they prattle and sparkle all day;
Then the stars light their lamps,
And their playtime they take,
While the babies are sleeping away.

"So good-night, little baby,
And shut up your eyes;
Let the stars now have their turn at play;

They soon will begin
To shoot through the skies,
And dance in the bright Milky Way."

"No, no, my dear nurse,
I cannot go to sleep;
Since you 've put the thought into my head,
Let us have with the stars
One game at bo-peep;
Then good-night, and a kiss, and to bed."

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

OH, LOOK AT THE MOON

Oh, look at the moon!
She is shining up there;
O mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she 's grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,

And make it all bright
  On my nursery floor!

You shine on my playthings,
  And show me their place,
And I love to look up
  At your bright, pretty face.

And there is a star
  Close by you, and may be
That small twinkling star
  Is your little baby.

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

THE STAR

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark,
Lights the traveller in the dark —
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Jane Taylor

SUNDOWN

THE beautiful sun has forsaken the earth,
And finished another new day;
The birds have done singing, the hens are asleep,
And the little boy 's tired of his play.

But before he lies down on his bed for the night,
He should thank his dear Father above,
For guarding his life, taking care of his health,
And for all the kind gifts of his love.

My Little Hymn Book

THE SWEET LITTLE ONE

I KNOW a little lamb,
I know a little dove,
It is a little beauty O,
It is a little love.

The little lammies bleat,
The doves can sweetly coo,
And this dear little beauty O,
Can make sweet music too.

'T is a soft little lamb,
Though fleece hath it none.
I love the little beauty O,
The good little one.

'T is a fair little dove,
Though it has not any wings;
'T is the softest and fairest O,
Of all little things.

What is this little dear
That makes my heart so warm?
It is the little Baby O
That sleeps on mother's arm.

Ann Augusta Gray

NURSERY SONG

As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say,
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet;
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh! he is my darling, my heart's delight."

And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hill side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens three!
I heard her whispering soft: said she,
"My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe-she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon, and night.
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell,
Which of the three for the life of me,
I love them all so well.
Now I 'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we 'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.

She clucked and she scratched and she bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine!
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens,
The ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am.
For lambs nor for kittens I won't part with these
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on their knees.
No! No! not though the kittens could crow,
Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cosily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped,
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my arm.

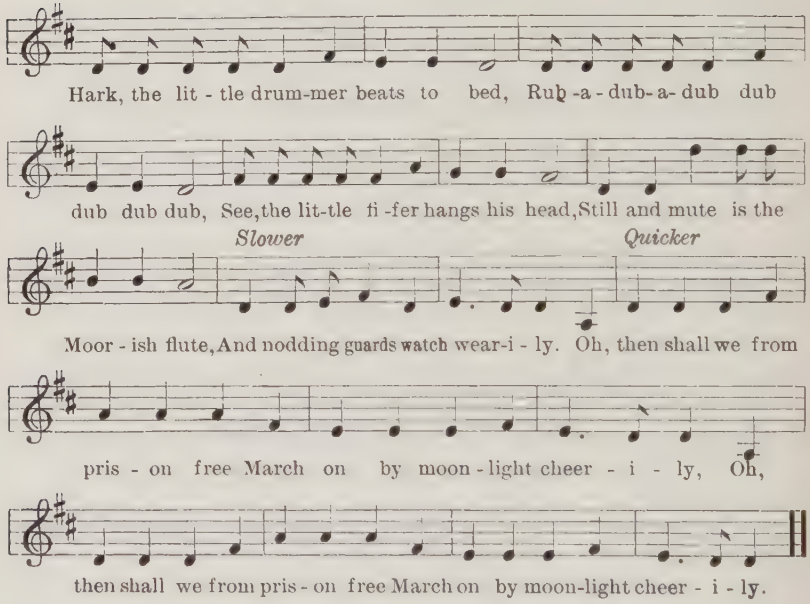
Mrs. Carter
(*Ann Augusta Gray*)

THE OSTRICH DANCE

HAVE you seen little Sally
Dance the Ostrich Dance?
The dainty way she does it
Will surely you entrance.
With the left foot here,
And the right foot there,
And the ostrich feathers waving
In her golden hair,
She 's surely very charming —
You 'll see it at a glance —
When little Sally dances
In the Ostrich Dance.

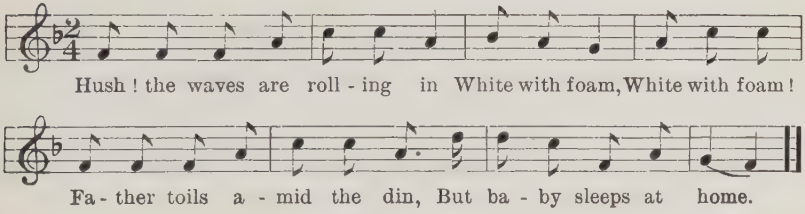
Rudyard Kipling

THE MARCH TO BED


Hark, the lit - tle drum-mer beats to bed, Rub-a-dub-a-dub dub
dub dub dub, See, the lit-tle fi-fer hangs his head, Still and mute is the
Slower
Quicker
Moor - ish flute, And nodding guards watch wear-i - ly. Oh, then shall we from
pris - on free March on by moon - light cheer - i - ly, Oh,
then shall we from pris - on free March on by moon-light cheer - i - ly.

HARK the little drummer beats to bed,
See the little fifer hangs his head.
Still and mute is the Moorish flute,
While nodding guards watch wearily.
Oh, then shall we from prison free
March on by moonlight cheerily.
Oh, then shall we from prison free
March on by moonlight cheerily.

OLD GAELIC LULLABY



HUSH ! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam !
Father toils amid the din;
But Baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the winds roar hoarse and deep, —
On they come, on they come !
Brother keeps the wand'ring sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.

From Lullaby, Anonymous

THE SAND-MAN

What has this man got? A sack.
Where does he carry it? On his back.
What is there in it? Tell if you 're wise;
Why, sand to throw in the children's eyes.

The sand-man, the sand-man,
Oh, is n't he a grand man?
Be you ever so wise, he 'll throw dust in your eyes,
I 'd have you to understand, man.

When night comes, and time for bed;
In he steps with muffled tread;
In his sack he thrusts his hand,
Out he pulls a handful of sand;
And herein the trickery lies,
That he throws it right in the children's eyes.

The sand-man, the sand-man,
Oh, is n't he a grand man?
Be you ever so wise, he 'll shut your eyes,
And make you to sleep — will sand-man.

From the German Lullaby

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs thro' the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his night-gown;
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock:
"Are the weans in their bed,
For it 's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey! Willie Winkie,
Are you coming, then?
The cat 's singing purrie
To the sleeping hen;
The dog is lying on the floor,
And does not even peep;
But here 's a wakeful laddie,
That will not fall asleep."

Anything but sleep, you rogue!
Glowering like the moon!
Rattling in an iron jug
With an iron spoon;
Rumbling, tumbling all about,
Crowing like a cock,

Screaming like I don't know what,
Waking sleeping folk.

"Hey! Willie Winkie,
Can't you keep him still?
Wriggling off a body's knee
Like a very eel;
Pulling at the cat's ear,
As she drowsy hums;
Hey, Willie Winkie,
See! — there he comes!"

Wearied is the mother,
That has a restless wean,
A wee stumpy bairnie,
Heard whene'er he 's seen —
That has a battle aye with sleep,
Before he 'll close an e'e;
But a kiss from off his rosy lips
Gives strength anew to me.

From Nursery Songs of Scotland Lullaby

WAKEFUL WILLY

I HAD a little baby once,
I called him Wakeful Willy,
He would n't go to sleep one night,
He was so very silly.

I went and asked the moolly cow
If in her arms she'd lock him,
And if she could but spare the time
Would just sit down and rock him.

She said she had no rocking-chair,
Else she would be quite willing;
She'd give him supper of warm milk,
And never charge a shilling.

I asked the cat upon the mat,
To rock my child to slumber.
Said Puss, "I never rocked a babe,
Though I've had quite a number."

I went and asked the speckled hen,
If 'neath her wings she'd fold him,
And sing him every song she knew,
And if he stirred to scold him.

She said *her* babies slept so well
She never sang a staver;
Indeed she could n't sing a song
If from the cook 't would save her.

I asked the horse to leave his oats,
The old horse in the stable,
To come and rock my boy to sleep,
And sing if he was able.

But he had been a journey long,
He said, and felt quite weary,
Or else he 'd gladly come and sing,
His best song to my deary.

The speckled frog upon a log,
Down in the reeds lay sprawling.
I said, "Come up and rock my boy,
For music is your calling."

"Alas," he said, and sadly sighed,
"Music my meat and drink is,
But once I wet my feet, and since,
Am troubled with bronchitis!"

The white owl on the willow tree,
Looked graceful as a lily.
I asked him to come in and sing,
A song to Wakeful Willy.

He looked at me with two great eyes
And said he could not now sing,
For wise folks were but just awake
And 't was his time for mousing.

I looked about in hopes to see,
A nightingale or mavis,

When upstairs hopped a pretty bird,
'T was Willy's sister Avis.

And Avis stayed and sang to him,
As well as she was able,
While Mother went to pour the tea
For Father at the table.

MAMMA!

My own mamma!
My dear mamma!
How happy I shall be,
To-morrow night,
At candle-light,
When she comes home to me.

To-morrow night,
At candle-light,—
Yes, that 's the time, they say,
That she 'll be here,
Our mother dear,—
How long she 's been away.

'T is just a week,
Since on my cheek

She pressed the parting kiss;
It seems like two, —
I never knew
So long a week as this.

My tangled hair
She smoothed with care,
With water bathed my brow;
And all with such
A gentle touch, —
There 's none to do so now.

I cannot play
When she 's away;
There 's none to laugh with me;
And much I miss
The tender kiss, —
The seat upon her knee.

When up to bed
I 'm sorrowing led,
I linger on the stairs;
I lie and weep —
I cannot sleep —
I scarce can say my prayers.

But she will come,
She 'll be at home

To-morrow night, and then
I hope that she
Will never be
So long away again.

The Floweret, Anna M. Wells

THE BABY SOLDIER

Another little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin.

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave!

LADY MOON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All who love me.
Are you not tired with rolling and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale, and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?
Ask me not this, little child, if you love me,
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I 'm told.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the lea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All who love me.

Richard Monckton Milnes

SLEEP FAIRY

"Heigho, my precious!" sings the little brown Mary,—
Baby is sleeping, and Mary is too!
So shut the white eyelids and hark for Sleep Fairy!
She 'll come with her dream-songs to sister and you.

Hear her soft mantle, among the high grasses!
Hear the sweet twang as she touches the strings;
All the winds pause when her fairy harp passes,
All the birds listen when Sleep Fairy sings.

Heigho, my primrose, the daylight is sleeping!
Draw the white curtains across your blue eyes,
Shut out the shadow that round us comes creeping,
For night never darkens in Sleep Fairy's skies.

See how the daisies nid, nod, as they listen!
All the brown bunnies lie warm in their nests,
Deep in the brook-bed the still fishes glisten,
Sleep Fairy sings while the busy world rests.

Annie E. Tynan

THE SLEEPY SONG

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colours are grey and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
  And one runs after behind;
The grey one's nose at the white one's tail,
  The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
  They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next —
  Their colours are white and grey.

And over they go, and over they go,
  And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
  And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
  The good little, grey little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
  And she says that I fall asleep.

Josephine Daskam

THE NESTLING

A NESTLING in the little crib,
  A soft hand laid upon my head,
A gentle whisper in my ear,
  "Mamma, I 'm tummin' into bed!"

"Oh, no!" I said, "'t will never do;
Now shut those little peepers tight,
And sleep and dream till morning breaks,
Then you may come, — when comes the light."

Again a nestling in the crib
As down to rest my birdie lay;
I listened, for I thought she spoke:
"Huddy up, Light!" I heard her say.

Then all was still. We slept again,
Till dawn lit up the eastern sky;
Then sang my birdie clear and sweet,
"Now light has tome, and so has I."

Posies for Children

CRADLE SONG

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
And, without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
  Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
  And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
  Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
  And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! What glorious features!
  Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?
  How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
  Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger?—
  Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
  Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
  And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
  How the Jews abused their King,

How they served the Lord of glory
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing,
Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo! he slumbers in the manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed! —
Peace, my darling, here 's no danger,
There 's no ox a-near thy bed.

'T was to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from sin and shame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts

SWEDISH MOTHER'S HYMN

THERE sitteth a dove so white and fair,
All on the lily spray,
And listeneth how to Jesus Christ
The little children pray.

Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in heaven she bears
The prayers which the children have said.

And back she comes from heaven's gate,
And brings, that dove so mild,
From the Father in heaven, who hears her speak,
A blessing on every child.

Then, children, lift up a pious prayer,
It hears whatever you say;
That heavenly dove so white and fair,
All on the lily spray.

Fredrika Bremer (*translated by Mary Howitt*)

A CHILD'S PRAYER

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
And oh, accept my prayer;
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight,
To serve thee while I live.

THE PLEASURES OF INDUSTRY

MAMMA, my dear mamma, I 've been so happy all the day,
And yet I 've done a deal of work and had but little play;
The time that sometimes seems so long has seemed so short to me,
And yet the real length 's the same; where can the difference be?

When first I rose I dressed myself, Jane was not in the way,
I crept as quiet as a mouse to the bed where Baby lay;
I stole into the garden next, — 't was gemmed with morning dew, —
And gathered some ripe strawberries for dear Papa and you.

Then breakfast came; you know, Mamma, I was not idle then.
You said you thought my motto was, "Eat quick and come again";
And something else you said beside: it was you could n't eat
If you had not been tempted by my strawberries so sweet.

What was the next thing that I did? Oh, now I recollect.
I tried to make amends for yesterday's neglect;
The flowers within the drawing-room were withered all and dead,
And so I gathered fresher ones and placed them in their stead.

Then poor Dame Goodman came to say her son was very ill,
And that the doctor had declared he must be kept quite still;

But that he could not sleep because the children made a noise,
And so to keep them quieter I offered them my toys.

She smiled and thanked me very much, and said she could not tell,
But she believed my welcome gifts would help to make him well;
Because they 'd keep the little ones so quiet all the day,
And if he could but sleep awhile his pains would go away.

Then came the time for needlework. I marked two letters well,
And hemmed a pocket-handkerchief and taught myself to spell
Those three hard words that you had marked as being wrong before,
And then the parlour clock chimed out the welcome hour of four.

Then farewell slates and books, and all my daily task was done,
And I was free to range about, to sing, to laugh, to run,
To skip, to dance, to ride, to walk, or with my dolls to play,
Now, dear Mamma, say, has not this been a delightful day?

It has, dear child; the reason is you have been well employed.
That is the secret why the day has been so much enjoyed.

Mrs. A. Watts

GOD SEES ME

Through all the busy daylight, through all the quiet night,
Whether the stars are in the sky, or the sun is shining bright,
In the nursery, in the parlour, in the street, or on the stair,
Though I may seem to be alone, yet God is always there.

Whatever I may do,
Wherever I may be,
Although I see him not,
Yet God sees me.

He knows each word I mean to speak before the word is spoken;
He knows the thoughts within my heart, although I give no token;
When I am naughty, then I grieve my Heavenly Father's love;
And every time I really try, he helps me from above.

Whatever I may do,
Wherever I may be,
Although I see him not,
Yet God sees me.

I have kind and tender parents, I have many loving friends,
But none love me as God loves me; and all that 's good he sends.
I will walk as God shall lead me, while the sun is in the sky;
And lay me down and sleep in peace beneath his watchful eye.

Whatever I may do,
Wherever I may be,
Although I see him not,
Yet God sees me.

Mary E. Parkman

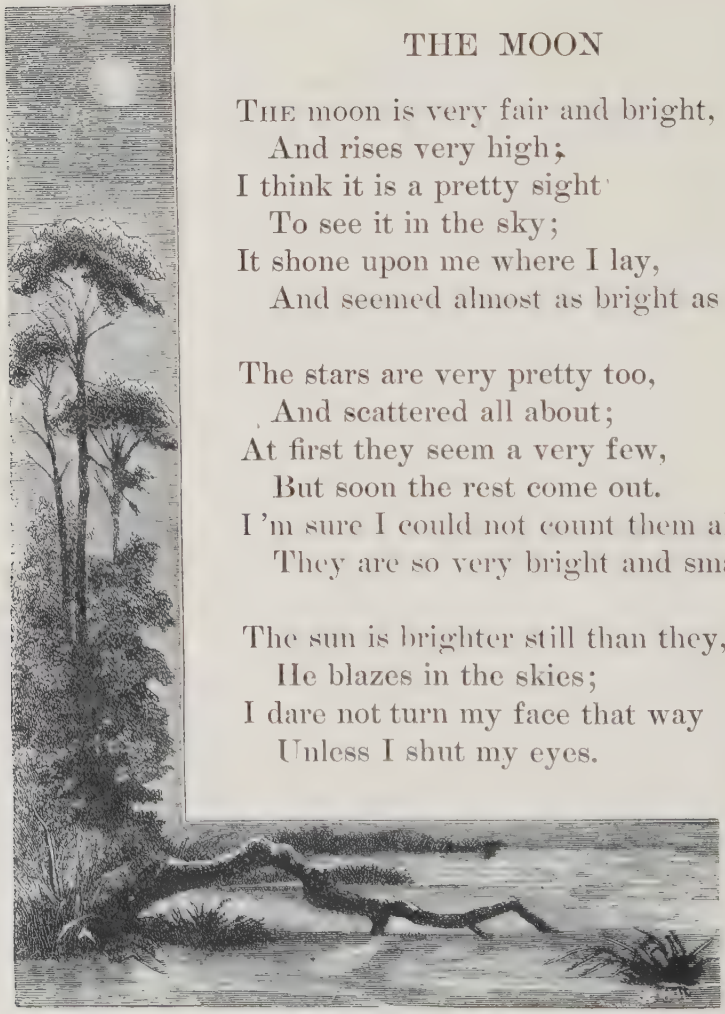
MORNING HYMN

FOR A LITTLE CHILD

Now, before I run to play,
Let me not forget to pray
To God who kept me through the night
And waked me with the morning light.

Help me, Lord, to love thee more
Than I ever loved before,
In my work and in my play,
Be thou with me through the day.

Anonymous



THE MOON

The moon is very fair and bright,
And rises very high;
I think it is a pretty sight
To see it in the sky;
It shone upon me where I lay,
And seemed almost as bright as day.

The stars are very pretty too,
And scattered all about;
At first they seem a very few,
But soon the rest come out.
I 'm sure I could not count them all,
They are so very bright and small.

The sun is brighter still than they,
He blazes in the skies;
I dare not turn my face that way
Unless I shut my eyes.

Yet when he shines our hearts revive,
And all the trees rejoice and thrive.

God is more glorious than the sun
And all the stars of light;
He made and keeps them every one,
By his own power and might.
And when we end our mortal race,
The pure in heart shall see his face.

Hymns for Infant Minds, J. and A. Taylor

EVENING HYMN

God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light:
Who the day for toil has given,
For rest the night, —
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Heber

MORNING HYMN

O God, I thank thee that the night
  In peace and rest hath passed away;
And that I see, in this fair light,
  My Father's smile, that makes it day.

Be thou my Guide, and let me live
  As under thine all-seeing eye:
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
  And make me happy when I die.

John Pierpont

EVENING HYMN

Another day its course hath run,
  And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
  And thou wilt be by night my rest.

Sweet sleep descends my eyes to close;
  And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
  My spirit to my Father's will.

John Pierpont

PSALM CXXXIX: 11–12

Even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.

THEE in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round me spread.

James Montgomery

ABOUT GOD WHO MADE THE SUN AND MOON

CHILD. I saw the glorious sun arise
From yonder mountain grey;
And as he travelled through the skies,
The darkness fled away;
And all around me was so bright,
I wished it would be always light.

But when his shining course was done,
The gentle moon drew nigh,
The stars came twinkling, one by one,
Upon the shady sky.
Who made the sun to shine so far,
The moon, and every twinkling star?

MAMMA. 'T was God, my child, who made them all,
By his almighty skill;
He keeps them that they do not fall,
And guides them by his will,—
That glorious God, who lives afar,
In heaven beyond the highest star.

CHILD. How very great that God must be,
Who rolls them through the air!
Is he too high to notice me,
Or listen to my prayer?
Tell me if God will condescend
To be a little infant's friend.

MAMMA. He will, for with a Father's eye,
He looks on all below;
He feeds the ravens when they cry,
And makes the sun to glow;
And ever hath in mercy smiled
To bless a humble, praying child.

Behold the daisy where you tread,
That little lowly thing;
Behold the insects overhead,
That play about in spring;
Tho' we may think them mean and small,
Yet God takes notice of them all.

And will he not as surely make
A feeble child his care?
Yes! Jesus died for children's sake,
And loves the infant's prayer.
God made the stars, and daisies too,
And watches over them and you.

Jane Taylor

A LITTLE HYMN

God is so good that he will hear,
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy Book declares
He loves good little children still;
And that he listens to their prayers,
Just as a tender father will.

Jane Taylor

WHO TAUGHT THEM

Who taught the bird to build her nest
Of softest wool and hay and moss,
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the tiny twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
  Among the sweetest herbs and flowers;
And lay her store of honey by,
  Providing food for winter hours?

Who taught the little ant the way
  Her narrow hole so well to bore?
And through the pleasant summer day,
  To gather up her winter's store?

'T was God that taught them all the way,
  And gave these little creatures skill;
And teaches children, if they pray,
  To know and do his holy will.

My Own Little Hymn Book

BROTHERLY LOVE

The God of Heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree;
And will not slight the praise they bring
When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please Him more
Than if we give Him all our store;
And children here who dwell in love,
Are like his happy ones above.

The gentle child who tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word; —
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Great God! forgive whenever we
Forget thy will, and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

Jane Taylor

EVENING HYMN FOR LITTLE FAMILY

Now condescend, all-loving King,
To bless this little throng,
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.

Before thy sacred footstool see,
We bend in humble prayer,
A happy little family,
To ask thy tender care.

May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free,
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

Jane Taylor

MORNING PRAYER

I THANK thee, God, for giving me
Another happy night;
I pray thee, God, that all this day
I may do what is right.

I pray thee make me good and kind
To every one I see;
I pray thee keep me safe from harm
Wherever I may be.

I pray thee bless papa, mamma,
Brothers and sisters too,
And make us please thee day by day,
In everything we do.

Mrs. Motherly

NEVER WASTE ANYTHING

WHILE some poor children that I meet
Have very little food to eat,
Thanks to my heavenly Father's care,
I have enough, and some to spare.

Then never must I waste that bread
By which the hungry may be fed;

For those who throw their food away
Will want for that same food some day.

Not anything would I destroy
Which others may for good employ;
Nor even tread beneath my feet
A crumb some little bird would eat.

I must not little things despise,
For much from little things may rise;
And every moment, every mite,
Is of some use, when used aright.

My Own Little Hymn Book

TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAS TOLD A LIE

And has my darling told a lie?
Did she forget that God was by?
That God, who saw the thing she did,
From whom no action can be hid;
Did she forget that God could see,
And hear, wherever she might be?

He made your eyes, and can discern
Whichever way you think to turn.

He made your ears, and he can hear
When you think nobody is near;
In every place, by night or day,
He watches all you do and say.

You thought, because you were alone,
Your falsehood never could be known;
But liars always are found out,
Whatever way they wind about;
And always be afraid, my dear,
To tell a lie, for God can hear!

I wish, my dear, you'd always try
To act as shall not need a lie;
And when you wish a thing to do
That has been once forbidden you,
Remember that, nor ever dare
To disobey — for God is there!

Why should you fear to tell me true?
Confess, and then I'll pardon you:
Tell me you're sorry, and will try
To act the better by and by,
And then, whate'er your crime has been,
It won't be half so great a sin.

But cheerful, innocent, and gay
As passes by the silent day,

You 'll never have to turn aside
From any one your faults to hide;
Nor heave a sigh, nor have a fear,
That either God or I should hear.

Original Poems, Ann Taylor

THE STAR-CHILD

In a pleasant chamber, close beside
A lofty window, deep and wide,
Stood a little bed, in whose bosom deep
A young boy went to his nightly sleep.
The window was as a crystal door,
Opening out on the silent night;
And the radiance of the clear starlight
Lay in white streaks on the chamber floor,
And shone on the pillow and the bed,
And brightened the sleeper's beautiful head.

And all the night, as one by one,
The shining stars went up the sky,
They paused and looked through that window high;
And as each and every star in turn,
Like a crown of silver lustre shone,
Round the head of the boy, more still and deep,
More starry and bright, grew his innocent sleep.

One night he awoke; and one star, alone,
Through that lofty casement was shining down;
He gazed, and he gazed, till it grew like an eye,
Placid and clear, in the midnight sky;
Then the boy looked trustfully up, and smiled,
And the star looked brightly back to the child.

The morrow, he went to his pictures and play,
But ever and often he turned him away,
And smiled to his thought, as though a fair dream
Were passing him and his thoughts between;
The mother questions him gently the while,
"Why does my boy look upward and smile?"
"Oh, mother, oh, mother, I would you might see
The beautiful angel that's watching me."

Studies in Religion

ANNE AND MARTHA

It was a pleasant winter's night;
The sky was clear, the stars were bright.
The air was fresh and cold.
But all within was warm and tight;
And the fire-flame cast a flashing light
On the carpet red, and the ceiling white,
And on the curtain-fold.

Here Anne and Martha idle sit,
Because the candles are not lit,
And both are tired of play.
And Anne is tired of Martha's chat
About the trimming of her hat
For her mother had said (she was sure of that)
She would trim their hats that day.

So, rising quickly as she could,
Anne went to the window, and there she stood;
The sash, which reached the floor, displayed
To view the pleasant garden-shade;
For the curtains were not drawn.

And she was pleased to stand and see
The moonlight on the laurel tree: —
How, when the wind the foliage heaves,
It sparkles on the glossy leaves;
And what soft light and shade were spread
On every bush and every bed
And what a sheet of light was spread
Over the level lawn.

She roved her eye from star to star,
And soon her thought had fled as far;
For thought has neither chain nor bar.
It ranges far and free.

And as she had not wings to fly
Amid the starry realms on high,
She marvelled that a mortal eye
Those distant worlds could see.

Their gentle mother enters now
And pleasure gladdens Martha's brow:
For lo! on either hand, she bears
With tender touch, these hats of theirs,
While, in her basket store, is seen
Some glossy yards of ribbon green:
And having now unrolled it —
She forms the bow, she twines the band;
Behold, with light and dextrous hand:
And there does eager Martha stand
Suggesting this, opposing that —
And her whole soul is in her hat —
(Full large enough to hold it.)

Nor think that thoughtful Anne defers
To thank her mother, too, for hers.
She came, and with a grateful look
And duteous word, her hat she took
And bore it to its place.
Yet that fair ribbon, bright and new,
Scarce cared she if 't was green or blue
For now her mind was braced with thought,
Some nobler happiness it sought,

Than e'er, with nicest art was wrought
With ribbon, pearl, or lace.

As years increased, still Anne inclined
To train and cultivate her mind,
At reason's nobler voice.
While Martha strove, with equal care
To deck her person light and fair: —
Now, reader, these pursuits compare,
Compare, — and make your choice.

Jane Taylor

A BALLAD

Among green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.

Here oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

"And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest;
And hears what thou dost say!"

Thus spoke his tender mother;
And on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended
'Mid clouds of crimson light,

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
"O beautiful Child Jesus,
Come down and play with me!

"I will find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown;
I will get thee ripe, red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down!

"O holy, holy Mother,
Put him down from off thy knee;
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me!"

Thus spoke the boy so lovely,
The while his mother heard,

And on his prayer she pondered,
But spoke to him no word.

That selfsame night she dreamèd
A lovely dream of joy:
She thought she saw young Jesus
There playing with her boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessing shall be given
A thousandfold to thee!

"For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill!"

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair Child Jesus spoke;
And full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished: —
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy so gentle,
Upon his deathbed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying: —
"Oh, mother, dear, I see
The beautiful Child Jesus
A-coming down to me!

"And in his hand He beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries, —
Dear mother, let me go!"

He died — but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain,
For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again.

Mary Howitt (translated from Herder)

FOR A LITTLE CHILD

Oh, that it were my chief delight,
To do the things I ought!
Then let me try with all my might,
To mind what I am taught.

For God looks down from heaven on high,
Our actions to behold;
And he is pleased when children try
To do as they are told.

Jane Taylor

THE MIGHTY POWER OF GOD

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

There 's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

Isaac Watts

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang:
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,

And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home!

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,—
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

Mrs. Hemans

CHRISTMAS HYMN

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," he said,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,

The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song: —

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

Patrick

THE NATIVITY

Calm, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;

And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God," the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Edmund H. Sears

MARINER'S HYMN

Launch thy bark, mariner! Christian, God speed thee,
Let loose the rudder bands! Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily, tempests will come:
Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather bow, breakers are round thee!
Let fall the plummet now, shallows may ground thee!
Reef in the foresail there! Hold the helm fast!
So let the vessel wear! There swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman? What of the night?
"Cloudy — all quiet — no land yet — all 's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant, danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.

How — gains the leak so fast? Clear out the hold!
Hoist up the merchandise — heave out the gold!
There — let the ingots go! Now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbor 's near — lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island,
Straight for the beacon steer, — straight for the highland;
Crowd all the canvas on, cut through the foam,
Christian, cast anchor now. Heaven is thy home!

Mrs. Southey

PART VI

Ballads

LEGEND OF ST. JODOCUS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

In trial of his servant's truth,
One day came begging, as a youth
Of humble mien, in garments poor,
The Lord, to St. Jodocus' door.

"Give to him," St. Jodocus said;
"Open, good steward, thy store of bread."
"Here 's but one loaf, my master, see,
Left for our dog, and thee, and me."

"Yet give to him," the abbot cried,
"For us the Lord will still provide."
The sullen butler said no more,
But cut the loaf in pieces four.

"One for the abbot, one for me,
One for our dog and one for thee,"
Unkindly to the youth he said,
And handed him his share of bread.

Again, in semblance yet more poor,
The Lord came to our abbot's door;

"Give still," the good Jodocus said,
"Give him my little share of bread;
For us the good God still will care," —
And now he gives the abbot's share.

Ahungered came the Lord again,
Nor asked he the third time in vain;
"Give now, O steward, thy little bit —
God will provide" — He yielded it.

More destitute and blind and lame,
The Lord yet for the fourth time came.
"Give," said Jodocus, "give again;
Doth not the dog's piece still remain?
For He who doth the ravens feed
Will not forget us in our need."

The steward gives, the beggar goes;
Then through the air a clear voice rose:
"Thou true disciple of thy Lord,
Great is thy faith, — take thy reward;
As thou believedst it should be,
So shall it happen unto thee."

The steward went to the open door —
Lo! onward toward the nearest shore
Four heavy-laden ships are borne,
With bread and fruit and wine and corn.

He to the strand runs joyfully,
And there no sailor can he see;
But to the shore a white wave rolled,
On which these words were traced in gold:

"Four ships are sent with large supply,
By him who hears the raven's cry;
He sends them to the abbot good,
Who, this day, four times gave Him food.

"One, for the good man's self is sent;
Another for his dog is meant;
One for the steward is coming in;
One for the Sender's needy kin."

Gleanings from the Poets

ELIZABETH AND THE ROSES

Know you not the stately dame?
From Wurtburg's castled heights she came;
And in her basket brings she store
To satisfy the hungry poor.

The pages and the courtiers high
Marked the expense with grudging eye;
And e'en the Landgrave's kitchen-folk
In murmurs their displeasure spoke.

Artfully told in Ludwig's ear,
The lady's charities appear
A weighty evil, as through her
His household's rights endangered were.

And he forbade, with cruel mind,
Such pleasure to his lady kind;
Asking, in scorn, if it were meet
A princess should a beggar greet.

Long to her lord's stern will she bowed,
Till upward to the castle loud
The starving shrieked in their despair:
No longer then would she forbear.

Her maid she beckoned stealthily
To find for her the hidden key;
Then filled her basket running o'er,
And glided from the gate once more.

One of the mischief-loving train
Of courtiers spied her, nor in vain;
Straight to the knight he made his way
The gentle lady to betray.

Stern Ludwig o'er the drawbridge passed,
And down the steep rock rode he fast,

With anger pale, as 't were with death.
Woe! woe! to poor Elizabeth.

She hears her husband's clanging spurs,
Kindling with rage his eye meets hers;
Trembling she knows not what to dread,
Her faint limbs move not, droops her head,

And underneath her apron's folds
Her timid hand the basket holds.
She reads no mercy in his eyes:
Heart-broken, upon God she cries.

But Ludwig breaks her silent prayer:
"Woman! what hast thou hidden there?"
And, curbing his wild rage no more,
The apron from the basket tore.

O miracle! therein are spread
Fairest of roses white and red;
Mercy in Ludwig's soul is born,
And fills the place of lordly scorn.

He cries, subdued his stubborn will,
"O purest, noblest, love me still!
Upon thy blessed errand hie,
Thy heart's kind impulse gratify."

And still she found her basket's store,
All veiled with roses, running o'er;
And safely through the valley trod,
She who had put her trust in God.

Translated by R. R. L., from Poetry for Home and School

THE WINTER KING

"Oh! what will become of thee, poor little bird?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard;
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black,
They 'll soon scatter snowflakes all over thy back!
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away,
And what art thou doing, this cold winter's day?"
"I 'm picking the gum from the old peach tree,
The storm does not trouble me! Pee, dee, dee."

"But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare;
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
Like liberty's form, with the spirit of glee,
When no place is near for thy evening nest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no rest?"
"Because the same hand is a shelter for me,
That took off the summer leaves. Pee, dee, dee."

"But man feels a burden of care and of grief,
While plucking the cluster and binding the sheaf.
In the summer we faint, in the winter we 're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet to be filled:
We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air,
Yet all their rich gifts do not silence our care."
"A very small portion sufficient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude. Pee, dee, dee."

"I thank thee, bright monitor — what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought;
We look at the clouds — while the birds have an eye
To Him who reigns over them, changeless and high.
So now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came."
"Because in all weather I 'm happy and free,
They call me the Winter King. Pee, dee, dee."

"But soon there 'll be ice weighing down the light bough,
On which thou art flitting so playfully now;
And though there 's a vesture well fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What then wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,
To save them from pain, 'mid the frost and the sleet?"
"I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see,
To warm them, and fly away! Pee, dee, dee."

Miss H. F. Gould

THE BIRD

"Birdie, Birdie, will you pet?
Summer is far and far away yet,
You 'll have silken quilts and a velvet bed,
And a pillow of satin for your head."

"I 'd rather sleep in the ivy wall:
No rain comes through, though I hear it fall;
The sun peeps gay at dawn of day,
And I sing, and wing away, away!"

"O Birdie, Birdie, will you pet?
Diamond stones and amber and jet
We 'll string on a necklace fair and fine,
To please this pretty bird of mine."

"Oh! thanks for diamonds, and thanks for jet;
But here is something daintier yet, —
A feather necklace, round and round,
That I would not sell for a thousand pound!"

"O Birdie, Birdie, won't you pet?
We 'll buy you a dish of silver fret,
A golden cup and an ivory seat,
And carpets soft beneath your feet."

"Can running water be drunk from gold?
Can a silver dish the forest hold?
A rocking twig is the finest chair,
And the softest paths lie through the air:
Good-by, good-by, to my lady fair."

Allingham

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house away;
We would not stop
For doll or top,
For 't is Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
With a clear blue winter sky;
The dogs do bark
And children hark,
As we go jingling by.

Over the river and through the wood,—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
No matter for winds that blow,
Or if we get
The sleigh upset
Into a bank of snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play,
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-grey!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
To see little John and Ann;
We'll kiss them all

And play snow-ball,
And stay as long as we can.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate,
We seem to go
Extremely slow —
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,
Old Jowler hears our bells;
He shakes his pow
With a loud bow-wow,
And thus the news he tells.

Over the river and through the wood,
When grandma sees us come,
She will say, "Oh, dear,
The children are here —
Bring a pie for every one."

Over the river and through the wood, —
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Lydia Maria Child

THE VISIT OF ST. NICHOLAS

'T was the night before Christmas, and all through the
house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew in a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash, —
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below, —
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name: —
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"

As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, — then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

Clement C. Moore

WHAT CAN A LITTLE CHAP DO?

WHAT can a little chap do
For his country and for you?
What can a little chap do?

He can fight like a Knight
For the Truth and the Right —
That 's one good thing he can do.

He can shun all that 's mean,
He can keep himself clean,
Both without and within —
That 's another good thing he can do.

His soul he can brace
Against everything base,
And the trace will be seen
All his life in his face —
That 's a very fine thing he can do.

He can look to the Light,
He can keep his thought white,
He can fight the great fight,
He can do with his might
What is good in God's sight —
  Those are excellent things he can do.

Though his years be but few,
He can march in the queue
Of the Good and the Great,
Who battled with fate
And won through —
  That 's a wonderful thing he can do.

And — in each little thing
He can follow The King.
Yes — in each smallest thing
He can follow The King —
  He can follow The Christ, The King.

John Oxenham

CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck,
  Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
  Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike, form.

The flames rolled on, — he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, — "Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone," —
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"

While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing flames made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
The boy, — Oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

Felicia Hemans

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP

"SWEEP HO! Sweep ho!"
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

Tired and hungry both is he,
And he whistles vacantly.

Sooty black his rags and skin,
But the child is fair within.

Ice and cold are better far
Than his master's curses are.

Mother of this little one,
Couldst thou see thy little son!

"Sweep ho! Sweep ho!"
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

At the great man's door he knocks,
Which the servant-maid unlocks.

Now let in with laugh and jeer,
In his eye there stands a tear.

He is young, but soon will know
How to bear both word and blow.

"Sweep ho! Sweep ho!"
In the chimney, sleet, and snow.

Gladly should his task be done,
Were 't the last beneath the sun.

Faithfully it now shall be:
But, soon spent, down droppeth he;

Gazes round as in a dream;
Very strange, but true, things seem.

Led by a fantastic power,
Which sets by the present hour,

Creeps he to a little bed,
Pillows there his aching head;

And, poor thing! he does not know
There he lay long years ago!

E. S. H.

BETTER DEATHE THAN FALSE OF FAYTHE

A TRUE STORY

"PLEASE buy my matches — only a penny;
Do take just one of the boxes I pray;
My little brother and I have n't any
Breakfast or dinner this cold winter day."

"No! run away!" I cried, vexed by persistence;
But looking down, I was touched by the face,
Patient, and honest, and brave in resistance
Of the dangers and sorrows which yet left a trace.

"Stay, I 'll take two — no, I 've only a shilling."
"Please let me have it, for change I will run."
"There, I will trust you"; and only too willing,
Off darted Sandy; I wait in the sun.

But as time passes, my friend, with a laugh,
Says, "You won't see little Sandy again,
Spite his good face; you 're too trusting by half.
If your tenpence comes back to you, let me know when!"

I was a stranger that day in the city,
And at my inn when my business was done,
There, a small laddie was waiting to see me,
"Sir, was it you who bid Sandy to run

"And bring you the tenpence he owed from your shilling?
Here is the sixpence, but fourpence was lost
When the horse knocked down my poor brother Sandy, —
The carriage ran over him, just where he crossed.

"He sent me to bring you the money; he 's sorry
He could n't send all, but he hopes you 'll forgive."
"Come, I 'll go with you, I must see Sandy;
Is he much hurt? Show me, where do you live?"

Laid on some shavings I found faithful Sandy,
Hurt unto death, and his brave heart was bent

On saving his honour unstained, and his longing
To cherish his poor little Rob, whom he sent

To keep faith with me. Yes, I saw my young hero
Die all content with a smile of calm joy.
He had kept faith, and he passed on his journey
Leaving all care behind him, and Rob is my boy!

E. E. F.

GEORGE NIDIVER

Men have done brave deeds,
And bards have sung them well:
I of good George Nidiver
Now the tale will tell.

In Californian mountains
A hunter bold was he;
Keen his eye and sure his aim
As any you should see.

A little Indian boy
Followed him everywhere,
Eager to share the hunter's joy
The hunter's meal to share.

And when the bird or deer
Fell by the hunter's skill,

The boy was always near
To help with right good-will.

One day as through the cleft
Between two mountains steep,
Shut in both right and left,
Their questing way they keep,

They see two grizzly bears,
With hunger fierce and fell,
Rush at them unawares
Right down the narrow dell.

The boy turned round with screams,
And ran with terror wild:
One of the pair of savage beasts
Pursued the shrieking child.

The hunter raised his gun,—
He knew one charge was all,—
And through the boy's pursuing foe
He sent his only ball.

The other on George Nidiver
Came on with dreadful pace:
The hunter stood unarmed,
And met him face to face.

I say unarmed he stood:
Against those frightful paws
The rifle butt, or club of wood,
Could stand no more than straws.

George Nidiver stood still,
And looked him in the face:
The wild beast stopped amazed,
Then came with slackening pace.

Still firm the hunter stood,
Although his heart beat high:
Again the creature stopped,
And gazed with wondering eye.

The hunter met his gaze,
Nor yet an inch gave way:
The bear turned slowly round,
And slowly moved away.

What thoughts were in his mind
It would be hard to spell:
What thoughts were in George Nidiver's
I rather guess than tell.

But sure that rifle's aim,
Swift choice of generous part,
Showed in its passing gleam
The depths of a brave heart.

E. H.

CRAVEN

Over the turret, shut in his ironclad tower,
Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame;
Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour.
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,
A hundred deaths beneath it and never a sign:
There lay the enemy's ships, and, sink or swim,
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming; the monitor hung
Beating the stream; the roar for a moment hushed;
Craven spoke to the pilot; slow she swung;
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank;
She turned but a yard too short; a muffled roar,
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the ironclad tower,
Pilot and captain, as they turned to fly;
The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream; Craven spoke —
  Spoke as he lived and fought, with a captain's pride:
"After you, Pilot." The pilot woke,
  Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

All men praise the deed and the manner; but we —
  We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
  The grace of the empty hands and promises loud;

Sidney, thirsting a humbler need to slake:
  Nelson, waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand;
Lucas, crushed with chains for a comrade's sake;
  Outram, coveting right before command,

These were paladins, these were Craven's peers;
  These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
  Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud and strong.

Henry Newbolt

STORY OF A BRIDGE

A BOY sat at my feet
  With his head upon my knee —
His face was fair and sweet,
  And into the fire looked he.

I read him the famous story
In English verses told,
How Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

"Now, tell me another story
Of some brave man you know;
For I like to hear of those great deeds
Which men did long ago."

"And many other noble deeds
Have been at bridges done —
And if you are not tired, I think
That I can tell you one.

"A story not of war and blood
But of a deed as brave
As his who leaped into the flood
And swam across the wave.

"'T was at the end of winter
In the North Windsor Town
Where the broad Connecticut River
From the hills comes flowing down.

"And two strong wooden bridges
Provide safe way across,

One for the speeding railway train,
And one for foot and horse.

"The ice as firm as marble
Through all the winter's cold,
Now in the sunny southern winds
Had loosed its clinging hold.

"And from its northern winter forts
Came rolling, thundering down,
Like an army of the winter king,
Till it came to Windsor Town.

"And there with force and fury,
Like the giants' war of rocks,
It broke along the wide foot-bridge
With strong resistless shocks.

"And drove the timbers downward
In its relentless way,
Till, pressed against the railroad bridge,
They for a moment stay.

"The people stand upon the bank
And watch with breathless fear,
For they know the train from the other side
Is swiftly coming near;

"And unless a warning signal
Can be sent to let them know,
They will rush right down into the flood,
For the bridge is sure to go.

"But who will dare to cross it
While it quivers with the strain
Of the timbers, and the dashing ice
Coming down on it amain?

"Some were fathers and mothers,
With children waiting at home;
Some were young men unwedded,
And blooming maidens some.

"Then outspoke a lad of eighteen years,
And his name it was Hayes Brown,
'I will take a lantern and run across
And stop them at Cornish Town.'

"No time to lose — away he goes
From beam to beam he springs,
And sets his foot on the Cornish shore
And turns — and his lantern swings.

"And at that instant, with a crash,
The railway bridge goes down —

Its last strength spent — but not in vain
Had it carried the brave Hayes Brown.

"It was many years ago,
And I know not if this be true;
But they say that *Mary* was on the train
And they think that her sweetheart knew."

E. H.

BAY BILLY

'T WAS the last fight at Fredericksburg, —
Perhaps the day you reck,
Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,
Kept Early's men in check,
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
The fight went neck and neck.

All day the weaker wing we held,
And held it with a will.
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, re-formed
And kept our column still.

At last from out the centre fight
Spurred up a general's aide, —

"That battery must silenced be!"
He cried, as past he sped.
Our colonel simply touched his cap,
And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir,
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim.
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not halfway up,
When, 'midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bayonets fell.
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
And when the bugle said —

"Up, charge, again!" no man was there
But hung his dogged head.
"We 've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then before the laggard line
The colonel's horse we spied,
Bay Billy with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh that seemed to say,
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues rooted there we stood
And gazed a little space,
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear, familiar face,
But we saw Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done,

Down all the battered lines we felt
A lightning impulse run.
Up! Up! the hill we followed Bill,
And we captured every gun.

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb.
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night
Fell softly o'er the plain,
As though o'er man's dread work of death
The angels wept again,
And drew night's curtain gently round
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeon's torches went,
The ghastly rows between, —
All night with solemn step I paced
The torn and bloody green.
But who that fought in the big war
Such dread sights have not seen?

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies

As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade awake, and rise!
Though naught but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more with banners gay,
Stretched out the long brigade.
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men
Were in their place that morn,
And Corporal Dick, who yester-noon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbows in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn sergeant tries,—
One feels the thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in faltering tone and slow
The last few names were said,

Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread,
It caught the sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name he read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer;
And ever from that famous day,
When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered, "Here!"

Frank H. Gassaway

LITTLE ROLAND

Lady Bertha sat in the rocky cleft,
Her bitter woes to weep;
Little Roland played in the free, fresh air;
His sorrows were not deep.

"My royal brother, O King Charles,
Why did I fly from thee!
Splendor and rank I left for love;
Now thou art wroth with me.

"O Milon, Milon, husband dear!
Beneath the waves art thou;
For love I have forsaken all,
Yet love forsakes me now.

"O Roland! thou, my dearest boy,
Now fame and love to me;
Come quickly, little Roland, come!
My hope rests all on thee.

"Go to the city, Roland, go!
To beg us meat and bread;
And whoso gives the smallest gift,
Ask blessings on his head."

Now great King Charles at table sat,
In the golden hall of state.
With dish and cup the servants ran,
On the noble guests to wait.

Flute, harp, and minstrelsy now tune
All hearts to joyful mood;

The cheerful music does not reach
To Bertha's solitude.

Before the hall in the courtyard sat
Of beggars a motley throng;
The meat and drink were more to them
Than flute, and harp, and song.

The King looked through the open door,
Upon the beggar throng;
Through the crowd he saw a noble boy,
Pushing his way along.

Strange was the little fellow's dress;
Of divers colours all;
But with the beggars he would not stay;
He looked up at the hall.

Within the hall little Roland treads,
As though it were his own;
He takes a dish from the royal board
In silence, and is gone.

The King he thinks—what do I see?
This is a curious way:
But as he quietly submits,
The rest do nothing say.

In a little while again he comes,
To the King he marches up;
And little Roland boldly takes
The royal golden cup.

"Holloa! stop there! thou saucy wight!"
King Charles's voice did ring;
Little Roland kept the golden cup,
And looked up at the King.

The King at first looked angrily;
But very soon he smiled;
"You tread here in our golden hall,
As in the green woods wild.

"From the royal table you take a dish,
As they take an apple from the tree;
As with the waters of the brook,
With my red wine you make free."

"The peasant drinks from the running brook;
On apples he may dine;
My mother must have fish and game,
For her is the foaming wine."

"Is thy mother such a noble dame
As thou, my boy, dost boast, —

Then surely she has a castle fair
And of vassals a stately host.

"Tell me, who may her sewer be?
And who cup-bearer too?"
"My own right hand her sewer is;
My left cup-bearer true."

"Tell on, who are her faithful guards?"
"My two blue eyes alway."
"Tell on, who is her minstrel free?"
"My rosy mouth, I say."

"Brave servants has the dame indeed,
But does strange livery choose,—
Made up of colours manifold,
Shining with rainbow hues."

"From each quarter of the city,
With eight boys I have fought;
Four sorts of cloth to the conqueror,
As tribute they have brought."

"The best of servants, to my mind,
The dame's must surely be;
She is, I wot, the Beggars' Queen,
Who keeps a table free.

"The noble lady should not far
From my royal palace be;
Arise, three ladies and three lords!
And bring her in to me."

Little Roland, holding fast the cup,
From the splendid hall he hies;
To follow him at the King's command,
Three lords, three ladies, rise.

And after now a little while,
The King sees, far away,
The noble ladies and the knights
Return without delay.

The King he cries out suddenly, —
"Help, Heaven! see I aright?
'T is my own blood, in open hall,
I have treated with cruel slight.

"Help, Heaven! in pilgrim dress I see
My sister Bertha stand;
So pale in my gay palace here,
A beggar's staff in her hand!"

Lady Bertha sinks down at his feet,
Pale image of despair;

His wrath returns, and he looks on her
With a stern and angry air.

Lady Bertha quick cast down her eyes;
No word to speak she tried;
Little Roland raised his clear blue eyes,—
"My uncle!" loud he cried.

"Rise up, my sister Bertha, rise!"
The King said tenderly;
"For the sake of this dear son of thine,
Thou shalt forgiven be."

Lady Bertha rose up joyfully;
"Dear brother, thanks to thee;
Little Roland shall requite the boon
Thou hast bestowed on me.

"He of the glory of the King
Shall be an image fair;
The colours of many a foreign realm
His banner and shield shall bear.

"The cup from many a royal board
He shall seize with his free right hand,
And safety and fresh glory bring
To his sighing mother-land."

Translated from the German of Uhland, by Mrs. Follen

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I do write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk lived of late,
Whose fame and credit did surmount
Most men of his estate.

So sick he was, and like to die,
No help he then could have;
His wife by him, as sick did lie,
And both possess one grave.

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died
And left two babes behind; —

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more young than he,
And made of beauteous mould.

The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Two hundred pounds in gold,
For to be paid on marriage day,
Which might not be controlled.

But, if these children chanced to die
Ere they to age did come,
The uncle should possess the wealth;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear
Be good unto my boy and girl:
No friend else have I here.

"To God and you I do commend
My children night and day:
A little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father, mother both,
And uncle, all in one;

God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."

With that bespoke the mother dear,
"O brother kind!" quoth she,
"You are the man must bring my babes
To wealth or misery.

"If you do keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone,
She kissed her children small;
"God bless you both, my children dear!"—
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then the brother spoke
To the sick couple there:
"The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, never fear.

"God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you 're laid in the grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
  The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
  And much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
  A twelvemonth and a day,
But for their wealth he did devise
  To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians rude,
  Who were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
  And slay them in a wood;

And told his wife and all he had,
  He did those children send,
To be brought up in fair London
  With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
  Rejoicing at the tide,
And smiling with a merry mind
  They on cock-horse should ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly
  As they ride on the way,

To them that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murderers' hearts relent;
And they that took the deed to do,
Full sore they did repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell in strife:
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.

And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
Where babes do quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye,
And bid them come and go with him,
And see they did not cry.

And two long miles he led them thus,
While they for bread complain;
"Stay here," quoth he: "I 'll bring you bread
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.

Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed;
But when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two little babes
Till death did end their grief:
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives;
But robin red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon the uncle fell;

Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell.

His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made;
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal,
Two of his sons did die;
And to conclude, himself was brought
Unto much misery.

He pawned and mortgaged all his lands
Ere seven years came about;
And now at length, this wicked act
By this means did come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill
Was for a robbery judged to die,
As was God's blessed will.

Who did confess the very truth
That is herein expressed;
The uncle died, where he, for debt,
Did in the prison rest.

A Word of Advice to Executors

All ye who be executors made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,

Take your example by this thing,
And yield to each his right;
Lest God, by such like misery,
Your wicked deeds requite.

Anonymous

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John;
And he rulèd England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury:
How for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men the King did heare say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day;

And fifty golde chaynes without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the Abbot about.

"How now, Father Abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than me:
And for thy housekeeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the Abbot, "I would it were knowne
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne:
And I trust Your Grace will doe me no deere,
For spending my owne true-gotten geere."

"Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answere me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie."

"And first," quo' the King, "when I 'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

"Secondly, tell me, withoute any doubte,
How soone I may ride the whole worlde aboute;
And at the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"O these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer Your Grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answere Your Grace."

"Now three weekes space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest thou hast to live;
For unless thou canst answere my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee."

Away rode the Abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That coulde with his learning an answere devise.

Then home rode the Abbot of comfort so colde,
And he met his shepheard a-going to folde:
"How now, my Lord Abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepheard, I must give,
That I have but three dayes more to live;
For if I don't answere him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him, there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so faire on his head,

Among all his liege-men so noble of birthe,
To within one penny of what he is worthe.

"The seconde, to tell him withoute any doubte,
How soone he may ride this whole worlde aboute;
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

"Now cheare up, Sire Abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?
Lende me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And Ile ride to London to answere your quarrel,

"Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like Your Lordship as ever may bee;
And if you will but lende me your gowne,
There is none shall know us at fair London towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our fader the Pope."

"Now welcome, Sire Abbot," the King he did saye,
"'T is well thou'rt come back to keepe thy daye;
For if thou canst answere my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both savèd shall be.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worthe."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was solde
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin tolde;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than hee."

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had beene worth so littel!
— Now secondly tell me, withoute any doubte,
How soone I may ride this whole worlde aboute."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then Your Grace neede not make any doubte
But in twenty-four houres you 'll ride it aboute."

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be gone so soone!
— Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make Your Grace merry:
You think I 'm the Abbot of Canterbúry;

But I 'm his poor shepheard, as plaine you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The King he laughed, and swore by the Masse,
"Ile make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write ne reade."

"Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown to me;
And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

Percy's Reliques

VALENTINE AND URSINE

PART I

When Flora 'gins to deck the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
Then holy clerks their matins sing
To good Saint Valentine!

The King of France that morning fair
He would a-hunting ride:
To Artois forest prancing forth
In all his princely pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train
Of gallant peers attend;
And with their loud and cheerful cries
The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
Through woods and thickets wild;
When down within a lonely dell
They found a new-born child;

All in a scarlet kercher laid
Of silk so fine and thin:
A golden mantle wrapped him round,
Pinn'd with a silver pin.

The sudden sight surprised them all;
The courtiers gathered round;
They look, they call, the mother seek;
No mother could be found.

At length the King himself drew near,
And as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe looked up and smiled,
And stretched his little hands.

"Now, by the rood," King Pepin says,
"This child is passing fair:

I wot he is of gentle blood;
Perhaps some prince's heir.

"Go bear him home unto my court
With all the care you may:
Let him be christened Valentine,
In honour of this day:

"And look me out some cunning nurse;
Well nurtured let him be;
Nor aught be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree."

Thus grew the little Valentine,
Beloved of King and peers;
And showed in all he spake or did
A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feats of arms
He did himself advance,
That ere he grew to man's estate
He had no peer in France.

And now the early down began
To shade his youthful chin;
When Valentine was dubbed a knight,
That he might glory win.

"A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
I beg a boon of thee!
The first adventure that befalls,
May be reserved for me."

"The first adventure shall be thine;"
The King did smiling say:
Nor many days, when lo! there came
Three palmers clad in gray.

"Help, gracious lord," they weeping said;
And knelt, as it was meet:
"From Artois forest we are come,
With weak and weary feet.

"Within those deep and dreary woods
There dwells a savage boy;
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
Thy subjects dire annoy.

"'Mong ruthless bears he sure was bred;
He lurks within their den;
With bears he lives; with bears he feeds,
And drinks the blood of men.

"To more than savage strength he joins
A more than human skill:

Nor arms, nor cunning may suffice
His cruel rage to still:"

Up then rose Sir Valentine,
And claimed that arduous deed.
"Go forth and conquer," said the King,
"And great shall be thy meed."

To Artois forest he repairs
With all the haste he may;
And soon he spies the savage youth
A-rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round;
His eager eye all fiery glowed:
His face with fury frowned.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails:
His limbs were thick and strong;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

Soon as Sir Valentine approached,
He starts with sudden spring;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forest ring.

As when a tiger fierce and fell
Hath spied a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat;
So sprang the savage foe;

So lightly leaped with furious force
The gentle knight to seize:
But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern
Has laid the savage low;
But springing up, he raised his club,
And aimed a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shunned the coming stroke;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnished brand:
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasped the silver hilt;
Three times he felt the blade;

Three times it fell with furious force;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Then closing fast with furious gripe
He clasped the champion round,
And with a strong and sudden twist
He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,
O'erturned his savage foe:
And now between their sturdy fists
Passed many a bruising blow.

They rolled and grappled on the ground
And there they struggled long:
Skilful and active was the knight;
The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield;
Sir Valentine at length prevailed,
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding straight his conquered foe
Fast with an iron chain,
He ties him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring;
And kneeling down upon his knee,
Presents him to the King.

With loss of blood, and loss of strength,
The savage tamer grew;
And to Sir Valentine became
A servant tried and true.

And 'cause with bears he erst was bred,
Ursine they call his name;
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclaim.

VALENTINE AND URSINE

PART II

In high renown with prince and peer,
Now lived Sir Valentine;
His high renown with prince and peer
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanced the King upon a day
Prepared a sumptuous feast:
And there came lords, and dainty dames,
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups, that freely flowed,
Their revelry and mirth,
A youthful knight taxed Valentine
With base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urged,
His generous heart did wound:
And straight he vowed he ne'er would rest
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding King and peers adieu,
Early one summer's day,
With faithful Ursine by his side,
From court he took his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,
For many a day they pass;
At length, upon a moated lake,
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair,
Y-built of marble stone:
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittered in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,
A hundred bells were hung;

That man nor beast might pass thereon,
But straight their 'larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears,
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
Unlocked and opened wide,
And straight a giant huge and grim
Stalked forth with stately pride.

"Now, yield you, caitiffs, to my will,"
He cried with hideous roar;
"Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore."

"Vain boaster," said the youthful knight,
"I scorn thy threats and thee:
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free."

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aimed a dreadful thrust;
The spear against the giant glanced,
And caused the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirled his mace of steel;
The very wind of such a blow
Had made the champion reel.

It haply missed; and now the knight
His glittering sword displayed;
And riding round with whirlwind speed
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew:
So fast around the giant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall
Some hapless woodman crush:
With such a force th' enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas! there came,
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust;
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The giant strides in haste,

And, stooping, aims a second stroke:
"Now, caitiff, breathe thy last!"

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
Upon his skull descend:
From Ursine's knotty club they came,
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sank the giant, gaping wide,
And rolling his grim eyes:
The hairy youth repeats his blows:
He gasps — he groans — he dies.

Quickly Sir Valentine revived
With Ursine's timely care:
And now to search the castle walls
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murdered knights
They found where'er they came:
At length within a lonely cell
They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dimmed with tears;
Her cheeks were pale with woe:
And long Sir Valentine besought
Her doleful tale to know.

"Alas! young knight," she weeping said,
"Condole my wretched fate;
A childless mother here you see;
A wife without a mate.

"These twenty winters here forlorn,
I 've drawn my hated breath;
Sole witness of a monster's crimes,
And wishing aye for death.

"Know, I am sister of a king,
And in my early years
Was married to a mighty prince,
The fairest of his peers.

"With him I sweetly lived in love
A twelvemonth and a day:
When lo! a foul and treacherous priest
Y-wrought our love's decay.

"His seeming goodness won him power;
He had his master's ear:
And long to me and all the world
He did a saint appear.

"One day, when we were all alone,
He proffered odious love:

The wretch with horror I repulsed,
And from my presence drove.

"He feigned remorse, and piteous begged
His crime I'd not reveal:
Which, for his seeming penitence,
I promised to conceal.

"With treason, villainy, and wrong,
My goodness he repaid:
With jealous doubts he filled my lord,
And me to woe betrayed.

"He hid a slave within my bed,
Then raised a bitter cry.
My lord, possessed with rage, condemned
Me, all unheard, to die.

"A mother I was like to be,
And so my life he spared.
But bade me instant quit the realm,
One trusty knight my guard.

"Forth on my journey I depart,
Oppressed with grief and woe;
And towards my brother's distant court,
With breaking heart I go.

"Long time through sundry foreign lands
We slowly paced all day:
At length, within a forest wild,
I fainted quite away.

"And while the knight for succour sought,
And left me there forlorn,
Before he did return again,
Two lovely boys were born.

"The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow
That tips the mountain hoar:
The younger's little body rough
With hairs was covered o'er.

"But here afresh begin my woes:
While tender care I took
To shield my eldest from the cold,
And wrap him in my cloak,

"A prowling bear burst from the wood,
And seized my younger son;
Affection lent my weakness wings,
And after them I run.

"But all forewearied, weak, and spent,
I quickly swooned away:

And there beneath the greenwood shade
Long time I lifeless lay.

"At length the knight brought me relief,
And raised me from the ground:
But neither of my pretty babes
Could ever more be found.

"And while in search we wandered far,
We met that giant grim;
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,
And bare me off with him.

"Charmed by Heaven, or else my griefs,
He offered me no wrong;
Save that within these lonely walls
I've been immured so long."

"Now, surely," said the youthful knight,
"You're Lady Bellisance,
Wife to the Grecian Emperor:
Your brother's King of France.

"For in your royal brother's court
Myself my breeding had;
Where oft the story of your woes
Hath made my bosom sad.

"If so, know, your accuser's dead,
And dying owned his crime;
And long your lord hath sought you out,
Through every foreign clime.

"And when no tidings he could learn
Of his much-wrongèd wife;
He vowed thenceforth within his court
To lead a hermit's life."

"Now, Heaven is kind," the lady said;
And dropped a joyful tear:
"Shall I once more behold my lord?
That lord I love so dear?"

"But, madam," said Sir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee:
"Know you the cloak that wrapped your babes
If you the same should see?"

And pulling forth the cloak of gold,
In which himself was found;
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care revived,
His tale she heard anon;

And soon by other tokens found,
He was indeed her son.

"But who 's this hairy youth?" she said:
"He much resembles thee:
The bear devoured my younger son,
Or sure that son were he."

"Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
And reared within their den.
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son again?"

"Upon his little side," quoth she,
"Was stamped a bloody rose."
"Here, lady, see the crimson mark
Upon his body grows!"

Then clasping both her new-found sons
She bathed their cheeks with tears:
And soon towards her brother's court
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint King Pepin's joy,
His sister then restored!
And soon a messenger was sent
To cheer her drooping lord.

Who came in haste with all his peers,
To fetch her home to Greece;
Where many happy years they reigned,
In perfect love and peace.

To them Sir Ursine did succeed,
And long the sceptre bare,
Sir Valentine he stayed in France,
And was his uncle's heir.

From the Playmate

WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLÉ

The King called his best archers
To the buttes with him to goe,
"I will see these fellows shoot," he saide.
"In the north have wrought this woe."

The King's bowmen busk them blyre,
And the queen's archers alsoe,
So did these three wight yeomen
With them they thought to goe.

There twice or thrice they shoot about
For to assay their hand,
There was no shot these yeomen shot
That any prick might them stand.

Then spake William of Cloudeslé,
"By him that for mee died,
I holde him never no good archer
That shooteth at buttes so wide."

"Whereat?" then said our King,
"I pray thee tell me":
"At such a butte, sir," he said,
"As men use in my countree."

William went into a field,
And his two brothers with him,
There they set up hazel rods,
Twenty score paces between.

"I hold him an archer," said Cloudeslé,
"That yonder wande cleaveth in two."
"Here is none such," said the King,
"Nor none that can so doe."

"I shall assay, sir," said Cloudeslé,
"Or that I farther go."
Cloudeslé with a bearing arrow
Clave the wand in two.

"Thou art the best archer," then said the King,
"Forsooth that ever I see";—

"And yet for your love," said William,
"I will do more mastery.

"I have a son is seven years old,
He is to me full dear;
I will him tie to a stake
All shall see that be here.

"And lay an apple upon his head,
And go six score paces him fro,
And I myself with a broad arrow
Shall cleave the apple in two."

"Now haste thee, then," said the King,
"By him that died on a tree;
But if thou do not as thou hast said,
Hangèd shalt thou be.

"An thou touch his head or gown,
In sight that men may see,
By all the saints that be in Heaven,
I shall hang you all three!"

"That I have promised," said William,
"I will it never forsake":
And there even before the King,
In the earth he drove a stake.

And bound thereto his eldest son,
  And bade him stand still thereat,
And turned the child's head from him,
  Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
  And then his bow he bent:
Six score paces were out-met,
  And thither Cloudeslé went.

There he drew out a fair broad arrow,
  His bow was great and long,
He set that arrow in his bow,
  That was both stiff and strong.

He prayed the people that was there,
  That they would still stand,
"For he that shooteth for such a wager,
  Behoveth a steadfast hand."

Much people prayed for Cloudeslé,
  That his life savèd might be,
And when he made him ready to shoot,
  There was many a weeping eye.

Thus Cloudeslé cleft the apple in two
  That many a man might see:

"Over-gods forbode," then said the King,
"That thou shouldst shoot at me!

"I give thee eighteen pence a day,
And my bow shalt thou bear,
And over all the north countree
I make thee chief rider."

Anonymous

THE MONTHS

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
To which we twenty-eight assign,
Till Leap Year gives it twenty-nine.

BIRTHDAYS

Born on Monday, fair in the face;
Born on Tuesday, full of grace;
Born on Wednesday, grave and sad;
Born on Thursday, merry and glad;
Born on Friday, loving and giving;
Born on Saturday, work for a living;
Born on Sunday, want for nothing.

COLOURS

Truth is blue, and Love is red;
Purple comes when these are wed,
Gladness laughs in joyous yellow,
Green we call an earthly fellow,
White 's a pure and harmless dove —
Black is never seen above.

A. A. Gray

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND

First, William the Norman; then William his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John,
Next, Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two, and three,
And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see;
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie, the Scotchman, then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too.
Next James the Second ascended the throne,
Then good William and Mary together came on,
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past,
God sent us Victoria — may she long be the last!

SCHOOLBOY'S LATIN

Felis sedit by a hole.
Intentus he, cum omni soul,
Prendere rats.
Mice cucurrunt trans the floor
In numero duo, tres, or more —
Obliti cats.

Felis saw them oculis;
"I 'll have them," inquit he, "I guess,
"Dum ludunt."
Tunc ille crept towards the group;
"Habeam," dixit, "good rat soup —
"Pingues sunt."

Mice continued all ludere;
Intenti they in ludum vere
Gaudenter.
Tunc rushed the felis into them,
Et tore them omnes limb from limb
Violenter.

MORAL

Mures omnes, nunc be shy,
Et aurém proebé mihi
Benigne.

Sit hoc satis — "verbum sat" —
Avoid a whopping big tom cat
Studiose.

THE KINGS OF ENGLAND

THE BEGINNING OF AN ENGLISH HISTORY IN RHYME
WRITTEN ABOUT 1814 BY A YOUNG BOY

Egbert, bred with Charlemagne, run
The seven Kingdoms into one,
Which by Ethelwolf was sundered
Whose realm by Danes and monks was plundered
And passed thence to two sons called
Ethelbert and Ethelbald.
This was a rake and ruled the West,
That ruled the East and was the best.
Their brother Ethelred came next,
Whose reign, like theirs, by Danes was vexed;
And passed to Alfred surnamed Great
Who routs the Dane and rears the state,
Aideth justice eke and knowledge,
Founding juries and a college.
The throne he had so shone upon
He leaves to Edward, his brave son,
Whose child Athelstan did inherit
His fathers' luck and martial merit,

And leaves to Edmund crown and care,
Which till murdered he did wear.
And next to Edred it descended
Who Benedictines much befriended;
His nephew Edwy, young and brave,
By these same monks found early grave.
And then to Edgar fell the crown,
Who wore it well, then handed down,
Not without broil, to Edward, styled
The Martyr because early killed,
For Ethelred the throne to mount, —
A sorry prince by all account
Who paid the Danes to go away
And come again another day.
Next Edmund, surnamed Ironside,
With Canute doth the realm divide,
Until by his adherents slain,
Leaves England wholly to the Dane
In year one thousand seventeen.
Full twenty years Canute was king,
And through his life went prospering;
And at his death the crown did fall
To Harold, whom men Harefoot call.
Two years his cruel reign extended.
Canute the Hardy then ascended
The vacant throne, and although hated,
Reigned till he died intoxicated.
And now at length the crown did grace

A monarch of the English race,
Edward, called Confessor and saint,
Anointed is without complaint;
A clever prince, and just, and good,
But ruled by those who near him stood.
And when at length he breathed his last,
The sceptre to Duke Harold passed,
Who, though his claim was men's affection,
Yet found from death no sure protection;
But fell in battle warm one day
With William Duke of Normandy,
Who straightway doth his title fix
In year one thousand sixty-six.
Six centuries have now swept by
Into their home, Eternity,
Betwixt the invasion of the Saxon,
And Conqueror William's attacks on
This doughty island of the brave
Which now may boast to be the mistress of the wave.
Throughout the ancient time a fine would pay for killing,
An ox was worth six sheep, and a sheep was worth a shilling.
But bear in mind that a shilling of old
Was worth more than now a hundred fold.
But to return, the Norman king,
With all his lords went conquering
The English, whom they quickly carry
From wealth and rank to beggary.

'T was now that bulls began to go forth
About investitures, and so forth
From the strong and cunning hand
Of Gregory seventh. Hildebrand,
And Guelf and Ghibelline arose
To interrupt the world's repose.
Doomsday Book was also done
In one thousand eighty-one.
Six years thence he wills the crown
To William Rufus, second son,
Who gains the summit of ambition
In spite of Robert's opposition.
'T was now that Europe took in hand
To win from Turk the Holy Land,
And sinners thought, alas, poor fools !
By losing lives, to save their souls.
First Hermit Peter without sense,
And active Walter without pence,
Did lead through Hungary a mob,
For daily bread who need must rob,
Which did the peasants so incense,
They took their lives for recompense.
Thus perished all the rabble band.
Nor gained one inch of Holy Land.
After these, with caution due,
Godfrey, Stephen, Raimond, Hugh,
Boemond and Tancred too,
Robert, with his Norman crew,

And Flemish Robert also view,
All marching into Asia's plain,
With near six hundred thousand men,
The tomb and love of Christ to gain.
Whilst all these great events do move us,
Calm as a clock sits William Rufus,
And buys up Normandy and Maine
As also Poitou and Guienne,
Builds Westminster, the bridge and tower,
And gains and squanders wealth and power.
At last Sir Walter Tyrrel blundered
And shot him dead in eleven hundred.
Henry hears the news with pleasure,
Hastes to Winchester for treasure,
Knowing no hand so well can hold
The crown, as one that 's filled with gold.
Next he strengthens usurpation
By the form of coronation,
Buys Normandy, and baffles Rome,
Has fame abroad, and peace at home.
Hunting and books the Beauclerc moved,
And lampreys, ah! too well he loved,
Which made this monarch cease to live
In eleven hundred thirty-five,
His nephew Stephen, without right,
Grasps the royal sceptre bright,
The fair Matilda's claim despite.
The broils bring woe upon the land,

And barons bold, with lawless hand,
And crown, and church, the firebrand
Of civil discord throw.
Stephen is ta'en, but soon set free,
And with Prince Henry doth agree
That he, till death, shall monarch be,
And Henry heir shall go,
But all poor Stephen's reign was o'er
In eleven hundred fifty-four.

E. B. E.

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey, —
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'T was the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamour rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest, —
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,

He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign:
Loud our cheers as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
"There 's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left,—and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in,—through the clearing or pine?
"Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'T is all the same, Colonel:
You 'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

Oh, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried.
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still—in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign—
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is "Forward!" along the whole line.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

THE UPRISING OF THE PEOPLE

1861

THE drum's wild roar awakes the land; the fife is calling shrill;
Ten thousand starry banners blaze on town, and bay, and hill.
Our crowded streets are throbbing with the soldiers' measured tramp;
Among our bladed cornfields gleam the white tents of the camp.
The thunders of the rising war hush Labor's drowsy hum,
And heavy to the ground the first dark drops of battle come.
The souls of men flame up anew; the narrow heart expands;
And woman brings her patient faith to nerve her eager hands.
Thank God! we are not buried yet, though long in trance we lay:
Thank God! the fathers need not blush to own their sons to-day.

O! sad and slow the weeks went by; each held his anxious breath,
Like one who waits, in helpless fear, some sorrow great as death.

O! scarcely was there faith in God, nor any trust in man,
While fast along the Southern sky, the blighting shadow ran.
It veiled the stars, one after one, it hushed the patriot's song;
And stole from men the sacred sense that parteth right and wrong.
Then a red flash, the lightning across the darkness broke,
And with a voice that shook the land the guns of Sumter spoke:
Wake, sons of heroes, wake! The age of heroes dawns again;
Truth takes in hand her ancient sword, and calls her loyal men.
Lo! brightly o'er the breaking day shines Freedom's holy star.
Peace cannot cure the sickly time. All hail, the healer, War!

That call was heard by Plymouth Rock; 't was heard in Boston Bay;
Then up the piny streams of Maine sped on its ringing way.
New Hampshire's rocks, Vermont's green hills, it kindled into flame;
Rhode Island felt her mighty soul bursting her little frame:

The Empire City started up, her golden fetters rent,
And, meteor-like, across the North the fiery message sent;
Over the breezy prairie lands, by bluff and lake it ran,
Till Kansas bent his arm, and laughed to find himself a man;
Then on by cabin and by camp, by stony wastes and sands,
It ran exultant down the sea where the Golden City stands.

And wheresoe'er the summons came, there rose an angry din,
As when upon a rocky coast a stormy tide comes in.
Straightway the fathers gathered voice, straightway the sons arose,
With flushing cheek, as when the East with day's red current glows.
Hurrah! the long despair is past; our fading hopes renew;
The fog is lifting from the land, and lo, the ancient blue!
We learn the secret of the deeds the sires have handed down,
To fire the youthful soldier's zeal, and tend his green renown.
Who lives for country, through his arm feels all her forces flow.
'T is easy to be brave for truth, as for the rose to blow.

O Law! fair form of Liberty, God's light is on thy brow.
O Liberty, thou soul of Law, God's very self art thou.

One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the bank
with green;
And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the water in —
Friends whom we cannot think apart, seeming each other's
foe;
Twin flowers upon a single stalk, with equal grace that
grow.
O fair ideas! we write your names across our banner's
fold:
For you, the sluggard's brain is fire; for you the coward
bold.
O daughter of the bleeding Past! O hope the prophets
saw!
God give us Law in Liberty, and Liberty in Law!

Full many a heart is aching with mingled joy and pain,
For those who go so proudly forth and may not come
again;
And many a heart is aching for those it leaves behind,
As a thousand tender histories throng in upon the mind.
The old men bless the young men, and praise their bear-
ing high;
The women in the doorway stand to wave them bravely by.
One threw her arms about her boy, and said, "Good-bye,
my son;
God help thee do the valiant deeds thy father would have
done."

One held up to a bearded man a little child to kiss,
And said, "I shall not be alone, for thy dear love and this."
And one, a rosebud in her hand, leaned at a soldier's side:
"Thy country weds thee first," she said, "be I thy second bride."

O mothers, when around your hearths ye count your cherished ones,
And miss from the enchanted ring the flower of all your sons;
O wives, when o'er the cradled child you bend at evening's fall,
And voices which the heart can hear across the distance call;
O maids, when, in the sleepless nights, ye ope the little case,
And look, till ye can look no more, upon the proud young face,
Not only pray the Lord of Life, who measures mortal breath,
To bring the absent back unscathed out of the fire of death;
O! pray with that divine content which God's best favor draws,
That, whosoever lives or dies, he save his holy cause!

Out of the shop and farmhouse, from shore and inland glen,
Thick as the bees in clover-time, are swarming armèd men:
Along the dusty roads in haste the eager columns come,
With flash of sword and musket's gleam, the bugle and the drum.
Ho! comrades, see the starry flag, broad-waving at our head.
Ho! comrades, mark the tender light on the dear emblem spread.
Our fathers' blood has hallowed it; 't is part of their renown;
And palsied be the caitiff hand would pluck its glories down!
Hurrah! Hurrah! it is our home, where'er thy colours fly;
We win with thee the victory, or in thy shadow die!

O women, drive the rattling loom, and gather in the hay;
For all the youth worth love and truth are marshalled for the fray.
Southward the hosts are hurrying, with banners wide unfurled,
From where the stately Hudson floats the wealth of half the world;
From where, amid his clustered isles, Lake Huron's waters gleam;
From where the Mississippi pours an unpolluted stream;

From where Kentucky's fields of corn bend in the Southern air;
From broad Ohio's luscious vines; from Jersey's orchards fair;
From where, between his fertile slopes, Nebraska's rivers run;
From Pennsylvania's iron hills; from woody Oregon;
And Massachusetts led the van, as in the days of yore,
And gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stones of Baltimore.

O mothers, sisters, daughters! spare the tears ye fain would shed;
Who seem to die in such a cause, ye cannot call them dead.
They live upon the lips of men, in picture, bust, and song,
And Nature folds them in her heart, and keeps them safe from wrong.
O! length of days is not a boon the brave man prayeth for;
There are a thousand evils worse than death or any war—
Oppression, with his iron strength, fed on the souls of men,
And License, with the hungry brood that haunt his ghastly den.
But like bright stars ye fill the eye; adoring hearts ye draw;
O sacred grace of Liberty; O majesty of Law!

Hurrah! the drums are beating; the fife is calling shrill;
Ten thousand starry banners flame on town, and bay, and hill;
The thunders of the rising war drown Labor's peaceful hum;
Thank God! that we have lived to see the saffron morning come —
The morning of the battle call, to every soldier dear!
O, joy! the cry is "Forward!" O, joy! the foe is near!
For all the crafty men of peace, have failed to purge the land;
Hurrah! the ranks of battle close — God takes His cause in hand!

Elbridge Jefferson Cutler

THE END

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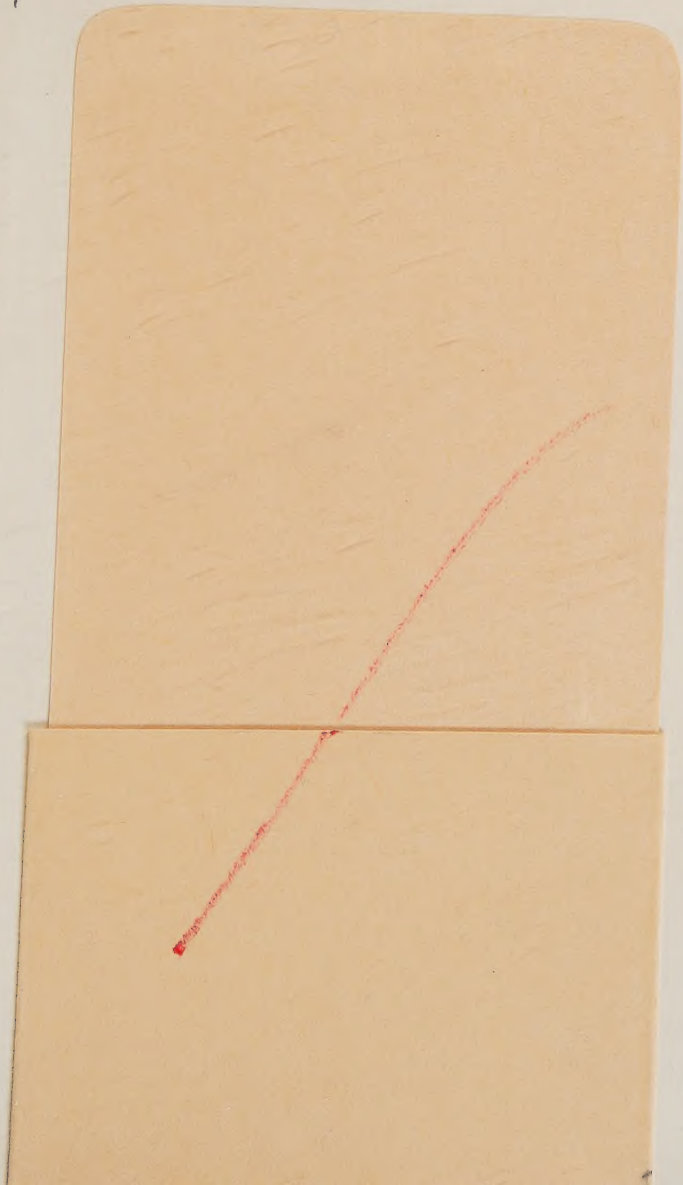
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